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Ανθρωπλανομενος;

OR

A, PEDESTRIAN TOUR

THROUGH PART OF THE

HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND,

IN 1801.

By JOHN BRISTED,

OF THE HON. SOCIETY OF THE INNER TEMPLE,

*IN TWO VOLUMES.*

VOL. II.

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TO THE

## SECOND VOLUME.

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## A TOUR, &c.

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TILL we arrived within the distance of a few miles from Dunkeld the scenery continued nearly the same, in feature and appearance, as we had seen all this and the preceding day: but now it suddenly assumed a more rugged and terrific form. We were shut in by mountains on the right hand and on the left; the vallies were nearly desolate, and void of cultivation; the river Tay had contented itself with a narrower channel, through which it toiled and fretted over many a broken rock, and many a jutting precipice; its banks were thinly fringed with wood, which also slightly skirted the hills midway up their heights; but their broad bare backs upheaved themselves to the clouds, their tops ascended to the sky in the naked grandeur of sterility. We walked on in pleasing pensive contem-



plation of the surrounding objects, each enjoying the luxury of his sensations in the profoundest silence; a silence that made itself to be felt; when we were suddenly aroused from our delightful reverie, (even at the very moment while the soul was conscious of all her superior energies, and felt her divinity to stir within; while she contemplated the great Author and Giver of life in the stupendous efforts of his creative power, and felt elevated and enlarged above all that the world could give, and all that the world could take away,) by the shout of full forty rustics, male and female, who were returning homeward from their kirk.

They hailed us cheerily, and plied us with an abundance of questions, to all of which we answered as we thought meet. At length, an elderly and venerable man, with a blue worsted bonnet on his head, and here and there a straggling lock of grey hair shading his temples, undertook to be the sole spokesman; between him and me the following dialogue passed.

Who are ye two poor, feeble, crippled lads?—Americans.—What are ye, what calling do ye follow?—We are farmers.—

What are ye doing here, and where are ye going?—We are going through Scotland in order to learn to reap and sow corn, and to manage land after the Scottish fashion of agriculture.—Well, a good errand; God send you speed, and you will prosper. Have ye any religion in your country?—Yes, plenty of it.—Do ye attend your kirk regularly there?—Yes, very regularly.—Are your ministers sober, discreet, and good men, as ours are?—Yes, very many of our ministers come from Scotland, and teach us how to be religious.

Very good, replied the old man:—and are the *poor* thought any thing of in your country, or are they looked upon as *little worth*, as they are here?—The *poor* are treated, in America, according to their behaviour; if they are honest, sober, industrious, and civil, they are respected, and enabled to provide comfortably and plentifully for themselves and their families; but, if they are idle, disorderly, profligate, and abandoned, they are considered as nuisances to the state, and left to perish as outcasts of society.

Here the aged orator shook his head, and

answered—I wish, with all my heart, that it was so in this country. Our ministers, to be sure, are, in general, very good men, they live at their *manse*s, (or parsonage houses) and are very kind and attentive to their parishioners, whom they instruct in their duty to God, by their doctrine, and, still more, by their own pious and sober lives: they are, also, very charitable and compassionate: but their incomes are not large, and they have but little to spare from the support of their own families, which are generally very numerous. But that is not the worst of our situation; for the *poor* here get *no muckle good* by honesty and industry.

If we work from morning till night, and never spare ourselves a moment, we can hardly provide for ourselves the bare necessities of life, much less find food and raiment for our families. Every article of life is so dear, every thing is so heavily taxed, so many idle mouths are kept going, and this wretched war so wastes the whole nation, that the poor actually cannot exist. And then the *grand folks* think that we are not made of the same flesh and blood as they



are, but when we vail our bonnets to them, as they pass, they never deign to notice it by the least return of civility or attention. If the rich could but know how much one smile of approbation from them, or one kind word, gladdened our hearts, they would sometimes speak mildly to us out of humanity and compassion. But God's will be done, we must look for happiness in another life, for in this world our lot is full of trouble and misery; we are worked like slaves, and nearly starved, and know not what kindness and civility is from our superiors, who little think, while they enjoy all the good things of this world, of the hardships and troubles that we endure, when our wives and our children cry unto us for bread, and we have none to give them.

The simplicity and ingenuousness of this old man's countenance, and the feeling tones in which he related the distressed situation of the poor, shewing that he himself had experienced in his own person all that he had described, went directly to our hearts; and wrung our souls the more, because we were utterly unable to afford any relief to those who so much needed it. We

answered, that the evils of which he complained, with regard to the poor, scarcely existed in America, where the wages of labour were better proportioned to the price of the necessaries of life; and, consequently, that those who were sober, and industrious, and careful, could maintain themselves, their wives, and little ones in plenty, and comfort.

The old man shook us heartily by the hand, and begged God to bless us for honest, bonny lads, and said, that he was very well pleased to hear that *the poor were thought any thing of* in our country, *and permitted to earn bread for themselves and families by their labour.*

All the rustics now surrounded us closely, and we went through such a formidable number of hand-shakes, and salutations of —*oh! bonny lads!*—that we were well-nigh worn out of existence by this very friendly exercise. Very many of them expressed an earnest desire to go to America with us. They said, that they were very willing to labour all the day long, if, by that, they could provide food for their wives and families. We replied, that we knew not well how they could go, as the passage

over would cost a larger sum of money than perhaps they could raise. At this intimation they all hung their heads in drooping despondency; when the old man said,—Nay, nay, even let us bear our lot with patience; our time here cannot be long; we shall soon enter that kingdom, where there is no respect of persons, and where the rich man and the oppressor shall be judged according to his deeds.

We now took our leaves of this good company, who bade us farewell in tones of undisguised simplicity and artless honesty, and proceeded on our way, still surrounded by the wild and ruggedly grand features of nature. We came, when the thickening clouds of night began to darken the surface of the water, and to wrap creation round in her misty mantle of indistinctness, to Dunkeld ferry. Here we were obliged to wait a considerable time, before, by the utmost dint of loud and repeated hallooing and bawling, we could prevail on a lad to come over and fetch us in a boat.

Our fare, which was a bawbie a piece, we were required to pay before we put our foot into the boat: this demand being com-

plied with, we crossed the ferry in company with two stout young men, the oldest of whom did not appear to be twenty. They were dressed decently, it being Sunday; and plied us incessantly with questions. They asked who we were; and received for answer, that we were Americans. They asked about the productions of our country in a slight way; but were particularly inquisitive about the condition of the *poor*, whether they could earn enough to keep themselves and their families by their labour, which they gave us to understand was not the case with them; for their utmost exertions of industry and toil could not obtain the *bare means of existence*, much less any of the comforts of life, so inadequate were the wages of labour to the price of all consumable commodities, owing to the grievous burden of taxation laid upon almost every article, which was necessary for man, if he intended to prevent his soul from being separated from his body by pain, and want, and disease, and anguish, and despair.

Indeed, throughout the whole of our tramp, the chief and most earnestly insisted-



upon point of inquiry was, the condition of the sinews of every nation, the great mass of the people. Whether with us, in America, they were ground down to powder, and reduced to beggary by exorbitant taxation and unfeeling oppression, and left to perish unnoticed and without remembrance by those very individuals, the comparatively few great ones of the kingdom, whose means of luxury and riot were supplied by the toil and the industry of the *poor labourers*, whom they despised and persecuted, as beings of an inferior order, and of a coarser stamp; as beings, whose duty it was to administer to the service and to the gratification of the high and mighty ones of the earth, who considered that their delicacies were desirable in proportion as they were wetted with the tears and moistened with the blood of their insulted and afflicted labourers?

Or, whether the lower orders of society were permitted to enjoy the fruits of their own honest industry and daily toil, protected in their persons and in their property by fixed laws, and stated regulations, administered and put in force by a mild and

equitable government, alike remote from all the indescribable horrors of lawless anarchy, and the terrible effects of soul-benumbing despotism ; a government, which, *existing only for the happiness of the governed, and not solely for the aggrandizement of the governors*, showered down on *all* its people the felicity of freedom, and the blessings of independence.

To all which questions we uniformly answered, as we were so warranted to do by the matter of fact, that the people in America groaned under no oppressive and arbitrary domination, neither did they see in every rich man a hard master, and a cruel tyrant ; that the taxes were light and equally imposed, pressing on the shoulders of those, who, by their property, were most able to support the burden, not calculated for the sole purpose of wringing the hardly-earned pittance from the hand of the poor labourer, and snatching the scanty morsel of bread, for which he had toiled in the weariness of his frame and in the anguish of his soul, from the mouths of his weeping and famished babes.

That the wages of labour were high, at least, sufficiently so to enable those who were not idle, and wasteful, to maintain themselves and their households in decency and in plenty ; that the greater number of children any poor man had the richer he became, because, at a very early age, every child could earn more money by its labour than was required for its support; that land was very abundant, and to be purchased at a cheap rate. All which induced men to marry early in life, and thereby to increase very much the strength and prosperity of the kingdom, not only by multiplying the population rapidly, but by becoming good subjects and citizens; for those, whose hearts are softened and purified by discharging the great and hallowed duties of husband and of father, always are most attached to their country, and are the firmest defenders of her laws and constitution in the day of assault and in the hour of danger, because it is the interest of all virtuous men to preserve the well-being and duration of government on the sure and steady basis of proper subordination and obedience to the laws ; whereas, wild and



disorderly people, who hang loose on society, who regard not the great charities of husband, father, son, and brother, but live in the continued habits of depredation on the peace and happiness, the person and the property, of others, whether they do it by open violence or by unproductive idleness, must be bad citizens and bad subjects. It is their interest to overturn or to pervert from their right course all those laws which consult the well-being of a people. They are wild beasts, which prey upon the vitals of their country ; they are locusts, which devour the fruits of the kingdom, and convert a garden of Eden into a wilderness and a waste.

It is therefore incumbent on every government to endeavour to promote the virtue of the poor ; and this can only be done by consulting their happiness, by enabling them, with the exertions of industry, to earn the means of existence in comfort and in plenty, and by allowing an opportunity of instruction and of education to *all* their children.

Whenever we made these, and other similar observations, we were informed that

the case was very different in their country: that marriage was to be dreaded as the worst of all evils, because children, so far from being a blessing, were a curse, owing to the wages of labour being so low in comparison with the exorbitant price of all the necessaries of existence; that a man could not even earn bread enough for himself, by his own unremitting labour throughout the day, much less provide for his family, who could seldom do any thing towards their own support; for the wife had enough to do to look after the little bairns, and no body would employ the children, or if they did sometimes, they never paid them wages enough to provide even bread in sufficient quantity to prevent them from starving, much less to purchase clothes and other necessaries of life.

We were told that these, and many other hardships under which the poor laboured, particularly the entire want of provision made for them in the hour of sickness or calamity, to which, from their penury, they were especially liable, took away from them even the consolations of hope; that their life was one continued struggle

against the accumulating horrors of want, of pain, of neglect, of disease, and of anguish; that their existence was only a catenation of agony and despair; as we might easily imagine, by observing every where on our road the forlorn, wretched appearance of the huts, and the miserable, famished condition of, at least, seven-tenths of the inhabitants of the places through which we had passed.

As this was a lamentable and very obvious truth, but entirely out of the power of two obscure and impotent individuals to remedy or to remove, we contented ourselves with recommending them to a patient reliance on the providence of that God, in whose hands are the issues of life and death, and to look forward with humble hope to better days, when their tears should be wiped away, and their oppressors punished, as soon as the measure of their iniquities was full.

Indeed it would have been cruel and absurd to hold out to them any hopes of seeing their condition made better in this world; for who is to do it? Individuals, however wealthy, and however benevolently inclined, can do but very little

towards alleviating the aggregate burden of misery, which presses the great body of the poor to the dust. Individuals may give money to relieve the urgent and immediate distresses of the poor in their neighbourhood; but this, though a sacred and indispensable duty incumbent upon the rich, is only a mere temporary expedient. Still, the great mass of the indigent groan under weights of misery and affliction, which the hand of private charity alone cannot remove.

It is the government of a kingdom alone that can render the situation of the poor *permanently better*. Oh! it would be a deed of justice and of mercy, on which angels might lean from heaven to contemplate with pleasure, and to view with complacency, if, amidst the enormous multiplicity of their continually accumulating laws, and their incessant votings of uncounted millions, merely to decorate a small number of individuals with the trifling trappings of external state, and the gawdy glare of cumbersome and unwieldy pomp, the rulers of this nation would pass it into *a law*, would make it *an inherent and indestructible part of*



*our constitution*, that *all* the poor might possess the opportunities of early, moral, and religious and useful instruction; and be enabled, by a more just and equitable dispensation of the blessings of civilized institutions, to earn the means of existence for themselves, their wives, and little ones, in plenty, peace, comfort, and security, by the daily exertions of honest and well-directed industry !!!

This would be, at once, to strike at the root of the evil, and to cut off the very sources of its existence; would, at once, serve as a broad and sure basis, upon which private and individual charity might build its benevolent exertions, without the mortification of seeing, as is too often now the case, their endeavours entirely frustrated; or, at least, very much lessened in their benevolent effects, by the helplessness and vice of an uneducated and uninstructed people, and by the oppressive load of an injudicious and mistakenly-directed administration of government; an administration, which seems not to know that it is the very essence of political wisdom to strengthen the loins of the people, to teach them

habits of virtue, to give them the means of plenty and of happiness, to bind their hearts to their country by the indissoluble ties of gratitude and affection, that the executive and legislative authority might secure to itself the surest bulwark of defence, against the assaults of danger, in the firm and steady attachment of a virtuous people, who know and feel that they are indebted to the parental care of a mild and equitable government for the most inestimable of all blessings, an encouragement and protection to enable them to cultivate the only perennial source of happiness, *domestic peace and domestic comfort.*

But what right have we to expect such a blessed and heavenly disposition in the government of Great Britain? Have we not seen her load the people from age to age with the burden of everlasting debt? Have not the spires of her churches, and the turrets of her palaces, for many a generation, sparkled in the skies and glittered to the sun? Have not her princes and her lords possessed all that unbounded wealth and extended authority could bestow, for century heaped upon century? Has not the

magnitude of her commerce whitened all the seas of the globe with the sails of trade, and poured a continually-increasing tide of riches into the nation, so that the Thames, like another Pactolus, may be denominated a river of gold? Have not her armies and her fleets sounded the terror of the British name, and displayed the standard of British valour, in every corner of the earth, in regions glowing under the line and freezing at the pole? Has not her agriculture and her manufactures evinced a degree of perfection, which rival nations have considered as unattainable, and gazed upon with envy?

And is it not notorious, that the great body of the people, whose toil upholds all this glittering show, are, even in this our day of boasted wisdom and of science, in this age of philanthropy and of charity, embrothered in ignorance, and its inseparable concomitant vice? Are they not ground down to the very dregs of vitality, and to the exhaustion of existence, by incessant and unremitted toil, by scanty and precarious food? Are they not neglected, oppressed, and insulted by those who are the workmanship of the same God, who are



formed of the same materials, made of the same perishable clay, and stamped in the same mold, fashioned in the same lineaments of divinity? Are not their habitations the narrow and contracted abodes of filth, of penury, of disease, of decay, and of anguish? Are not their bodies bent and their spirits broken by one continued chain of hopeless misery? Are they not degraded and debased by all that they see, and all that they feel, and all that they hear? Is not to them every sense only an inlet to wretchedness, only an avenue to agony? And, to crown all, to stamp the perfection of despair upon their souls, have they not continually before their eyes the long perspective of misery, which inevitably awaits the earthly career of their little babes, who are brought into existence amidst anguish and tribulation, are nurtured in pain and in want, and have no other companions of their terrestrial journey, from the cradle to the grave, but barren sorrow and irretrievable destitution, the coldness of neglect and the bitterness of contempt, a body worn down with toil and with famine, and pining with the slow-wasting of disease, and a mind un-

illuminated by the beams of knowledge, and uncheered by the mild radiance of religion ?

This is no imaginary picture, no caricature stretched and over-drawn beyond the life by the hand of an ardent and a heated imagination. Let every one who doubts the accuracy of the portrait, only examine the condition of the *poor* in his own neighbourhood ; and, if he has a heart to feel, and a head to comprehend, he will see and will lament the wretched situation of those hapless victims of want and of neglect, who have no one to cry unto for help. With what delight would every good man turn the eye of gratitude and of applause upon the government of his country, if it could but be prevailed upon to deviate from its accustomed routine of cold and insipid pomp, of thoughtless and of phrenzied extravagance, into a measure so full of justice and of mercy, as *permanently to ameliorate the lot of the poor* ; if they would, but for once, make an experiment of compassion, and substitute the generous feelings of a heart warm with benevolence, and glowing with philanthropy, in the stead of the callous and frigid calculations of a head

stuffed with political chicanery and systematic falsehood !!!

But of that, now, no more. Why should I indulge the fleeting gleam of fallacious hope only to feel more poignantly the pangs of mocked expectation, to experience more acutely the bitterness of disappointment? Let those, who disregard all this, read, if they can, without emotion, the following observations of a philosopher, who lived under the ancient *regime* of France.

“ On croit communément que les campagnes sont ruinées par les corvées, les impositions, et sur-tout par celle des tailles; je conviendrai volontiers qu’elles sont très-onéreuses: il ne faut cependant pas imaginer que la seule suppression de cet impôt rendit la condition des paysans fort-heureuse. Dans beaucoup de provinces, la journée est de *huit sols*.

“ Or, de ces *huit sols*, si je deduis l’imposition de l’église, c’est à dire, à peu près quatre-vingt-dix fêtes ou dimanches, et peut-être une trentaine de jours dans l’année où l’ouvrier est incommodé, sans ouvrage, ou employé aux corvées, il ne lui reste, l’un portant l’autre, que *six sols par jour*: tant

qu'il est garçon, je veux que *ces six sols* fournissent a sa dépense, le nourrissent, le vêtent, le logent ; dès qu'il sera marié, *ces six sols* ne pourront plus lui suffire, parce que, dans les premières années du mariage, la femme, entièrement occupée à soigner ou à allaiter ses enfans, ne peut rien gagner : supposons qu'on lui fit alors remise entière de sa taille, c'est-à-dire cinq ou six francs, il auroit à peu près un liard de plus à dépenser par jour, or ce liard ne changeroit sûrement rien a sa situation : que faudroit-il donc faire pour la rendre heureuse ? hausser considérablement le prix des journées.

“ Pour cet effet il faudroit que les seigneurs vécussent habituellement dans leurs terres : a l'exemple de leurs peres, ils récompenseroient les services de leurs domestiques par le don de quelques arpens de terre ; le nombre des propriétaires augmenteroit insensiblement ; celui des journaliers diminueroit ; et ces derniers, devenus plus rares, mettroient leur peine à plus haut prix.

“ Il est bien singulier que les pays vantés par leur luxe et leur police soient les pays où le plus grand nombre des hommes est plus malheureux que ne le sont les na-



tions sauvages, si méprisées des nations policées. Qui doute que l'état du sauvage ne soit préférable à celui du paysan ? Le sauvage n'a point, comme lui, à craindre la prison, la surcharge des impôts, la vexation d'un seigneur, le pouvoir arbitraire d'un subdélégué ; il n'est point perpétuellement humilié et abruti par la présence journalière d'hommes plus riches et plus puissans que lui ; sans supérieur, sans servitude, plus robuste que le paysan parce qu'il est plus heureux, il jouit du bonheur de l'égalité, et sur-tout du bien inestimable de la liberté, si inutilement réclamée par la plupart des nations.

“ Dans les pays policés l'art de la législation n'a souvent consisté qu'à faire concourir une infinité d'hommes au bonheur d'un petit nombre ; à tenir, pour cet effet, la multitude dans l'oppression, et à violer envers elle tous les droits de l'humanité.

“ Cependant, le vrai esprit législatif ne devrait s'occuper que du bonheur général. Pour procurer ce bonheur aux hommes, peut-être faudroit-il les approcher de la vie de pasteur ; peut-être les découvertes en législation nous ramèneront-elles, à cet égard,

au point d'où l'on est d'abord parti. Non que je veuille décider une question si délicate, et qui exigeroit l'examen le plus profond : mais j'avoue qu'il est bien étonnant que tant de formes différentes de gouvernement établies du moins sous le prétexte du bien publique, que tant de loix, tant de réglemens, n'aient été, chez la plupart des peuples, que des instruments de l'infortune des hommes.

“ Peut-être ne peut-on échapper à ce malheur, sans revenir à des mœurs infiniment plus simples. Je sens bien qu'il faudroit alors renoncer à une infinité de plaisirs dont on ne peut se détacher sans peine, mais ce sacrifice cependant seroit un devoir, si le bien général l'exigeoit. N'est-on pas même en droit de soupçonner que l'extreme félicité de quelques particuliers est toujours attachée au malheur du plus grand nombre? Vérité assez heureusement exprimée par ces deux vers sur les sauvages :”

“ Chez eux est tout commun, chez eux tout est égal,

“ Comme ils sont sans palais, ils sont sans hospital.”

The following anecdote will not be lost

upon those who are apt to put two ideas together, and appretiate things at their true value, with a judgment unwarped by prejudice, and unbiassed by interest :

“ Je ne puis m’empêcher de rapporter encore à ce sujet un fait assez plaisant : c’est la réponse d’un Anglois à un ministre d’état. Rien de plus ridicule, disoit le ministre aux courtisans, que la maniere dont se tient le conseil chez quelques nations negres. Représentez vous une chambre d’assemblée, où sont placées une douzaine de grandes cruches ou jarres à moitié pleines d’eau : c’est la que, nuds et pas grave, se rendent un douzaine de conseillers d’état : arrivés dans cette chambre, chacun saute dans sa cruche, s’y enfonce jusqu’au cou ; et c’est dans cette posture qu’on opine et qu’on delibere sur les affaires d’état. Mais vous ne riez pas ? dit le ministere au seigneur le plus près de lui. C’est, répondit-il, que je vois tous les jours quelque chose de plus plaisant encore. Quoi donc ? reprit le ministre.—*C’est un pays où les cruches seules tiennent conseil.*

“ *Ces erreurs sont plus multipliées qu’on ne pense. On sait ce conte d’un Suisse ; on*



lui avoit consigné une porte des Tuilleries, avec defense d'y laisser entrer personne. Un bourgeois s'y presente:—*On n'entre point,*—lui dit le Suisse.—*Aussi,*—repond le bourgeois,—*je ne veux point entrer, mais sortir seulement du pont royal.*—*Ah ! s'il s'agit de sortir,*—reprend le Suisse,—*monsieur vous pouvez passer.*—Qui le croiroit ? ce conte est l'histoire du peuple Romain. César se presente dans la place publique, il veut s'y faire couronner ; et les Romains faute d'attacher des idées précise au mot de royauté, lui accordent, sous le nom d'*imperator*, la puissance, qu'ils lui refusent sous le nom de *rex*.

“ Ce que je dis des Romains peut généralement s'appliquer à tous les divans et à tous le conseils des princes.”

As soon as we were landed on the Dunkeld side of the Ferry, we besought our companions to point out to us some public house, where we might obtain a lodging for the night. They, immediately, led us to the door of a house, whose sign I forget, belonging to George M'Diarmid, at about half past ten o'clock at night. We entered directly into the kitchen ; Cowan, as usual,

bringing up the rear, and the sailor in the hairy cap charging in the van. We saw, standing in the middle of the room, a very decent, cleanly-looking, ingenuous, and open countenanced woman, whom I immediately began to assail with the accustomed tongue battery, of mere bother, which serves to astonish and to delight those, who are pleased with a discourse exactly in proportion as they do not understand its import and meaning; which, by the bye, is the case with, by far, the great majority of mankind, who are altogether bridled, reined, curbed, whipped, lashed, and spurred by those whose business it is to bruit into their ears sentiments and doctrines which they cannot comprehend, and therefore are required implicitly to credit, according to the old and well-known definition of faith, *credo quia impossibile est*,—*I believe, because it is impossible.*

The good woman stared, as well she might, at our entrance, and questioned us, but with good humour and artless simplicity, as to our business, and asked what we wanted.—I answered, that we were two American sailors, who were going to Blair

Athol, and wished to have a night's lodging under her roof; that I was well assured, from seeing the honesty and kindness expressed in her *bonny* countenance, that she would not refuse a place of rest to two poor, lame, crippled, hungry laddies, who had been able to obtain but very little food during the whole day, and were now faint for want of nourishment and of rest; that in the morning we intended to renew our journey, after we had seen the famous hermitage at Dunkeld.

Finding that my compliment on her countenance was not thrown away, and, in good truth, her face would bear commendation much better than many which I have heard highly flattered in scenes of civilized life, I began to entertain her with an account of some such very marvellous adventures, and astonishing incidents, as made her mouth fly open with wonder, and her eyes thrust themselves forward in aghazed stupor; through all which, however, I could easily perceive that I had entirely gained her good graces; more particularly so, when, by incessant and loud gabble, I had drawn all the neighbours from their houses

into the room where we were, and the clamours, in consequence of this pouring-in of thirsty and curious animals, for liquor, became so frequent, that the tap was continually kept in motion, to the no small satisfaction and emolument of our worthy hostess.

Our auditors expressed their admiration and applause of us and our narration, by repeated draughts of beer, drunken for the express purpose, as it should seem, of promoting our health and welfare, which they all vehemently assevered that they wished, and washed down every wish with a fresh ingurgitation of their delicious beverage. I now intimated to the landlady, that we were tired, and wanted rest and refreshment; which she no sooner heard, than she smiled and shook us by the hand, and shook us by the hand and smiled, so cordially and so lovingly, that I was afraid she would never finish her kindness, and that we should obtain no repose that night.

After awhile, however, she led us into an upper room, plainly furnished, and clean, and presently got us some tea, eggs, milk, butter, barley-bannocks, &c. While we were taking our repast the hostess came into



our room preceded by her husband, a tall, thin, keen, honest-looking man, dressed in blue clothes, with a variegated bonnet, the colours of which were grey, red, and blue, in patches, on his head. He walked into the room, followed at a respectable distance by his wife, over whom he exercised the full authority and sway of patriarchal sovereignty, and gently inclined his body towards us, but still kept on his bonnet, while he took a chair and sate himself down by our sides.

His wife did not presume to sit down, but stood at the back of his chair, and every now and then asked us some artless question about our travels, which we answered as occasion might require. I could not but smile to see M'Diarmaid take frequent opportunities of showing that he was absolute king and lord in his own domains; for he would bid his wife hold her tongue, when she was in the midst of asking some question, and, more than once, he actually sent her out of the room, for something, or for nothing, while she was listening with all her might to our narrations, and endeavouring to treasure up in her memory the

accounts which we gave, and the major part of which she could not possibly comprehend.

On the whole, however, after he had shown that his wife was his servant, the host was very easy and complacent, and allowed the poor woman to gratify her curiosity by asking a great deal about America; *whether it was as big as Dunkeld or not; what kind of people lived there; what they did, &c. &c.*; to all which I was about to reply, when her husband prevented me by saying,—What do you ask such foolish questions for! don't you see what kind of people the Americans are! *are not these two sailors something like us?* Besides, do not many of the Highlanders go and live in America; *did not cousin Thomas go there himself but last year?*

This judicious answer of the host quite satisfied the woman, and she, then, began to examine our map of Scotland, which lay on the table; and, after poring over it for some minutes, expressed her delight, with a smile of the most artless and unsophisticated simplicity, that she had found out, and could put her finger on, the precise spot in



the chart where Dunkeld was situated, and also the place where she and her husband were born, and where they were married, the names of which I now forget.

This discovery put both her and her lord and master into such excellent glee, that they forthwith told us all their history, their birth, parentage, life, and education, up to the present hour. All which contained nothing very remarkable, nothing much differing from others in their situation; only, that they were both born in poverty, both grew up together and loved one another, and that she had a little money left her by some relation, which enabled them to set up a public-house; in addition to which, he was a carrier of parcels in a cart from Dunkeld to Blair Athol; that by these means they were enabled to provide subsistence for themselves decently and in plenty, which was more than could be done by the poor, who had nothing else to support them but their daily labour. For they said it was impossible for us to imagine under what hardships the poor in that country laboured, being often, literally, in

want of bread to supply the craving of their children.

Indeed, wherever we went, we found all the people in the same story, as to the condition of the poor, which I was, then, in hopes might have been confined to this corner of the kingdom ; but I have since learned that it is the same all over the nation. For the other day, as I was walking in St. James's Park, I saw the following paper, printed in large characters, stuck up against a wall not far from the Horse-guards.—

“ Wanted in the third regiment of Guards, belonging to the Prince of Wales, and commanded by Sir W. Fawcett, K. B. and Governor of Chelsea Hospital, some active young men, who will receive eight guineas bounty, and every necessary equipment of clothes, arms, &c. In this regiment the young men will find every encouragement, and all due promotion ; and the old, worn-out, disabled soldier, a safe asylum, either in Chelsea hospital, or elsewhere, a provision for himself and family. By the care and attention of the officers the privates in this regiment are superior *in pay*

*and comfort to the wages and hardships of day-labourers, journeymen, and small shopkeepers."*

That the officers are kind and attentive to their men, and that the young soldier is promoted and encouraged, and the disabled veteran provided for, certainly redound very greatly to the honour of the British nation. For, surely, those who shed their blood, and consume the flower of their lives in the service of their country, ought to be liberally rewarded, and honourably encouraged. But why that unmanly insult on the wretched and degraded state of the *poor*, towards the close of this extraordinary advertisement? Why industriously obtrude upon the public the most distressing of all truths, that the great mass of the people are ground down to the very dregs of penury and want?

Why is it, that *the wages and hardships of day-labourers are so much worse than the pay and comfort of a private soldier*? Surely, no good man, who really is interested in the well-being of his country, can answer this question with any satisfaction to himself. It is the duty of every nation to provide liberally and abundantly for its soldiery, be-

cause the duties which they discharge, and the services which they perform, are of great importance to the state ; but it does not, therefore, follow, that the great majority of a people (*and the day-labourers, journeymen, and small shopkeepers*, make seven-tenths of a nation) should be so wretchedly situated *as to make the lot of a private soldier an object of envy and of longing after.*

The government of a country would consult its own permanent interest more by permitting the great body of the people to earn a plentiful and a comfortable mode of existence, by the exertions of their industry, than by starving them into the knowledge of their condition being below that of a *private soldier* ; because, from the industry of the people must primarily flow all the national revenues, which support and keep in motion the great machine of government. And if this industry is paralysed by despair and hopeless misery, where are the taxes to be drawn from ?

Not from the soldiery, who are themselves a very heavy, though in some instances a necessary, tax upon the country ;



nor from the clergy ; nor from the gentry ; nor from the nobility ; all whose power and whose very existence is upheld by the toil of these very *day-labourers, journeymen, and small shopkeepers* ; who, we are told by an advertisement, printed in large characters, and stuck up against a wall in a public walk, that such a truth may not be concealed from any one, live in a situation inferior to the pay and comfort of a private soldier ; so great are their hardships, and so scanty are their wages.

It is to be hoped, for the sake of decency, of humanity, and of common sense, that such an egregious insult upon the misery of the people may never again be suffered to be printed and publicly pasted against the wall of a frequented walk. If we must go down to the grave under all the accumulated horrors of pain, and want, and hunger, and disease, let us, at least, not be denied the small gratification of perishing in secret and in silence ; let not our wretchedness be industriously exposed to the rude gaze and the unhallowed mockery of every one that passes along the streets ; let not our sorrows be aggravated, by being continually told, in



the most public of all manners, even by advertisements pasted up against the walls, that *our wages and hardships* render our situation worse than *the pay and comfort of a private soldier*. Why increase the forlorn state of our condition, by telling us, that we shall be much better off by going *to be shot at for a shilling a day, than by following the callings of our daily labour* ?

Poverty has something, in itself, so shocking and degrading, that most men will rather submit to any misery than have their penury, in its full extent, made known to others ; and while this decent and salutary pride remains, they will exert every nerve, and struggle incessantly so to provide for themselves and their families, that *they might not appear to be poor*. Very many will bear, with patience, actual poverty ; but none, who are not lost to all sense of shame, will willingly submit *to the public imputation of being poor*.

Hence, then, is seen, how very injudicious is this method of inviting people to become soldiers. It first exasperates, and then hardens, all the best feelings of their heart ; all those feelings of virtue, which fit

men to become good citizens and good subjects, ready and willing to die in defence of the dearest blessings of civilized society. It alienates the affections of the *husband* from his wife, because it publicly tells him, that, since his *wages and hardships* are such as to render his own existence wretched, she must add to the burden of his misery by consuming part of the scanty pittance, which is not sufficient for himself. It sets the heart of the *father* against his babes, by shewing to him the darkened length of present and of prospective misery, which they entail upon him by detracting a portion from his already too contracted wages. It destroys the affection of the son for his parents, because he is compelled to see, that that they cannot provide him with the necessary requisites of existence. It arms the hatred of brother against brother, by pointing out the impossibility of their being both maintained by a provision, which is insufficient even for one.

Thus are all the great links, which bind the sacred and hallowed charities of *husband, father, son, and brother*, round the human heart, rent asunder by this cruel declaration,

that the *pay and comforts of a private soldier* are superior to the *wages and hardships of day-labourers, journeymen, and small shopkeepers*. For those, who have families, seeing now that it is publicly and industriously displayed to all the world, that they are in a wretched state of penury and degradation, will, since the great incentive to proper conduct, *self-respect*, is thus taken from them, leave their wives and their little ones, and become soldiers: and those, who have not families, will prefer the *superior comfort and pay* of a soldier to the *wages and hardships of labour*, particularly when rendered additionally forbidding by the certainty of those wages being lessened, and those hardships being augmented by the accession of a wife, and the existence of children.

But it is only by an attention to domestic virtues, that man is rendered a good citizen and a good subject. A mere hireling military machine, that has no bond of attachment and affection to link him to his country and its laws, cannot be depended on when the hour of danger shakes those laws and alarms that country. While he receives his pay, perhaps, he will continue to follow

his trade in the service of his pay-masters : but, from whatever circumstance, let that pay fail, or be much diminished, and where is the confidence to be placed in these beings? Will they not be the first to lift the sword and to point the bayonet against the breasts of their employers ?

Not so with him, who knows that his interest is intimately connected with that of the state ; who, when he fights for the government of his country, fights for that which protects and supports to him all that can render life desirable, namely, *the power of providing comfortably and plentifully for himself, his wife, and his little ones.* A mere soldier fights for pay, and when that pay is not forthcoming, he fights no longer ; such a being is an *arrant trader in blood.* But he who unites in his own person the exalted characters of *citizen and soldier*, will never quit the defence of his country and its government, because, in fact, their protection is his protection. Where shall he go, and where shall he find a spot, which is better worth dying to defend, than the country that contains all for which life is worth possessing ?



But telling to the great mass of the people that *their wages and hardships* are such as to render the life of a soldier a desirable object, is, in fact, telling them that *they have nothing worth fighting for*; because it is telling them, that they are ground down to the very dregs of bitterness and want. Besides, this step is very impolitic; because it tends directly to create an enmity in the minds of the people towards the soldiery, by compelling them to form an invidious comparison *between the superior pay and comfort of a soldier, and the wages and hardships of a day-labourer, a journeyman, and a small shopkeeper.* All the people in a kingdom cannot be soldiers; for the actual existence of the kingdom depends upon the industry and *productive* labour of the *poor*: but soldiers are not *productive* labourers; they consume the fruits of the industry of others, without any return which raises revenue to the government or increases the plenty of the nation.

Consequently, those who are not soldiers must envy those who are, since they are condemned to live in a much more wretched and indigent state. Now, it does



not require much political wisdom to discover, that the character of the citizen should never be lost in that of the soldier; and, above all, that the military should always be looked upon with the utmost esteem and veneration, as men, who expose themselves to every hazard and to death for the sake of protecting their fellow-subjects from the unprincipled ambition and iniquitous designs of those enemies, whether foreign or domestic, who would willingly destroy our government, annihilate our laws, and plunge us in all the indescribable horrors of a bloody and a phrenzied revolution.

Ten thousand other objections to this injudicious advertisement are, at this moment, crowding into my brain, but I will suppress them; and, indeed, I should not have said so much, as I have done, upon it, but that I wished to inculcate the necessity of treating the heavy and enormous distresses of the *poor* with decency at least, if not with respect. Sorrow is sacred; and, surely, it is incumbent on those, who lay grievous burdens on the shoulders of the people, not to aggravate those burdens, by wanton mockery and licentious insult; not to tell them that full

seven-tenths of the nation are in such a pitiable state of degradation, that all their exertions cannot render their condition equal to that of a *private soldier*.

Would it not be more consistent with justice and humanity to invite the people to become soldiers, by telling them, at once, and fairly, what they are to expect, and why their assistance is necessary? That it is incumbent on them, now, at this critical moment, to rally round the government of their country, in order to protect it against the attacks of an insidious and implacable enemy, whose ambition and want of all principle prompt him to seek to destroy the *British constitution, and to reduce England to slavery*; that it behoves them, by every thing which is dear and honourable amongst men, to stand forward in defence of their country, and its established government; their homes, their wives, their children, their parents, their friends, and whatever else can be an object of affection, of esteem, and of regard?

Would not this, think you, (provided, indeed, that all this could be said with truth, and the rulers of the nation really

consulted the well-being of the people,) be more likely to warm the hearts of the sons of Britain with the glow of patriot zeal, than pasting up against the walls of our public walks, as an inducement to enter the army, an advertisement denoting, that *the pay and comfort of a private soldier are preferable to the wages and the hardships of day-labourers, of journeymen, and of small shop-keepers?*

As our host's countenance appeared to be more illumined with knowledge than those of people, who are so circumstanced as he is, generally are, we were in hopes of being able to obtain some information respecting the state of the country: but in this hope we were deceived, and found that we over-rated the talents and acquirements of honest M'Diarmid, when we expected to learn from him aught, save the petty detail of the few incidents which occurred immediately under his own roof, or within the narrow verge of his contracted circle of acquaintance.

We were particularly earnest in our inquiries about Burns, the immortal bard

of Caledonia. Here a gleam of transient light burst in upon us; for the host declared that he knew Burns very well; and, indeed, had long been his intimate friend. He is as honest, and hearty a fellow, as ever lived,—quoth the landlord,—*he gets drunk, here, in my house, regularly, every market day, throughout the year.*

We stared at this speech, and replied,—What! Burns get drunk with you every market day! Why, he has been dead some years, my good friend; there must be some mistake in all this.—Upon further examination, and after explaining ourselves more minutely, we discovered, that our host had been, all this time, amusing himself and edifying us with recounting the exploits of a *worthy butcher* in the vicinage, who happened to bear the same name as that which Burns has engraved upon the tablets of immortality!

After awhile we prevailed on our landlord to defer any information with which he might be desirous of benefiting our minds till the next day, and intimated our wish of retiring to rest. We were, accordingly, shown up another pair of stairs, into a room,



the furniture of which was old, but neat and decent ; and we enjoyed, in clean and comfortable linen, the unspeakable luxury of a most refreshing night's rest.

On the morning of August 9, we rose, with a light heart, and an invigorated frame, and sallied out in order to bathe in the river Tay, which had now found a deeper and a more extended bed, in which to roll its fertilizing streams. We repaired to a very convenient spot, close by the duke of Athol's walled pleasure-ground ; but Cowan objected to our bathing there, because, at no great distance, down on the same side of the river, stood a strapping, brawny lass in the act of washing some pans and kettles. Of this lovely, dirty damsel, we asked whether we could easily wade over to the other side ; to which inquiry she answered, that the water a little lower down was *not knee high, for she had often crossed it herself.*

Accordingly, we pulled off our stockings and shoes, and I immediately determined to cross the river with my usual precipitation, which generally prompts me to *do* a thing first, and, afterwards, to *think* about it ;



that is, in other words, first, to run my head foul of some mischief, and then reflect upon the means of extricating myself out of the difficulty, which a very small portion of discretion would have prevented from ever befalling me. Cowan, who possesses much more *saving wisdom*, waited very quietly, with his shoes and stockings under his arm, to see the issue of this hasty manœuvre of mine.

I had not proceeded fifteen yards in my passage across the river, before I fell souse, head and ears, into a deep hole, to the great diversion of the wench, who had directed me where to cross the water, and the no small entertainment of many standers-by that lined the shore, and had come down to the banks of the river for the express purpose of seeing and gazing at the *two American sailors*, who arrived at Dunkeld on the preceding evening. By this unexpected plunge I was very nearly suffocated, and grievously incommoded by swallowing a great abundance of water, for I went down with my mouth open.

Nor was this all the inconvenience which I sustained from my hasty descent;

for I cut my right foot (already much blistered, inflamed, and pained by walking) against a sharp stone; I completely spoiled my watch, into whose works the water found its way to their utter derangement; I wetted and soaked my map of Scotland thoroughly; I damaged my diary book, which I always carried in the breast-pocket of my jacket; I lost my soap and towel; and, in struggling to save myself, one of my shoes, which I carried together with my stockings in my hand, took its leave of me, and departed down the river never to return again.

These evils were of various magnitudes, and of different consequence as to their effects: my foot I could cure by rest; my watch I did not care much about, as it was not particularly requisite that we should regulate our hours of march by the clock, but might halt, or go forward, as we deemed meet, by night or by day, without any restriction; the places designated on the chart were not so entirely obliterated by the damp as quite to prevent me from tracing enough of them to direct us on our route; and the injury of my diary I could

repair by industry in writing, while every circumstance, which had occurred to us on our journey, and had been recorded, was still vividly impressed upon my recollection with all their genuine glow of native colouring.

The loss of my towel, also, I could easily repair by purchasing another ; but soap was an article not so very abundant in the Highlands as to justify any indifference or unconcern at its departure ; and the fact is, that it was full four days before we bought any more, which we did at Killin, a town situated at the head or source of Loch-Tay. The absence of my shoe, also, was no slight evil ; for, as I found, by woful experience, it was no easy matter to get another at all, and impossible to obtain one, which would not tend to cripple me almost as much as if I continued my tramp bare-footed.

I was, however, in no very proper situation now for reflection, and I hastened forward to reach the opposite shore, which purpose I accomplished, at the expence of two or three more unlucky plunges and duckings. Cowan waited, with his shoes and stockings under his arm, very patiently and coolly withal, to see whether I intended

to drown myself, or to scramble on to the other side of the river ; and, when he perceived, that I had made good my landing, he, very prudently profiting by my mishap, waded in safety lower down the stream, where the water was so shallow as not to reach higher than the calf of his leg.

We wandered along a little farther on the side of the river, and then precipitated ourselves into the water ; we swam across to a grotto in Athol's pleasure-ground, where, stuck up against its mossy sides, we saw some common-place morality couched in rhymes, which, certainly, did not reach above mediocrity. What they were I now know not ; I only remember that at the time I saw them they appeared to me to be *worth forgetting*. We sate awhile on the grassy bank admiring the beauties of the walks, shaded by lofty and over-arching trees. We again repeated our experiment of shouting, and stone clicking, which we had tried in the stream near Perth ; but with no better success as to ascertaining the practicability of water's conveying sound. We now swam back again to a



little plantation where we had deposited our clothes.

We were scarcely dressed, when our landlord, accompanied by two of his neighbours, hailed us, and pointed out another way, different from that in which we came, whereby we might return to our inn. I was obliged to limp along, with one foot bare and naked, through part of Athol's domains, and some of the streets of the town, exposed to the eager gaze of the inhabitants, who flocked to the doors and windows of their houses to see two such sorry skilmahoons as we were, before I could arrive at the public house; where I immediately purchased of my host an old shoe, which, though by time and long service it displayed many a tremendous chasm, yet what, with rough manufacture, and a large quantity of iron nails, would have been no contemptible load for a *highland sheltie* to drag after him by way of carriage.

Breakfast being prepared the host and hostess honoured us with their company. I was rather hungry, and made an attempt to appropriate a piece of bannoc to myself, when M'Diarmid prevented me by put-



ting back my hand. I looked up at this manœuvre, and perceived that he was taking off his bonnet very reverently, and that his wife wore a very desperately serious aspect. Presently thereafter mine host began a long grace in the Earse, or Gaelic tongue, not one syllable of which I could comprehend; however, I managed to look very devout, notwithstanding the ludicrously dismal visage which both the husband and wife thought it proper to put on for the sake of winning upon the Almighty so much, as to induce him to bless their breakfast. This long prayer being, at length, finished, I began to entertain hopes of having some breakfast, yet I durst not venture upon any more attacks on the bannock lest the host should actually famish us with another grace; not to mention, that I could not easily have kept my countenance grave during the whole of a similar exhibition.

In patient waiting, therefore, we sate, while the landlord, with his fingers, turned over the sugar, which was moist and brown, with two or three whitish lumps on the top, by way of ornament, put a pinch full, as much as he could take up with his fore-

finger and thumb, into his mouth; and then, still using his fingers, as better adapted for the purpose than a spoon, heaved what he thought a sufficient portion into our cups. Meanwhile his wife, after putting some tea into the hollow of her hand, and from thence conveying it into the pot, began to slap against her petticoats the bannocks, or thin, large, round, flat cakes, made of barley-meal, which she had that morning made, in order to rid them of the dust and ashes that flew about in great abundance; which necessary operation being performed, she handed the bannock to her husband, who took the same, and tore down a strip, much resembling a piece of shamois leather in appearance, for each of us, and we discussed our breakfast, not without much edifying discourse passing between our entertainers and us. We had another grace-representation, but not so long as the first, when breakfast was over.

We learned that the Duke of Athol was endeavouring to lay waste and to depopulate Dunkeld, in order to increase the extent of his pleasure-grounds and park;

which laudable intention he had already been enabled partly to execute by divers and sundry means, as refusing to renew leases at their term of expiration and ejecting the tenants; by purchasing, from time to time, as opportunity offered, the little freehold spots, &c. &c. for the church, which originally stood in the middle of the town, was now close to his Grace's park-wall; for nearly half the houses had been pulled down, and their inhabitants driven out upon the world to roam in quest of the means of existence in countries less inhospitable, and in more genial climes.

And it seems, that this pious and benevolent *nobleman* hopes, in the lapse of a few years, to accomplish the entire destruction of the town, considered as a place of residence for human beings, and to become the sole master of every spot of ground and every habitation; and, no doubt, he will be able to effect this desirable purpose: for what can the more than infantine weakness of poverty, and ignorance, and systematized subjection, avail in opposition to the insolence of wealth untempered by understanding, and the pride of hereditary

domination undirected by the light of knowledge.

“ Sweet, smiling village, loveliest of the lawn;  
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn.  
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant’s hand is seen,  
And desolation saddens all thy green.  
One only master grasps the whole domain,  
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.  
No more thy grassy brook reflects the day,  
But chok’d with sedges works its weedy way;  
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,  
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest.  
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,  
And tires thy echoes with unvaried cries.  
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,  
And the long grass o’ertops the mouldering wall;  
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler’s hand,  
Far, far away, thy children leave the land.  
E’en now the devastation is begun,  
And half the business of destruction done;  
Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.  
*Princes or lords may flourish or may fade,  
A breath can make them as a breath has made;  
But a bold peasantry, their country’s pride,  
When once destroyed can never be supplied.”*

It is a consummation devoutly to be wished, that all those who are blessed with extended wealth, and its inseparable at-

tendants, influence and power, could be so properly educated as to have their minds enlarged beyond the narrow and contracted sphere of self, to have their hearts and minds purified and expanded by the light of knowledge and of benevolence; then would they perceive the infinite superiority in point of advantage to the human race, and of felicity to themselves, which must inevitably result from a country teeming with fertility, and abounding in inhabitants over extensive tracts of dreary wilderness, however disguised and tricked out by the pompous appellation of park, of pleasure-ground, of shrubbery, and of lawn.

Although wealth and rank must always possess great power and influence, while hope and fear continue to actuate the human heart; yet it may be worth while to inquire, whether the rich do not possess the most power of doing mischief, in proportion as the lower orders of the people are placed near the extremity of the descending scale of penury and want. And this inquiry is the more necessary, because we have no right to expect that the present modes of education, generally used in civilized coun-



tries, are calculated to teach the hereditarily wealthy *to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with their God.* A man, who, from the first hour of his birth, has been surrounded by flatterers and sycophants, in the shape of servants or tutors; who has been permitted to gratify all the caprices and mischievous fancies, which an unenlightened mind is continually suggesting; who has been taught to imagine that every thing is subservient to his own gratification; who has seldom or ever heard the voice of independence and of truth telling him, that he is a weak, frail, helpless being, who must one day render an account to his *great Master*, of the stewardship which has been committed to his care: such a man, it may readily be supposed, will coolly, and without concern, give orders that a town, a province, or a kingdom, if his power extends so far, shall be laid waste, and the inhabitants driven from the abodes of themselves and of their fathers, as outcasts, to roam upon the world's wide stage, without having where to rest their head, in order that he might *make a park, or a piece of water, or*

*add a few more acres of land to his pleasure gardens.*

Things being thus circumstanced, the poor can have no means of withstanding the desolating, though childish, vanity of such a man, but in the protection and support of the government of their country, which, by enabling them to earn a plentiful subsistence, by their industry, at once throws an insuperable obstacle in the way of the rich man's cruelty and oppression; because, then, the labouring cottager, finding that his own exertions can supply him with the necessaries of life, and knowing that, without his toil, and the toil of such as him, the country itself cannot exist in strength and in power, resolutely refuses to be turned out of his cottage either by blandishment or by threats, by money or by force. *Shall I (said Naboth to Ahab) give up the possession of my fathers to thee, when thou hast already more than thou canst use well?*

Not daring, then, to hope that individuals, who are born to great wealth and power, will be induced to forego a selfish and a childish gratification, merely to bless

and to make happy thousands of their fellow-creatures, because their education, for the most part, unfits them for discovering, that the most pure, ecstatic, and permanent of all enjoyments is the being an instrument of active good to mankind in the hands of Providence; let us examine a little into the subject; and, perhaps, we shall find, that that this evil of depopulating hamlets and villages, for the sake of *manufacturing a park or a shrubbery*, can be traced to a higher and a more simple source than the mistaken views of an ignorant and uneducated landholder, even to the want of kindness and attention to the condition of the poor on the part of the government of the country.

It, surely, cannot require many words to prove, that no village or town, consisting of many hundreds of human beings, will submit to be driven out to ruin and to destruction, merely to gratify the foolish and unjust desire of *one man*, if they can possibly help it: nor does it require more trouble to shew, that wherever the villagers or townsmen are able, by the honest exertions of their industry, to maintain themselves and their families in decency and in com-

fort, they can prevent such an iniquitous and arbitrary measure from being carried into execution; for while there continues to be an effectual demand for productive labour, which must always be the case while a nation retains any prosperity or strength, they will be *independent*, because they can give their industry, a very full equivalent, in exchange for the means of existence; and, then, what power has a wealthy individual to drag or to wheedle them out of their homes and their birth-rights, when they are permitted to be in subjection to no power but that of the laws of their country, to which every good man is always ready to pay the most implicit obedience?

The question now then is included within very narrow and simple bounds; namely, that from the benevolent interference of the government alone can the poor hope for relief from their burden of misery and oppression. It is unnecessary and absurd to think of inducing individuals, who have been always rocked in the cradle of prosperity and of wealth, to prefer the prospect of a country fertile in population, and

smiling with the happiness of its inhabitants, to the sight of a *smoothly-shaven lawn*, a *carp pond*, or a *grotto*. It is, therefore, better to inquire whether or not some means may be found of rescuing the great mass of mankind from the iron grasp of ignorant beings, intoxicated by the possession of power to do mischief, and drunk with self idolatry and pride, pampered and inflated by incessant adulation.

I know full well that every discussion upon the state of the *poor* in any nation of Europe is now looked upon with peculiar jealousy and suspicion by all those, who, through the weakness and blindness of their understandings, believe, or assert that they believe, the welfare of a kingdom to be promoted in proportion as *the great body of the people are ground down to penury and hopeless want*. Much reasoning, or any great desire of arriving at truth, cannot be expected, neither will it be found, among the advocates for such an absurd and cruel doctrine, which equally outrages both humanity and sense.

Accordingly, they tell us, that the *law of necessity* must be submitted to, and that,



as it pleases God to involve thousands and tens of thousands of his creatures in destruction, by his earthquakes, storms, volcanoes, and tempests, *so* it is necessary that the poor should be kept in the bondage of ignorance and of want. But this attempt at analogy is rather unfortunate, because there is no similarity in the two cases. The counsels of God are, in our present very imperfect state, inscrutable, and his ways past finding out. What purposes his tempests, volcanoes, storms, and earthquake are intended to serve we cannot know. Our duty is to submit humbly to his dispensations, and wait patiently his appointed time. We now see, with regard to the works of God, as through a glass, darkly ; but we trust, that all these difficulties will be cleared up when we are permitted to see face to face.

Where there are no data on which to reason, no reasoning can be had ; we are entirely ignorant of the laws by which the great Creator and Giver of Life regulates his thunders and his lightnings, and by what decrees he sends forth his pestilence that walketh by day, and his arrow that flieth by night. We cannot, therefore, presume to reason upon what we know no-

thing about ; we cannot, surely, pretend to account for that, which the invisible King, only omniscient, hath concealed in night, to none communicable in earth or heaven.

But the moral and political evils, which deform the fair face of society and disturb its happiness, are all of *human* origin, and, consequently, can be removed by *human* means ; wherefore it becomes the duty of every one to inquire into their cause, and, if possible, to do it away, that its baneful effects may no longer desolate this nether world, and poison the cup of life to countless myriads of mankind. Many of these evils, however, those who wring not under their load affect to class as *physical*, as attributable to the law of necessity, and requiring to be submitted to with equal patience as to the rifting of the lightning's flash, and the crash of destruction, which hangs upon the maddening career of the tornado.

This patient and unrepining submission has been particularly inculcated by those who, not having personally experienced these evils, and industriously avoiding all intercourse with those who groan under and are afflicted by them, affect to doubt of

their existence. I once knew a very fine lady, who lived quite on easy and fashionable terms with her husband; she was implored to bestow some relief, by a poor woman, of a very modest and decent aspect. The *lady* asked the woman why she wanted help?—Because,—replied the woman, with a sigh,—*I am a widow and hungry.*—O, Lord,—answered the *lady*,—how happy you must be! I am sure, I wish that *I was a widow and hungry*, I would give any thing for two such blessings; get you gone about your business, for a bold and forward hussey.—

The poor woman went on her way sorrowing, and cried, in the anguish of her soul, unto the Lord for help for herself and her fatherless babes; for *being a widow and an hungred* was deemed no cause of compassion in the estimation of a *fine lady*, who was too silly and ignorant to be able to discern the manifest difference between her case and that of the woman, whom she pronounced to be happy, and an object of envy. She wished to be a widow that she might get rid of her husband, of whom she was tired, and have her full swing of un-

bounded licence, or espouse another male, for whom she entertained a momentary *penchant*; she desired to be hungry, that she might *enjoy the pleasure of eating*.

But the poor woman, who solicited the cold hand of charity, and solicited it in vain, was a widow, who, in losing her husband, had lost her only stay and support, the guardian and the protector of her babes; she was an hungred, and had no means of satisfying that hunger.

This scepticism on the part of the rich, with regard to the sufferings of the poor, adds greatly to the poignancy of those sufferings, by making the afflicted mourners feel that they are shut out from the sympathizing tenderness of their fellow-creatures, and thus denied the relief of complaint. Who will hear us when we relate our distresses,—say they,—and who will heed our sorrows?—We have no hope in the rich, for they despise and disregard us, *and we cannot help ourselves*; will the Almighty listen to our groans of anguish, and will he number all our tears?

The melancholy state of the lower orders of society has ever been just cause of lamen-



tation to all who are really interested in the welfare of humanity ; and however unfeeling politicians, either through hardness of heart or weakness of understanding, certainly from narrow and mistaken views, have pronounced it, both by word and deed, to be necessary for the security of the higher orders, it must ever remain an undeniable evidence of the imperfection and injustice of civilized institutions.

National prosperity is nothing abstract or mysterious ; it can be made up only of the prosperity of individuals ; and the greater number of individuals, who are happy and thriving, that are to be found in a state, the more prosperous and powerful is that state. National prosperity consists not in the glittering of palaces and the overthrow of cottages ; not in the accumulation of individual wealth and the decay of men ; but *in the aggregate produce arising from its productive stock, for the equal interchange of which, between man and man, money forms only the measure of value.*

But this *productive stock* cannot be put in motion, cannot produce any revenue, without the toil and labour of the poor ; and the



more their industry is promoted and encouraged by the stimulus of hope, and the incitement of domestic felicity, the greater will be the continually-increasing aggregate produce of that productive stock. Hopeless penury, want, starvation, neglect, cold, nakedness, and hunger, long continued, paralyse all the exertions and energies both of body and of mind ; consequently, the more the great body of the people are ground down and oppressed, the more insecure and weak must be the situation of the government and the higher orders of society ; because the aggregate produce of productive stock is continually decreasing, and with it the means of providing for the external and internal defence of a nation, namely, *the sources from whence public revenues and taxes can be drawn.*

National prosperity, then, being directly proportioned to the number of prosperous individuals in that nation, it is necessary that political institutions should consult the *well-being of the many* rather than the *aggrandizement of the few*. No one can be so outrageously absurd and foolish as to deny that there exists, and always must exist, the

utmost diversity, both natural and acquired, in the human character; and that there exists so much difference in the several circumstances of intellect, of bodily strength, of industry, &c. &c. as must always inevitably produce an infinitely diversified variety in the situation of men in all the institutions of civilized society.

But at the same time, even the most prejudiced bigot to routine, and the blindest follower of established forms, however foolish or pernicious they may be, must assent to this position, that, under a wise, a mild, and an equitable administration of government, this difference will never be marked by the extremity of misery being entailed as an hereditary perpetuity, descending from father to son, on any very large and numerous classes of society. It is the duty, indeed it is the very essence, of all good governments, to prevent the evils likely to flow from these natural and acquired inequalities among men; to protect the weak against the oppression of the strong; to guard the ignorant against the arts of the fraudulent and the deceitful; and to prevent the poor

from being crushed by the over-bearing cruelty of the rich.

And all this can only be done by that which is the foundation of all earthly happiness, *allowing to the people the certain and easy attainment of the means of existence.* In all countries, by far the greatest number of its inhabitants consists of human beings who are desirous of very little more than having the common wants of nature daily supplied; for which they offer the *only property* which they possess, *the labour of their hands.* But to *secure property* is insisted on as the most essential duty of government, even by those whose whole lives and actions show that they exist only to oppress the poor. Out of thine own mouth shalt thou be judged:—I will allow, and maintain, that the *law of property* is the sacred and hallowed link which binds man to man in the great chain of social intercourse, the universal incitement to action; without which, all the world would become stagnant and torpid, a wilderness and a waste, without cultivation and without hope.

Since this is so, then, surely, as much attention, *at least*, should be paid to secure

and to protect to the poor man *his property*, the labour of his hands, and a fair and full price for it, when he offers to exchange it for the means of existence, as is bestowed upon the wealthy and the great, to secure *their property*, their parks, their walks, their manors, that they have.

It may not, perhaps, be altogether useless or uninteresting to inquire, whether the different governments of Europe have been sufficiently solicitous to secure to the poor this their only property, and to enable them to demand a fair and full price for it, when employed in the service of others.

If we found that the poor were miserable only in those countries whose governments are avowedly and ostensibly despotic, we should not hesitate a single moment in attributing this wretchedness of the great mass of the people to the oppressive iniquity of their rulers, to the arbitrary cruelty of those who ought to watch over and to protect their subjects with parental tenderness and affection. Are we at a loss to trace up to its true source the misery of the poor at Constantinople ; of the lazzaroni at Naples ; of the beggars at Turin ; of the



peasantry and the boors in Russia, in Prussia, in Germany, in Spain, in Portugal, and in France before the revolution : what the state of the people in this last mentioned country now is we know not ; for, of the internal regulations of that nation, and on what footing of permanency or of vacillation it is placed, we are entirely ignorant ? No, we are well assured, that the degraded and wretched condition of the poor in these countries was altogethier owing to the arbitrary and oppressive administration of their governments.

But this misery of the great body of the people, over whose neglected and forlorn situation every votary of humanity must heave the sigh of sorrow, and drop the tear of compassion, is not confined to those kingdoms whose governments are really and nominally arbitrary. In this kingdom of Great Britain, whose governmental constitution, in its original purity, justly challenges the astonishment of an admiring world ; the condition of the poor is such as not to raise any sensations of pleasurable complacency in the breast of the philosopher, who is inclined to appreciate things at



their true value, and not to be led away by mere words and names, who knows and feels that the barometer of a nation's prosperity is not made up of the multitude of her princes and her counsellors; of the gorgeous display of courtly finery, or of military pomp; of the profusion of individual wealth, and of the trappings of office; but consists in the quantity of happiness, peace, plenty, and comfort diffused throughout the lower ranks of the people.

This circumstance, however, cannot be attributed to the principles of our government, which are, in general, mild and equitable, and directly tending to procure freedom and independence to its subjects, but to some other causes, into which it may be necessary briefly to inquire. I wish to consider the question altogether as a question of property, for the sake of brevity and simplicity, and also to prevent myself from being involved in political discussions, which might lead to consequences not productive of any convenience or benefit.

It surely cannot be deemed a useless investigation, to explore the causes of the present wretched state of the poor, while

the national grandeur and glory are ostentatiously descanted on by their numberless admirers, as being far superior to what they have been at any former period of time.

A reduction in the value of money, it matters not from what cause, and an advance in the price of produce, are one and the same thing, are, in fact, synonymous terms. That this has been the case in Great Britain for many years past every one's experience must have taught him. But many people are disposed to imagine that this is of no consequence, as the influx of money keeps pace with its depression, or the increased price of produce. What does it signify, say they, if you give a guinea for the same commodity which a hundred years since could be purchased for five shillings, when it is as easy now to raise a guinea by a given quantity of labour, as it then was to muster five shillings?

This statement of the case, however, is not altogether just; the land-holder, and the tradesman, may not feel the inconvenience of this depression in the value of money, because they have it in their power to exact a proportionate revenue from the

sale of their commodities; the merchant, in such a case, and the proprietor of land, each sells his respective articles of trade for more pieces of money, in proportion as the value of those pieces of money is sunken below their former standard.

But those who have fixed incomes possess no such power of relative accommodation to the continually-increasing price of produce. Those who have money in the public funds for instance; they are compelled to receive the same rate of nominal interest, let the depression in the value of money be what it may; their capital, also, suffers the same diminution as their interest; for neither interest nor capital will command the same quantity of productive labour which it could have done before the reduction in the value of money took place. Suppose that in the year 1780 two hundred pounds sterling would purchase the same quantity of produce, which will now cost three hundred pounds sterling, and that a stockholder, then, vested his two hundred pounds in the funds at five per cent. it is evident, that he has actually lost one-third both of his capital and interest, because he receives

now only ten pounds a year for his two hundred pounds, and these ten pounds will not purchase more produce than six pounds six shillings and eight-pence would then, nor his two hundred pounds more than one hundred and thirty-three shillings and eight-pence; consequently, in order that he should not suffer from the reduction in the value of money, he ought to possess a capital of three hundred pounds, and an interest of fifteen pounds since fifteen pounds; will purchase no more produce now than ten pounds, nor three hundred pounds purchase more produce than two hundred pounds would when he vested his money in the public funds.

It is plain that the land-holder labours under no such hardship by the depression in the value of money; because, at the expiration of his leases, or at the end of the year, in rack-rents, he can demand a greater number of pieces of money for the rent of his land, in proportion to the increased price of produce. The same reasoning holds good with regard to every trader in commodities, whose price is continually fluctuating with the changeable value of



money, so that their rise or fall bears an exact relation to each other, which brings the whole to a general average or level.

In a country, whose commerce is extensive and complex, the value of property must be always fluctuating ; but this, as has been just now shown, produces no inconvenience in general, except to those who have fixed incomes, and possess no means of augmenting them. The enormous national debt also, with all its magnitude of terror, and its menaces of national destruction, which has been from age to age heaped upon the shoulders of the people, and its necessary and inseparable attendant, a grievous and heavy burden of annual taxation, have augmented the value or price of almost every species of property in this kingdom ; and, consequently, has oppressed all those who possess no other property than than that which is fixed, that which does not fluctuate and keep pace with the continual decrease in the value of money.

But labour, the only property which the poor man possesses, has, unfortunately, been stationary, or nearly so ; at least it has not risen in price proportionally to the augmen-



tation of other property, during this general depression in the value of money for a full century past; and this alone will readily account for a considerable portion of the wretchedness which afflicts the great mass of the people; for the labourer, who now receives two shillings for the same quantity of toil, which, fifty years ago, purchased one shilling, cannot, with those two shillings, buy so much produce as the peasant could half a century since buy for one shilling; consequently, the condition of himself and his family is worse now than was the situation of the labourer then, and the poor are gradually thrust down lower towards the extremity in the descending scale of misery and of want, of cold, of nakedness, of famine, and of anguish.

Nor is it difficult to discover the reason of the poor man's property not rising in value proportionally to the augmentation in the price of other species of property. The poor man does not himself set a price upon his labour; whereas the other holders of property in the community, as the landlord and the merchant, fix the value of their land and merchandize, according to

the rate which the effectual demand for them will authorize; hence no injury accrues to them from the continually increasing reduction in the value of money, since their income bears a relative proportion to the augmented price of all the articles of consumable produce.

The labour of the poor man is a commodity on which the purchaser alone sets a price. He who toils in the field or labours in the barn cannot say to his employer,—increase my wages, or I will no longer work for you;—from this measure he is prevented, not only by the actual poverty under which he groans, and which threatens him with destruction if he foregoes but a few days of toil and its scanty stipend; but also by a positive law, which compels him to remain in the parish where he is chained down by settlement, like a door-post, or any other fixture, immoveable; a mere machine, without volition, or even motion, except as the wires are touched by the master-hand of some human being called a Justice of the peace, a Magistrate, &c. &c.

From his parish the poor man cannot escape without the consent, probably, of the

very man who employs him; and in his own parish he must submit to receive what wages a very few individuals, who consider it to be their interest to buy labour at as cheap a rate as possible, and to sell its produce as dearly as they can, choose to give him. A confederacy, not to advance the wages of the poor, can be easily entered into by a few individuals who live near each other; and accordingly we find, that men, who agree in nothing else, join together cordially in any scheme which shall spare their pockets at the expence of the poor. An opulent manufacturer may depreciate the value of his workmen's labour to the lowest possible rate, and the poor wretches, who toil incessantly through the longest day for a miserable pittance, have no redress, have no means of assistance; for the law punishes any combinations among the poor in order to raise the price of labour, and these are the only means which they can use to effect such a purpose.

Here we have a marked and strong instance of the law being made, *not to protect the weak against the strong, not to prevent the poor from being crushed by the rich*, but actu-

ally to arm the wealthy with full power of injuring and oppressing the indigent and the helpless. No law exists to prevent combinations among masters and employers, in order to keep down the price of labour below its fair and just standard, bearing a due relation to the value of other property. Hence, we find, that the rich have taken advantage of this circumstance in their favour, and have gradually, from age to age, ground down the poor to the very dregs of vitality, and the exhaustion of existence, by allowing them a scanty stipend, while their own profits were enormous; whence the astonishing and almost incredible wealth of individuals in this kingdom, and the extreme penury and wretchedness of the great mass of the people.

It is notorious to the whole world, that the principal labour of this country bears a not much higher rate now than it did a century ago. But during this period, during the lapse of these hundred years, it is that the great depression in the value of money, or the advance in the price of all produce, has taken place, owing to the unpropitious birth, and destructive growth, of that de-

mon of desolation, the national debt, and its offspring, the constant attendant upon the steps of its parent, an enormous and continually-increasing annual taxation.

And it is during this period, that the infallible gage of the poor man's misery, the poor-rate, has mounted in the ascending scale of terror and of alarm. That the increasing wretchedness of the poor is produced by, and always keeps pace with, the augmentation of the national debt, is plain, from the poor-rate mounting in proportion to the progressively-increasing burden of taxation; which is readily accounted for; as the public debt increases, more taxes must be levied to pay its annual interest; but as the money raised by taxation is applied altogether to the support of unproductive labour, it follows that the burden must rest wholly upon the shoulders of productive industry; that is, upon the poor, the great mass of the people, whose toil puts all the capital of the nation in motion, moves all the productive stock in the kingdom, and replaces it again with an addition of profit.

In the year 1774, just at the commencement of the American war, that ever-me-



morable monument of British folly and injustice, the poor-rate was not *seven hundred thousand pounds*; it is now full *three millions*. It cannot require any great quantity of reasoning to prove that the increase of the poor-rate denotes the increase of the misery of the poor; for if they were not in want and in wretchedness such a thing as *parish-relief*, or the poor-rate, could not exist.

Nothing, then, can more strikingly mark the progress, and point out the cause, of the misery of the poor, than this increase of the poor-rate. None, not even those who pass their whole lives in endeavouring to shut their ears to the voice of humanity and the cries of compassion, will presume to deny that the portion of the poor, which is principally supported by parochial relief, particularly those who live in workhouses, groaning under the accumulated pressure of filth, of bondage, and of imprisonment, are not sufficiently wretched. If they deny it by the words of their mouth, they shew the falsehood of their denial by their conduct in endeavouring to avoid the wretched objects, whom they meet in the streets of our cities, the poor creatures that inhabit

these workhouses (and these that appear are in the best condition, for the most miserable are not able, or not suffered, to go out of their prison).

The turning away of the people, who assert that the British poor are extremely well off and happily situated, in order to avoid having their senses shocked by the spectacle of human beings with countenances pale, wan, and emaciated, with limbs distorted and deformed, cadaverous figures, languid and listless from debility, proves that they are convinced, whatever they may affect to assert, of the unequivocal marks of misery, which are indelibly stamped upon the inmates of an English workhouse.

And those who occasionally visit the habitations of those poor who do not receive parochial aid, and whose condition is deemed better than that of their brethren, must be convinced that the want, the nakedness, the filth, the disease, the hunger, and the anguish, constantly resident in these abodes of affliction, bespeak variety of wretchedness, denote that the existence of the poor is one continued series of misery, a catenation of sorrow and of despair.

But, surely, it is unnecessary for me to say more, in order to show the wretched condition of the poor, when that blessed and heavenly institution, *the Society for bettering the condition of the Poor*, exists, for the sole purpose of lessening the evils of parish workhouses, and of diminishing the poor-rate. A very full and minute account of this inestimable charity is given in the 4th volume of *The Adviser, or Moral and Literary Tribunal*; therefore, I shall say no more about it here; only, I must offer it as my opinion, that they will never be able to carry their benevolent purposes into full effect, unless they are backed by the aid of the Government of this country, which ought to make it fully as much an inherent part of the British Constitution to consult the well-being of the great body of the people, as it is to allow *one man, their chief magistrate or first servant, the King, twelve hundred thousand pounds a year.*

Leaving the *Society*, then, to the prayers of all good men, and to the blessing of Heaven, I shall offer a few more remarks on the condition of the poor in this kingdom, because I deem it a subject of more

importance, than any other, which comes within the verge of political or of moral discussion.

If the misery of the poor arises chiefly from the careless expensiveness and unprincipled extravagance of governments, it follows, that the poor are the least wretched in those countries, if any such there be, whose government is administered in the spirit of economy, of justice, and of kindness. Fortunately for mankind we are able to say, that some such states do exist; whence a convincing proof is drawn, that *the extreme misery of the poor is not a necessary consequence of civil institutions.*

The instances, indeed, are not many; so expert are the generality of governments in learning that part of political dexterity, which consists in draining the pockets of the people. The little republic of San Marino might have been pointed out as an example of mercy and kindness to its poor; what it is now I know not, for the restlessness and the ambition of *a man, whose only delight seems to be to ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm,* has made so many changes already, and threatens to introduce so many



more changes in all the states and kingdoms which lie within his grasp, that a writer is afraid to assert, to-day, that the condition of the people in any given country is good or bad, lest, on the morrow should come this gigantic power, and sweep away all the traces of its former state.

I cannot, however, refrain from presenting the picture of the little state of Neuwied, as it was drawn by an English clergyman, who visited it in the year 1793; merely to show what *can* be done by a mild and merciful administration of government. Neuwied is a pretty white stone town in the midst of poplars on the opposite bank of the Rhine. The prince is, very happily for his fellow-citizens, one who understands himself and his condition; one, who knows that the rulers of nations are, like other people, ordained to live under the universal and equal laws of responsibility; that with so much privilege and enjoyment there should be so much duty and merit; that pre-eminent rank ought to rise proportionably with pre-eminent use.

Accordingly, his life embodying these ideas, has been adorned unceasingly with a



series of exertions, manifestly tending to the public good. None of the German trade in war, no shuffling into corrupt influence, no pilfering of private treasure. All was the policy of virtue, pure, disinterested, and benevolent. He began with the moral glory of self-government, to show that he was fit to govern others. He discharged the debts of his predecessors, though their superstitious sacrifices, wasting their lands, had diminished his means of doing it. He reformed and retrenched in every department. Religious toleration was unbounded. The game laws, and all other feudal oppressions, he abolished. There are no longer any *droits d'Aubaine*, no arbitrary fines, no impositions upon property, whether bequeathed or sold, no taxes upon ingenuity and labour, no personal constraint.

The place is free to all; and every tradesman or artificer, who has any thing to do, may do as he pleases. Each new comer has, at once, the rights of citizenship, and nothing to pay for them, but, after four or five years, like the other citizens, a contribution of *two half-crowns*: and even that he pays not if he builds; if

he builds in stone he has fifty years exemption; if in wood, ten. The ground for a house is given, by the prince, to every settler, without any quit-rent whatever. These and other inestimable privileges were ratified by a public guarantee, in a placard written, signed, and published by the prince himself, dated March 12, 1762. And from that time to this they have never been known to fail. With the most liberal construction, with the most beneficent observance, every iota of each declaration has been fulfilled to all.

These virtuous plans, in each part, have been executed with success equal to their merit. The town and territory already vaunt a new aspect, one of the best upon the Rhine. The population is doubled, ingenious arts and economic industry, and manufactures relating to the best, because the most necessary, arts of rendering life comfortable and existence a blessing, all have increased tenfold: and, above all, *the poor are permitted, by the honest exertions of their industry, to earn a plentiful provision for themselves and their families.*

No impositions on the press exist in

Neuwied ; *for, in public conduct as in private life, what is wise and virtuous cannot have aught to fear.*

The prince, in the meanwhile, has advanced in the advancing welfare of all around him. And, without the smallest scandal, *without begging or extorting a single rix-dollar from his people, under the hardened and audacious pretence of paying off debts which ought never to have been contracted, or to defray the superabundant expences of the civil list, which should never have been incurred,* but merely from his own money-funds, he has built two new palaces, from which the eye of morality, as well as of landscape, may revel with fair satisfaction over the ruins of the old.

But his best objects, though he has a horizon of thirty leagues, are those which have been raised by himself. Each substantive good work, for the prosperity of the common weal, to soothe the lot and to satisfy the necessities of our common nature ; to aid the advances of civilization, and, on his appointed ground, to leave life better than he found it.

Such is the praise of the prince of Neu-

wied; the rare and the enviable praise.  
 He began life with the treaty of Vienna,  
 and he ends as gloriously as he began it.  
*He was employed in making peace once,—but  
 in making war never.*

And yet, as times go, and as examples  
 and precedents are in very sufficient abundance,  
 he might have pleaded poverty, in  
 apology for any affection which he might  
 have had *for the obvious profits of war to princes*;  
 for there are but seven and twenty villages  
 and three towns in the whole of his little  
 territory, and his revenues, at the first,  
 were not much more than *an hundred thousand florins.*

“Blush, grandeur, blush! proud courts withdraw  
 your blaze.

Ye little stars, hid your diminished rays.”

Such is the animating and soul-elevating  
 portrait, which the amiable and spirited  
 Este has drawn of a good prince, *who lived  
 to be the father and the protector, not the  
 plunderer and the pilferer, of his people.*

“O si sic

Omnes vixissent reges!!!



Before France had interposed her *kind offices* for the benefit of Switzerland, that country, in which *a slight tax on salt was almost the only burden*, exhibited the most delightful of all spectacles to a benevolent heart; namely, the exemption of the lower orders of the people from almost all the evils of penury and want, which oppress and render wretched the great mass of the community in almost every other kingdom in Europe.

Geneva, also, before it experienced the *protection and support* of the Gallic republic, was remarked by all travellers to abound in a body of peasantry better clad, better fed, more healthy, more happy, in every respect more comfortable, than those of many other countries, and forming a striking contrast to the squalid, beggarly, miserable appearance of their poor neighbours, who groaned and writhed under the oppressive load of misery imposed upon them by the cruel and arbitrary despotism of the court of Turin.

But, perhaps, the example of America is the most striking instance of what benefits must inevitably accrue to the poor from



an unexpensive government. In America we see a government stretched over an immense tract of country, including a population rapidly augmenting, and promising, in no great length of time, to rise to a level with that of Great Britain, and carried on in all its departments, put in motion, throughout the whole of its machinery, *at less than the hundredth part of the annual expence of the English government.* And, accordingly, we find that the condition of the poor in America is proportionally better. The wages of labour are much higher, and the expence of living not so great as in this kingdom. In addition to which the poor enjoy the most inestimable of all political blessings, *landed property*; whence their independence, their comfort, their firm and unbending attachment to the government of their country, which secures to them so much happiness.

Only one thing is wanting to render the condition of the American poor as felicitous as their earthly existence can be, namely, a proper education for *all* of them; that their hearts may be purified and their understandings exalted; that their virtue may be

increased and their power augmented ; that they may know and feel that pure morality and true religion are the only sure and indestructible bases on which individual and national prosperity can be erected. If the American government will effect this blessed purpose by *legally* establishing central schools in every village and district throughout the empire, it will earn to itself the praises and the gratitude of the human race, and the blessings of Heaven on all its laudable exertions, long as the mountains shall rest upon their foundations, and the moon continue to give her light.

The general happiness of a country is more intimately connected with the comfortable state of the lower orders of the people than weak and wicked politicians can be taught to comprehend. Not only the character and the morals of the poor, but also the great and general national characteristics, are affected by it. The misery resulting from extreme poverty has a direct tendency to debase and to degrade the human character. Energy of mind, activity of body, and the constant and well-directed exertions of both, which so much

expand and invigorate all the intellectual faculties, so much promote and stabilitate health, and actually create and constitute happiness, cannot be expected, neither will they be found in beings to whom hope never comes, that comes to all ; beings who know not the universal stimulus to action, the incitement of an adequate reward for their efforts.

In such beings active virtue cannot exist, for all the sources of virtue are dried up by despair ; all the higher and the nobler qualities of the mind, as honour, courage, integrity, fortitude, cannot belong to them, for no opportunity is ever present to excite them into action ; all the finer and the softer feelings of the heart are nipped in the bud by the chill frost of penury ; for how can the glow of affection and of love be kept alive, when want damps all the fire of their exertion in favour of those little helpless creatures, their offspring, who only add to the already too great load of misery by their incessant cries for bread, which cannot be given to them ? Thus, the victims of oppression, without hope, and almost without a wish, they drag on a weary and

a forlorn existence ; this life presenting to their sight naught but a wilderness and a waste, and even the prospect beyond the grave holding out to them no consolation, no soothing solace of their cares ; for, neglected, forgotten, despised, and chained down in ignorance, they have never been taught those pure, sublime, simple, and holy truths of Christianity, which lighten the load of the most wretched state of mortality, and point to brighter skies and happier climes, when they shall wing their flight to those mansions of eternal bliss, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

A familiarity with this kind of wretchedness, also, has a prejudicial effect on the minds of the higher orders of society. Some of the best principles of human nature, and the finest and most exalted feelings of man, are ground down and blunted by having sights of misery, which he cannot remove or remedy, obtruded continually upon his view. Benevolence, that principle which lifts man up nearer, than any other qualification, to the pure nature of the Deity, is nearly extinguished in countries where



great numbers of people are constantly exhibiting the appearance of extreme misery. In order to be convinced of this, let any one observe the crowds which hurry by the shoals of pitiable shocking objects that line all the public streets of London, with perfect unconcern and total indifference, neither heeding the groans nor regarding the misery of those poor wretches who hover on the very verge of death, and, not unfrequently, expire even under the unconcerned gaze of the passing spectators.

And no wonder ; the agony of witnessing misery which we cannot relieve is so great, that if these feelings of tenderness were encouraged, life itself would become a curse ; indeed, the bodily frame could not long support the conflict, and the compassionate beholder of these distressed fellow-creatures would, himself, soon be numbered with the dead. We are compelled, therefore, not to suffer our course to be arrested by these wretched objects, whom we are not able to relieve, and to stop and contemplate whose deplorable situation would answer no other end than to agonize our own hearts, and prevent us from discharging our



duty to society, by palsying our exertions with the benumbing hand of barren sorrow and of fruitless grief.

To relieve great numbers is not within the compass of private ability ; and, because we cannot do *all*, cannot entirely and effectually remove the misery which we daily and hourly behold all around us, we, by degrees, learn to be willing to do *nothing*, and shelter our want of charity under the inability to remove so great a load of wretchedness as that which presses upon the poor throughout all the ramifications of our civilized institutions. Were instances of misery less frequent their impression would be stronger ; their continual recurrence compels us to acquire an insensibility to the calls of compassion, even in our own defence, because the magnitude of the evil places it beyond the reach of private individuals to remedy.

And all this begets a necessity for what is called *national benevolence*, which is in fact an absurdity ; it is charity without its principle, the necessity for it implying national injustice. It is the duty of a nation not to arrogate to itself the undeserved title

of charitable by crowding the poor into workhouses and other receptacles of misery, of disease, and of anguish, but to prevent the existence of all these horrid tombs and vaults of human happiness by acts of justice.

Thus it appears, that the virtue, the prosperity, and the happiness of the whole nation is proportioned to the happiness, the prosperity, and the virtue of the poor; and we have no reason to doubt that the condition of the poor in this kingdom is now such as is by no means calculated to lead them to integrity, or to confer on them felicity. And it also appears sufficiently plain, that the misery of the lower orders of the people in all countries is principally owing to the want of kindness, of attention, and of justice, on the part of their governments; and that, although governments which are really and avowedly arbitrary, produce the most oppression on the poor, yet all other governments, the principles of whose constitution may not in themselves be arbitrary, which encourage a continued increase of annual national expenditure, indirectly bring about

the misery, the oppression, the slavery, and the destruction of the poor.

Indeed, then, to talk of freedom and independence in such cases is a mere babble of words, which a philosopher despises, and endeavours to appreciate *things* as they actually exist; for he very well knows, that a form of government, in its original constitution the purest and best adapted to cherish the liberty and the happiness of its people, if, by errors, whether wilful or involuntary, in its administration, it should incur a very large debt, and, its necessary consequence, an enormous and continually-increasing burden of annual taxation, must, really and in effect, be as oppressive and cruel to the people as are those governments, which, in their very essence and principle, are openly and avowedly influenced and regulated by the most pernicious maxims of unrelenting and iniquitous despotism.

From all that has been said, then, it follows, as a necessary consequence from the foregoing premises, *that every extremely expensive government is, really and effectually, cruel, oppressive, and despotic.*

I would, if possible, have these things most seriously and impressively considered by those who have it in their power to remove the evils here complained of. Surely, it is their interest, more than that of any order of people, because they have more to lose, and will experience the heaviest fall, when that ruin, which they are hastening by their own blindness and injustice, shall come like a whirlwind, and involve them and all their schemes of futile idleness and contemptible vanity in irremediable desolation.

The state of the *poor* marks most certainly and infallibly the state of a country. The condition of the *poor* in this country is deplorable, and beyond the reach of individual and private charity to remedy. The government alone can do it, and it peculiarly behoves the rulers of the nation to effect such a desirable purpose for their own sakes, as well as for the sake of humanity and justice, lest, when the cup of bitterness is full even to the overflowing, such means must be had recourse to as every well-wisher to the human race will shudder to behold, and even the most hardened and



audacious despisers of their fellow-creatures cannot anticipate without dread.

It is mere idle mockery and insult to say, that the government of this country has provided a protection for its poor by the poor-laws; when the experience of nearly three centuries has invariably shown that these *very poor-laws are the greatest curse that can befall a nation*. They act uniformly and undeviatingly as premiums to idleness and profligacy, destroy all the incitements to industry and virtue, are the very vault and charnel-house of independence, of honesty, of integrity, and of happiness. The chief end which that *heavenly Society for bettering the condition of the poor* has in view is, as far as it can, to counteract the destructive tendency of the *English poor-laws*.

But that Society can, comparatively speaking, do very little towards emancipating the British peasantry and poor from the slavery of ignorance and of want, unless the omnipotence of the imperial parliament by its *fiat* ordains that it shall be a part of the law of the land *to afford the means of education and of a comfortable subsistence to all*



*the poor, whose habits of industry and of sobriety entitle them to demand this of their country as only a just equivalent for the services, which their toil and labour render to their country.* Surely, a very small portion of the *uncounted millions* which are annually lavished, not always to promote the purposes of humanity, may with propriety be applied to such a measure as this, so replete with benignity, with mercy, with justice, and with utility.

I am well aware that by telling these truths I shall expose myself to the hatred, if not to the contempt, of those, who are interested in having them concealed. Those who are behind the curtain, and see how the political wheels of the state-machine are moved, affect to laugh and sneer at men for being such *fools* as to imagine that the governors of kingdoms trouble their heads about regulating their motions by the dictates of *truth and reason*. They wonder at the *absurdity* of men who devote their whole lives to the investigation of moral and political science, and then give themselves the unnecessary trouble of publishing the result of their investigations, when the

business of a nation is carried on so much more easily by the admirable expedient of establishing laws by means of purchased votes, and of levying contributions, no matter how, for the purpose of keeping up the external splendour and glare of the governmental edifice.

And this is, doubtless, the result of political wisdom; very few human beings think at all, and still fewer dare to say what they think; so that the generality of them, seeing that the trappings of a government are finely bedizened and bespangled with glittering and gawdy decorations, never ask themselves this most necessary of all questions, *Is all sound and right within?* We see that the *sepulchres* are washed and whitened on the *outside*, and we seldom consider that *within they are full of rottenness and of corruption.*

Many well-meaning people, also, who, God knows, are not Solomons, express their dissent to the avowal of such truths as those which I have just now laid before the reader; and complain of the mischievous tendency of such doctrines. *The mischievous tendency of truth!* But let us hear

the arguments which these good people make use of in favour of things *staying as they are*.

Things are very well as they are; and I cannot bear those wicked people who want to throw all into confusion, by discovering that the people are starving. Have we not the best of all possible governments? Does not the law protect every man's person and property? Is not the *shilling* which a labourer earns as much his as his landlord's *thirty thousand a year* are his? When the poor man is in want can he not go to the *parish workhouse*? What cause then have the poor to complain? And why should they be taught to grumble by the visionary speculations of *philosophers*, who are always talking nonsense about the necessity of *ameliorating the afflicted condition of humanity*; for my part, I am very well content, I have a good comfortable income, and care for nobody; I will, therefore, support the present order of things; for I see no reason for any alteration, nor what occasion there is of any *reform* in this country, where *things are as well as they can be*.

Such are the sentiments, and such the arguments, gentle reader, which I have more than once heard advanced, as at once sufficient to silence all the efforts in favour of humanity. But these worthy declaimers mistake the point in question; which is not, whether a poor man's *shilling*, which he earns, is his own, but whether that *shilling* is sufficient to procure the means of existence for himself and family. That *it is not sufficient* is proved, beyond all power of controverting, by the continued increase of the poor-rates, which could not exist at all if the poor were permitted to earn a comfortable maintenance by the exertions of their industry. And parish workhouses are not places very well calculated to soothe the last hours of a dying man, and to wing his flight into eternity on the pinions of peace, of comfort, of hope, and of religion.

And as for a man who has *a comfortable income* being content, I have no objection to it; but certainly the *poor*, who have *not* a comfortable income, have no reason to be content, have no reason to cry out against a *reform*, nor can feel any peculiar



conviction that *things are as well as they can be.*

But yet the common cant of the day, absurd and iniquitous as it is, finds some people so weak as to convince them of its wonderful wisdom, and induces them to regard, as objects of hatred and ridicule, all those who happen to feel the impulses of humanity a little more powerfully than men lost in selfishness and benighted in ignorance are capable of experiencing. All such are pointed out by the finger of scorn as having a strange *philosophical twist* in their heads, or, perhaps, are marked out as objects of vindictive persecution, under the insolent and unjust pretence of their being enemies to the peace of society, when to establish and secure this peace must be the inevitable consequence of adopting the measures which they propose.

It is in vain to hope for a speedy change in the opinions of men whose bigotted prejudices have been the slow and gradual product of a narrow and contracted education, and have been cherished and strengthened by resolutely closing the ears against the voice of truth, and shutting the



eyes that the light of knowledge may not be perceived. It cannot be expected that a man will be easily induced to lean to the side of mercy and of justice, if he has been taught from his cradle to fortify his mind against all plans for rendering the condition of the multitude less miserable. If he has had it carefully instilled into him, that it is absolutely necessary to keep the poor ground down in penury, and embruted by ignorance; that they must be governed by the arts of imposition and of fiction, rather than the simple and plain precepts of truth; that established forms and customs, merely because they are established, are to be stoutly maintained, and never give place to any alteration, however it may be calculated to promote the virtue and the happiness of mankind.

Such a man has very much to *unlearn*, before he can be fitted to comprehend and to approve a system of policy built on the broad basis of universal philanthropy, and existing solely for the purposes of peace, of charity, and of brotherly love. The illumination of minds, so darkened by the thick mists of prejudice and of error, must

be left to the writings of those moralists, divines, and philosophers, whose labours have already done so much towards diffusing the blessed truths of Christianity throughout an ignorant and a mistaken world.

It cannot be doubted, from the testimony of actual and repeated experience, that, in addition to the great phalanx of the systematic advocates for oppression, there are, among the higher orders of society, too many sordid and unfeeling beings, that care not at what expence of human happiness the materials of their luxury are obtained; who, while they consume their lives in the contemptible routine of childish amusements, and the still more degrading pollution of mere sensual gratification, never prevail on themselves to consider that many of the articles, which contribute to their vanity and selfish indulgence, have been bedewed with the tears and steeped in the blood of their injured and afflicted fellow-creatures.

Not small, also, are the numbers of those persons, whose minds are so enfeebled by long continued habits of indolence and of

indulgence, that they tremble at the sound of truth, and shrink from any information of the misery of the *poor*, lest it discompose their nerves and ruffle their spirits, by causing them to imagine, that every effort towards amending abuses and remedying evils will lead to the destruction of their *personal ease and pleasure*. From the coarse and shameless sensualist, and from the puny frivolous flutterer after fashionable happiness, we have no right to expect any generous sympathy with the miseries of the poor.

To attempt to reason with such creatures is in vain; they listen not to the voice of the instructor, charm he ever so wisely; they must be left, therefore, to that great and awful tribunal from which there is no appeal, and where it will be pronounced on every one according to his deeds. But we have the most unquestionable proofs that there are among the superior classes of society, many whose hearts glow with benevolence and compassion for the condition of their inferiors. To these godlike sentiments in the minds of many opulent Britons the liberal support given to charitable institutions, particularly to *the Society*

*for bettering the condition of the Poor*, bears incontrovertible testimony. It is to be devoutly hoped that, if any among such well-disposed people are to be found, who oppose those plans of political improvement, which tend directly to secure to society at large its permanent amelioration, they will attend to the numerous facts which every where present themselves, and try, by patient inquiry into their causes, to discover whether *it is not incumbent on the British government to consult, more effectually than it does, the well-being of the great mass of the poor.*

This desirable purpose we dare not hope will be carried into execution by the rulers of the nation, from any wonderful inclination towards humanity on their part. At least, we have no right to expect it from their past conduct, which seems rather to have had in view their own aggrandizement and power than the happiness of the people. But if those individuals who are blessed with wealth and influence in this country, would only examine, themselves, into the state of the *poor* in their own neighbourhood, and, being thoroughly sa-



tified that it is very wretched, would call upon the government, in the steady and irresistible tone of truth, of justice, and of mercy, to ameliorate the condition of its indigent people by a properly-directed and well-regulated *legal* establishment, this most beneficent of all ends might be attained; for nothing can withstand the temperate and firm demand of the united ability and integrity of this kingdom, backed by benevolence and seconded by wealth.

“ Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey  
The rich man’s joys increase, the poor’s decay,  
’Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand  
*Between a splendid and a happy land.*  
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,  
And shouting folly hails them from her shore;  
Hoards e’en beyond the miser’s wish abound,  
And rich men flock from all the world around.  
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name,  
That leaves our useful product still the same.  
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride  
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;  
*Space for his lake, his park’s extended bounds,*  
*Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds.*  
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,  
Has robb’d the neighbouring fields of half their  
growth;



His seat, where solitary sports are seen,  
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green.  
 Around the world each needful product flies,  
 For all the luxuries the world supplies.  
*While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,  
 In barren splendour feebly waits her fall.*  
 As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,  
 Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,  
 Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,  
 Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes :  
 But when those charms are past, for charms are  
 frail,

When time advances, and when lovers fail,  
 She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,  
*In all the glaring impotence of dress.*  
 Thus fares the land by luxury betray'd,  
 In nature's simplest charms at first array'd ;  
 But verging to decline its splendours rise,  
 Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise ;  
 While scourg'd by famine, from the smiling land  
 The mournful peasant leads his humble band ;  
 And while he sinks, without an arm to save,  
 The country blooms,—*a garden and a grave.*  
 Where then,—ah where ! shall poverty reside,  
 To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride ?  
 If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,  
 He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,  
 Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,  
*And e'en the bare-worn common is denied.*

If to the city sped,—what waits him there ?  
 To see profusion that he must not share ;  
 To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd  
 To pamper luxury and thin mankind ;

To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,  
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.  
*Here*, while the courtier glitters in brocade,  
*There* the pale artist plies the sickly trade ;  
*Here*, while the proud their long-drawn pomps  
display,  
*There* the black gibbet glooms beside the way.  
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight  
reign,  
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train ;  
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,  
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare,  
Sure, scenes like these no troubles ere annoy !  
Sure, these denote one universal joy !  
Are these thy serious thoughts ?—ah ! turn thine  
eyes

*Where the poor, houseless, shivering female lies.*  
She once, perhaps, in village-plenty blest,  
Has wept at tales of innocence distress ;  
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,  
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn ;  
Now, lost to all, her friends, her virtue fled,  
*Near her betrayer's door she lays her head.*  
And pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the  
show'r,  
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,  
When, idly first, ambitious of the town,  
She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.  
Do thine, *Dunkeld* ! do thine, the loveliest train,  
Do thy fair tribes anticipate her pain ?  
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,  
*At proud men's doors they ask a little bread !!!*

We expressed a desire to survey the domains of the duke of Athol ; but our trowsers were gone to be washed, and our drawers, owing to rambling over many a hill and sliding down many a steepy precipice, were not altogether in so sound a state, particularly behind, as to permit us to exhibit ourselves to the gaze of the multitude. We, therefore, obtained, merely for the purpose of walking round the duke's premises, some trowsers of the host, which were, if possible, rather less respectable, and less becoming in their appearance, than our own, and, thus equipped, proceeded to the garden of his grace.

Here we waited a considerable time, till a man in a pig-tail and a powdered head came, and, after surveying us minutely with expressions of very great contempt, told us, that he was *an Englishman*, and no less a personage than my lord duke's head gardener, and that he should not think of showing us the grounds himself, but would send one of his *underlings*. Saying which he strutted off, with great consequence, and also with some precipitation, lest any one should detect him in the unworthy

act of stooping to converse with two such wretched and dismally-looking vagabonds as we were.

Not long thereafter came our Cicerone, who was an *underling* indeed; for a thing in a human shape, so debased and so degraded, and so cut down into nothing, I never beheld. He was so totally below every thing of man that I had hitherto seen, that I had the curiosity to inquire into his method of living, in order to arrive at the cause of so much wretchedness and degradation in the countenance of a being that was classed among the human species. He told me, *that he worked twelve hours a day, in the domains of duke Athole, six days every week; and that for all this he received as wages, six pounds a year, equal to nearly two shillings three-pence three farthings a week; and also, two pecks of meal a week, which was eaten, or, as he called it, supped dry, that is, without any dressing or baking, namely, by cramming a handful of dry meal into the mouth and eating it, and then washing down this nutritive and delicious diet with water.*

We did not much wonder; since this was



his way of life, to find him nearly destitute of all those finer and better feelings, all those exalted and elevated sensations, which serve to distinguish man from the brute creation. For how are the nobler virtues to be called forth in a being whose frame is wasted by incessant labour and scanty food, whose mind is made one dreary blank of despondency by having all the avenues of hope and of happiness closed upon it for ever? What incitement to energetic action, either mental or corporeal, remains, when *the prospect of bettering his condition*, that universal stimulus to human exertion, is taken away from a man, and nothing is left for him to look upon but the wide waste of unremitting toil without an adequate reward, and of neglected and despised penury without even the most distant shadow of a hope of alleviation or of amendment.

We asked him, whether his wages would be continued wholly or in part, supposing that he should be disabled, by sickness or any other accident, which could neither be foreseen nor prevented, from pursuing his daily labour. He answered no; that,



if he was taken ill, or any ways hindered from working, he had *no prospect save that of starving*. Add to all this, as if his situation did not sufficiently degrade him into a mere machine, he was required *to veil his bonnet and to stand bare-headed* during the time that any of his master's children condescended to pass by him while he was employed at work.

Not to mention the impropriety and absurdity of accustoming a human being to such pitiful and abject slavery, as the being compelled to bow down to the dust before a fellow-creature, and that fellow-creature an infant, such a mode of proceeding is a manifest injury to the babes themselves; because, by accustoming them to expect such unworthy obeisance from a fellow-being, they are taught to forget what very weak and helpless little animals they are, and are thus sunk still lower in the scale of animated nature, by being actually reared up to cherish and to increase that insolence and ignorance which the softness of luxury and an effeminate training never fail to produce.

If, as we are told by the highest of all

authorities, *pride was not made for man*, what are we to think of the wisdom of those who educate their children as regularly to haughtiness and to supercilious presumption, as they ought to breed them up in the cultivation of that religion whose very essence is meekness, humility, and brotherly love?

As our guide seemed quite shrouded in the pall of ignorance and of dullness, we merely followed the paths which he pointed out; and, despairing to obtain any information from a being that, perhaps, had never once in his life asked himself a single question, or put two ideas together, for the very good reason of not possessing two ideas, we were contented to amuse ourselves by contemplating the scenery in silence.

The walks were spacious, and the plantations extensive and judiciously situated, on eminences or in vallies, so as to present every where objects of delight to the eye of the enraptured beholder. We sate under the shed of a rude and moss-grown canopy, and surveyed the tumbling of the cataract as it laboured from rock to rock,

and wasted its idle fury in sheets of foam upon its stony bed below. This scene raised in our minds sensations truly sublime and elevated, we actually seemed to feel ourselves *larger* as we looked upon this bold and magnificent water-fall. After a while, our guide told us, that he was going to show us *the bonniest and the bravest* sight in all the duke's grounds.

Accordingly, we followed him into a room which was furnished quite in the modern style, and were told to look at a mirror; we did so, and saw the resemblance of the cascade as if in the very act of rushing down upon us. Our minds, full of the sensations which the view of the fall had excited, had been raised to the utmost stretch of expectation by being told of something still more noble and sublime to be seen; and then, to be dragged into a little, *snug*, painted room, and look at a mirror which showed us the appearance of what we knew to be false, fairly disgusted us, and filled us with contempt for the poor, childish, trifling taste that could have stooped to devise such a petty artifice.

“ ——— Quanto præstantius esset  
Nunquam aquæ, viridi si margine clauderet undas  
Herba, nec ingenuum violarent marmora tophum ?”

“ The marble caves and aqueducts we view ;  
But how adul'trate now, and different from the  
true !

How much more beauteous had the fountain been,  
Embellish'd with her first created green,  
Where crystal streams thro' living turf had run,  
Contented with an urn of native stone.”

The imagination cannot bear to be checked in its loftiest flights, and circumscribed in its widest range, by the paltry intrusion of art clumsily obtruded on its notice, and compelling the mind to associate the handy-work of a small and a narrow animal with the bold and magnificent operations of nature. We listened not again to the suggestions of our guide, but followed him in silence through all the winding walks and embowered recesses of this enchanting spot, which is justly and deservedly celebrated as one of the most paradisiacal places on the face of the earth.

We now bent our steps towards the inn, put on our own trowsers, paid our bill, and



bade adieu to Dunkeld. M'Diarmaid and his wife expressed their most cordial and hearty good wishes for our welfare, squeezed us closely and frequently by the hand, and dismissed us with many a benediction. The hostess, indeed, abated a little of her regard for me, when she found that I could not be prevailed upon to drink any whisky with her at parting, when she brought out her bottle and dram-glass; and it was altogether in vain to tell her that I never dared venture on any liquor less mild and innocent than water or milk: however she transferred that portion of her favourable opinion, which I lost by my abstinence, to Cowan, who swallowed some whisky merely to oblige her; and she shook him by the hand twice more than she did me, telling her husband, that *he in the hairy cap did not like her, for he would drink no whisky with her.*

This good couple gave us a complete specimen of the honest, ingenuous, benevolent, and hospitable disposition of the Highlanders, not one of whom, through our whole rout, ever asked us an impertinent question, or evinced the least petty and

vile suspicion. They received us with a liberal welcome, and dismissed us with the cheering smile of kindness and of benignity. When I forget to reverence and to honour the manly and the dignified character of the Highlander, *may my tongue cleave unto the roof of my mouth, and may my right hand forget her cunning!!!*

“ When death’s dark stream I ferry o’er,  
A time that surely shall come,  
In heaven itself I’ll ask no more  
Than just a *Highland welcome*.”

We had proceeded some way on our road to Blair Athole, when a messenger from M'Diarmid overtook us, and brought to me my eye-glass, which I had left behind me, in the very spirit of forgetfulness and of negligence. This little vessel, being of blue glass, had very much attracted the curiosity of our hostess, who diligently informed herself of its use, and made many a trial of its virtue upon her eyes, but without any other success than that of spilling an abundance of water upon her breastkerchief, and wetting her bosom.

She declared, that it was the prettiest and the most curious thing which she had ever seen in all her life; yet the moment in which she discovered that we had omitted to take it with us, she sent it after us with all speed.

This was a very commendable specimen of honesty; because the glass, though intrinsically of very little value, was yet to her a great curiosity, and might with ease have been detained, as she knew, from our own information, that we were never again to return to Dunkeld. But I verily believe, that this excellent woman and her hospitable husband were, both of them, utterly incapable of entertaining even a dishonest thought, much less of committing any deliberate deed of wilful iniquity.

We went forward on our road, and soon overtook a poor miserably-looking man, who pulled off his bonnet to us with an air of much simplicity, but in a style more obsequious and submissive than we ever could wish to see one human being use towards another. We returned the salute by uncovering our heads, and fixed our eyes steadily upon him; he was stoutly

made, elderly, and his countenance strongly betrayed the look of one cowed down and bent to the earth by the long continued weight of poverty and of distress. As our chief object in this tramp was to obtain some insight into the manners of the people, we always accosted every one whom we encountered, and we learned from this poor fellow, that he was a labouring peasant, who had been a long time ill, unable to work, and almost wholly without the means of subsistence. That his wife had died through mere want, and that his three bairns were obliged to go through the country to beg, lest they also should perish from starvation.

The man, himself, told us, with the utmost artlessness, that he believed his long illness was owing to the interference and malignity of *warlocks*, or witches; and that the minister of the place had been very good to him, and had prayed by him, and given him money, and helped him, or he should have perished; but that the good pastor had told him often, that there were no such things as *warlocks*; nevertheless, continued the poor fellow, I know better



about *warlocks* than he does; oh! he is a good man, a father to all his flock, and, if his income was larger, *not one of us all would ever suffer from want, or be distressed without immediate relief.*

This was another testimony in favour of the excellence and virtue of the Scottish clergy. Indeed, I almost always found, and I took much pains to inquire upon this head, during my stay in Scotland, that, whenever I asked any of the poor about their minister, they spoke of him in terms of affection and esteem; a sure and certain proof that the character of the priests in Caledonia stands very high in the scale of morality and of religion; which, probably, is in a great measure to be attributed to the very judicious mode of ecclesiastical government exercised in that country, *where there prevails very little inequality as to income and rank among the ministers; where the odious system of tythes is not known; and where the fashionable enormities of intemperance and of profligacy are regarded with abhorrence.*

In spite of all impediments, however, arising from his illness, and the narrowness

of his worthy pastor's income that prevented the good apostle from carrying into full effect all the better feelings of his heart, the poor fellow had weathered the storm, and was now just able to crawl about. We were quite affected by his tears of artless gratitude, and his impassioned manner of shaking our hands, when we gave him our little mite, as a tribute to honest indigence and suffering simplicity. Not a syllable of complaint escaped his lips; he told his tale most ingenuously, was fully persuaded that his sickness proceeded from the displeasure of *warlocks*, and that his minister, although he gave no credit to the existence of witches and hobgoblins, was a holy, pious man, who devoted his whole time and attention to promoting the welfare of his parishioners.

It is plain from this instance of miserable credulity and extreme poverty in the rustick whom *warlocks* honoured with their disapprobation, that the *poor* in this country stand in need of much more *mental instruction*, as well as bodily nutrition, than they at present enjoy. Whether the facts

which daily and hourly press upon us with such an irresistible weight of testimony to enforce the necessity of the government of the nation paying some attention to the well-being of the great mass of the people, will ever rouse the rulers of the kingdom from their long continued slumber of apathy and of indifference or not, time and circumstance will show. If something is not speedily done to ameliorate the condition of this *by far the most useful part of the community*, it requires no great skill in prophecy to predict what must inevitably be the result, a result pregnant with misery, and big with destruction to every feeling of gentleness and of mercy; but which cannot be avoided unless by a timely deviation from the common routine of political expedient into the course of just and dignified benevolence, *whose ways are ways of pleasantness, and all whose paths are peace.*

We walked on, after a most refreshing bathe in the river, and about six o'clock in the evening arrived at the half-way inn between Dunkeld and Blair Athole, bearing for its sign the duke's arms, and kept by a

Madam Pennycook, whose flat, fat, bloated carcase, and brandy-drinking face, betokening all the petty malignity of supercilious ignorance, we did not much relish, because it augured no very favourable reception for two poor, wearied, crippled sailors, that appeared to be suffering sorely under the pressure of indigence and of want.

“ Her silver locks displayed the moon,  
Her brows a cloudy show,  
Strip’d rainbows round her eye were seen,  
And show’rs from either flow.  
Her teeth the night with darkness dyes,  
She’s starr’d with pimples o’er,  
Her tongue like nimble lightning plies,  
And can with thunder roar.”

“ Willie Wastle dwelt on Tweed,  
The spot they ca’d it Linkum-doddie;  
Willie was a wabster gude,  
Cou’d stown a clue wi’ ony body.  
He had a wife was dour an’ din,  
O Tinkler Madgie was her mither;  
Sic a wife as Willie had,  
I wad na gie a button for her.

“ She has an ee, she has but ane,  
The cat has twa the very colour;  
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,  
A clapper-tongue wad deave a miller;



A whiskin beard about her mou,  
Her nose and chin they threaten ither;  
Sic a wife as Willie had  
I wad na gie a button for her.

“ She’s bow-hough’d, she’s hein-shinn’d,  
Ae limpin leg, a hand-breed shorter,  
She’s twisted right, she’s twisted left,  
To balance fair in ilka quarter;  
She has a hump upon her breast,  
The twin o’ that upon her shouther;  
Sic a wife as Willie had  
I wad na gie a button for her.

“ Auld baudrans by the ingle sits,  
An’ wi’ her loof her face a washin;  
But Willie’s wife is nae sa trig,  
She dights her grunzie wi’ a hushion;  
Her walie nieves like midder-creels,  
Her face wad fyle the Logan water;  
Sic a wife as Willie had  
I wad na gie a button for her.”

Nor were we more enamoured of her manner of receiving us. Her look was intended to daunt us, and to render us abashed by that expression of self-complacent disdain, which barbarous iniquity and stupid cruelty always feel for those who are, or are supposed to be, less abundantly supplied with this world’s goods than the

wretch that is applied to for the purposes of hospitality. We asked for some refreshment and a night's lodging, and were flatly denied both, in a tone of the most sharp and disgusting acrimony of churlishness. By dint of much haranguing, however, and by the very frequent introduction of the words *good Madam* into my speeches and replies, we, at last, so far won upon this enchanting creature's amiable tenderness of heart, that we were shown into a little, vile, unholy, dirty room, up-stairs, whose furniture consisted of a very shabby bed and bedding laid upon two or three old crazy boards, one stool, a broken chair, and a large chest.

After being permitted to solace ourselves a long time, in silent meditation upon the delectable appearance of our apartment, and being allowed to bring my diary up to the present moment, we were favoured with a very scanty portion of tea, some sugar on a broken potsherd, a little bread and butter, and one egg between us. This hospitable repast we were fain to swallow on the chest, for no table was to be found in the room. However, as we were very

much crippled and fatigued we made up our minds to rest in this room during the night; and as soon as we had swallowed all the provisions that we could prevail on the people of the house to bring us, we went down to the river's side, not five hundred yards from our inn, to enjoy the luxury of a good swimming before we reposed in slumber.

When we had bathed and dressed ourselves, we returned to the inn for the purpose of immediately going to bed, that we might be able to prosecute our journey early on the morrow. But, to our great astonishment, we found that the benevolent and lovely hostess would, on no account, suffer us to sleep in her house. We told her that we had understood we were to have a bed in the room where we had taken our tea. She replied, *No; that she should not trust us in such a room as that; and that we need not say any thing more about the matter, for she would not lose her time in listening to our speeches, let us beg as much as we would.*

What was to be done? It was now ten o'clock at night, and we were absolutely

unable to crawl on any farther, till we had some rest, on account of our feet being so wretchedly sore and blistered, not to mention that the sand and dirt had worked through the chasms of M'Diarmid's shoe into the gash of my right foot, which I had gained by my morning's slip into the river Tay. We, therefore, renewed our lingual attack with unabated perseverance and vigour, till, at last, after much time spent in discourse, this amiable woman, more, as it should seem, from being fairly wearied out by our importunity than from any sudden and unusual impulse of humanity, graciously condescended to permit us to sleep in an *out-house* at some distance from the inn. We were fain to accede to this proposal rather than pass the night in the open air in our present debilitated condition.

To this dormitory we were conducted by no less a personage than the landlady's own son, Mr. Pennycook, a young gentleman, in whom the beauty of the baboon was united with the wisdom of the ass. The mother of this hopeful youth, however, first demanded immediate payment, not only for the entertainment which we had



already received, but also for the bed in which we were going to sleep, because, as she very civilly, and with much politeness, observed, we might go off early in the morning before any one was up, *and cheat her out of her money.*

As this was the first instance, since the beginning of our route, of our being charged for a bed, we determined to examine carefully in what particular convenience or elegance it excelled those on which we had hitherto reposed. But our gentle swain and conductor, the heir-apparent of the Pennycook family, led us to the abode without a light; and it was only by means of stern and authoritative language, with now and then a seasonable vibration of our sticks, or rather huge clubs, that we compelled him to bring us a farthing candle.

We now surveyed our apartment. It was a small room with a dirt floor; no glass, not a single pane in the window-frames, which were not even closed by any substitute for glass, as rags, stockings, old hats, &c. but exhibited large apertures for the convenience of permitting the wind or any other more obnoxious visitant, in the shape

of cats, dogs, or men, to enter the chamber at will, and without molestation. It contained no table, no stool, no chair, not even a chamber utensil. In one corner stood a box, which, upon inquiry, we understood to be a sleeping place for a post-chaise driver, who was expected here about two o'clock in the morning, and was to stow his carcase in the same room with us. In another corner lay our bed, small, without any canopy or curtains, merely resting on a few awkwardly joined boards; the linen was so marvellously foul and filthy that I asked the good Mr. Pennycook whether he ought not to be ashamed even to think of putting a dog into such a vile dirty hole. His answer was,—that I need not make so much noise about it; *that the sheets were pretty cleanish, for that only two foot passengers and a carrier had slept in them since they were last washed.*

This was an irresistible argument, and we submitted in silence. Pennycook, now, began to be very inquisitive about America, and particularly wished to know, by what title men were addressed in that country, since they had no lords and dukes, and

ended a long string of half-questions and half-sagacious observations, the genuine fruit of his own powers of reflection, by saying, that he supposed if we were gentlemen, and travelling about for pleasure, *that we carried a good deal of money with us, and were worth robbing.*

To all this precious discourse we answered, that the men in America were called *citizens*, and that we never carried more money with us than was necessary to pay our expences from place to place; and, therefore, *were not worth robbing.* And, look you, *citizen* Pennycook, if the postilion, or any other rascal, enters this apartment to-night, we will, most assuredly, knock his brains out; *for Americans never sleep in the same room with a post-chaise driver, without killing him.*

The close of this speech produced a very visible effect on the countenance of our hostess' offspring; for he trembled, turned pale, his lips quivered, and his teeth chattered most plentifully, and he declared that no one should sleep in the room that night but ourselves. We then desired him to leave the apartment directly, and be sure

to call us at four o'clock the next morning. He, accordingly, withdrew, and locked the door after him, leaving, however, for our use, the lighted farthing candle.

We then, putting our knap-sacks under our heads by way of pillows, but not pulling off any of our clothes, not even our shoes, flung our carcasses upon the miserable pallet, that had been unjustly dignified by the name of bed. Cowan, whose mind is of a much firmer make than mine, and whose indifference to all personal apprehension seems to amount to an almost total insensibility of bodily danger, in a few minutes fell fast asleep. But I, who am seldom deficient in all proper care and concern for the safety of my own person, did not sink into slumber, but lay musing on the barbarism and brutality of the beings who had treated us with such a perfect disregard to all the claims of hospitality and of kindness.

About two o'clock in the morning, while Andrew lay snoring by my side, and I endeavoured in vain to court the refreshing influence of sleep, I heard some one attempt, very softly, to open the door of our apart-



ment. As I very well knew, that people, who could treat us in the manner Madam Pennycook had done, were capable of perpetrating any crime which villany could contrive and force could execute, I felt myself not a little alarmed; and, therefore, the better to disguise my fear, bawled out lustily, that I would immediately put any one to death who entered the room. Upon this, the noise ceased, and all was quiet for some time.

But my apprehensions were not at rest, and I desired Cowan to get up, that we might leave this vile place, and pursue our journey. Andrew, who was not roused from his slumber without difficulty, treated my alarm with great contempt; and told me flatly, that he would not, and could not get up, for he was unable to walk on without some more rest; and that it was equally the same to him whether he was murdered there by the violence of ruffians, or died on the road for want of rest. So make yourself easy,—quoth he,—it all comes to the same thing, whether you are knocked on the head now, or drop out of existence through mere fatigue a few hours hence.

Saying this, he turned upon his right side, and very soon sunk into a most profound and enviable slumber. But notwithstanding his philosophical *nonchalance*, and his carelessness about what might happen to him, yet as I much rather wished to finish my intended journey in peace and safety than to be immediately sent out of the world by the kind interference of some humane gentleman, who might have a particular propensity to cut short the thread of my existence, I cannot say, that I felt in the least more easy on account of the consolatory doctrine which Andrew had just been doling out for my edification and amendment.

Nor did my heart beat with less unequal throbs of palpitatio*n*, when, after about half an hour, and when we might be supposed to be asleep, I heard the door again tried, and the latch gently lifted up. Whereupon I again vociferated exclamations of vengeance, and denounced threats of destruction, if an immediate departure was not made from our premises. This exhibition of the latch-lifting, and of my bawling, occasionally, and at intervals renewed,

continued for more than the space of an hour, and then I heard the sound of some footsteps stealing quietly away, and no farther molestation ensued.

But although I suffered no personal violence, most probably in consequence of my being awake and calling out loudly whenever an attempt to open the door was made, yet these alarms most effectually prevented me from getting a single wink of sleep; and Cowan himself confessed, that he expected every thing bad from such people; but that he was too sleepy and too much worn down, either to make any resistance, or to get up and go forward on his march. At a little before four o'clock in the morning young Pennycook came and called us up, saying, he supposed that we had not had much sleep, for, *it was not unlikely that somebody had wanted to come into the room, and that might have disturbed us.*

We took no notice of his observation, because we were not in a situation to redress ourselves, if, by examining, we could find out the destroyer of our night's repose; we, therefore, contented ourselves with telling him, that his mother was a sad

brute for having put us into such an abominable place, and asked who she was, and what she had been, before she kept the inn in which she now lived. We learned, from his reply, that she had been cook in the duke of Athol's family, and had married his grace's *valet, or coat-duster*, and had been set up in this public-house by their master and mistress, as a reward for their services.

August 10th.

We bade young Pennycook farewell, and proceeded on our journey, without much alacrity, as we were both weak and fatigued, and spiritless, for want of sufficient rest and nourishment to recruit the continual waste which our frames had undergone by incessant exercise. We were rather astonished that our good landlady had not contrived to pick up even a little semblance of humanity towards those who are in distress, during the number of years that she lived in the family of the duke of Athol; but, perhaps by those who know more of the interior organization of *noble* families than we do, a satisfactory reason can be given for this circumstance, which, by no means, re-



dounds to the credit either of the head or heart of any created being.

Be the cause what it may, the fact is sufficiently notorious to all the world, that the general conduct of servants, in what are called *great families*, consists of a brutality only equalled by their ignorance, and a want of kindness and attention to those whom they do not deem it their *interest* to oblige; only equalled by their abject and pitiful servility to all those with whom they are immediately connected by their chains of bondage and of service; chains neither less heavy nor less cumbersome for being *whitened* or *yellowed over* by golden or by silver lace. Indeed, this we may be assured of, that we can form a very accurate judgment of the *master* by observing the behaviour of the *servant*; for the menial domestics of a household generally borrow the hue and colouring of their morals and their manners from the complexion of their employer's life. Hence, if we see servants insolent, cruel, profligate, abandoned, and ignorant, or mild, gentle, civil, obliging, sober, honest, and instructed, we may decisively pronounce upon the reprehensible

or commendable conduct of those whose liveries they wear, and whose bread they eat.—

We walked onward towards Blair Athol, beguiling the length of the way and the roughness of the road by much miscellaneous and desultory chat, with now and then a hearty laugh at some of the curious adventures which had befallen us; all of which, though subjecting us to some bodily inconveniences, were productive of incalculable benefit, by expanding and strengthening our minds and presenting to us a new stock of ideas, which would serve as materials for observation and reflection as long as we lived, and, thereby, very much increase our knowledge and our power.

The scenery of the surrounding country continued much the same as that through which we had passed on the preceding day, till, after walking, as it seemed to us, nearly five miles, we saw a dirty, rough board, on which was a piece of *whitish* paper, containing, in characters badly spelled, and still more wretchedly designed, these words, *The way to Sir James Pultney, Bart.* The coun-

try round was terrifically grand : far as the eye could range the prospect was bounded by an eternal chain of mountains, whose summits were buried in the clouds.

We crawled, at the imminent hazard of breaking our necks, down some very steep rocks, in order to bathe in the river Garry. In the descent my spectacles were dislodged from my nose and had nearly perished ; honest M'Diarmid's shoe was worn fairly off my foot, and required the aid of a band of grass to be passed round it and the whole body of my foot, embracing the sole and the instep, lest it should not be able to accompany me to the next habitation. Cowan's watch was slung out of his pocket, and received so rude a concussion amid the rocks, that its faculties were so deranged, as never again to be capable of discharging their duty.

At length, by carefully and slowly proceeding downward, with the occasional and alternate assistance of our hands and feet, and knees, and posteriors, we got to the lowermost ledge of the precipice, by the side of the river, without any other mischief than being nearly decorticated in

many parts of the body, in some particularly, on which it is needless to animadvert. The water was most delightfully clear and limpid, so as to enable us to avoid sunken masses of the stone that lay a few feet under its surface, and to afford us a most delicious bathe.

We dressed ourselves, and stood on the shelving ledge of a rock close by the water's side, and suffered our souls to be rapt in ecstasy by a survey of the most admirable and stupendous scenery with which our eyes had ever been blessed. The vast masses of rocks had been in many places rifted by the lightning's blast, and disclosed here and there an awful chasm. At their base, and far up the steep, the hills were naked and bare, but above thinly skirted with hardy trees and shrubs, as the mountain-ash, the elm, the hazel, &c. &c. The arch of a bridge, which led to the mansion, reared itself full sixty feet above the bed of the river, although, in the winter season, when the floods roll down the impetuous tide of their torrents from the mountain heights, the waters rise above the level of the arch, and find their way through some



round apertures at its side, apparently made for the purpose of affording an outlet to the streams, lest the great weight of accumulated waters should press upon and sweep away the whole fabric into destruction.

From the spot where we stood we beheld, as we looked through the bridge's arch, a noble country open upon us ; the banks of the river which tumbled its foaming flood over many a rough and broken fragment of rock that impeded its course through the channel, were smiling with verdure ; the plains beyond exhibited the marks of cultivation, and the whole of our prospect was terminated by a range of mountains, some of which were slightly clothed with wood, while the rest, in bleak and sullen majesty, exposed their bare heads to the storm, and defied the ravages of all-devouring time.

In the rebellion of the year 1745, when the Hessians came to this spot, they resolutely declared that they would go no farther, for they asserted that these were *the confines of the world*. And no great wonder that they turned back ; for, before

general Wade had caused the famous military road, which now runs over all this tract of country, to be made, half a dozen Highlanders with a few loose stones might have defended the pass against a whole army of assailants.

Gray says, that he never experienced the sensation of sublimity from the moment he crossed the Alps, till he arrived at this spot. In the ruder times of antient days a poet might surely have been forgiven if he had placed the infernal regions directly in this spot, which might then have appeared to be the *bones and skeleton* of the world.

Here the bard might have imagined that airy forms and shadowy spectres took up their habitation, whether they hung upon the rude fragment of a rock, or came riding upon the viewless wings of the blast.

“ Vestibulum ante ipsum, primisque in faucibus  
orci,

Luctus et ultrices posuere cubilia Curæ :

Pallentesque habitant Morbi ; tristisque Senectus,

Et Metus, et malesuada Fames, ac turpis Egestas,

Terribiles visu formæ ; Letumque Laborque ;

Tum consanguineus Leti Sopor, et mala mentis

Gaudia, mortiferumque adverso in limine Bellum.”

“ Just in the gate, and in the jaws of hell,  
Révengeful cares and sullen sorrows dwell;  
And pale diseases and repining age,  
Want, fear, and famine’s unresisted rage;  
Here toils and death, and death’s half-brother  
sleep,  
Forms terrible to view, their centry keep,  
With anxious pleasure of a guilty mind,  
Deep fraud before, and open force behind.”

We crawled up the rocks, and wound our way up towards the road, along Pultney’s coppice-paths, still dwelling with rapture on the scenes every where presented to our view. We were shut in on all sides by mountains, of which those immediately near us were hung with wood, well dressed with foliage; but beyond, and elevated above all, the hills were naked to their summits, not even scantily covered with heath. The river rolled itself along at our left, now opening upon us its white and perturbed stream labouring to find its way among the rocks, which opposed its passage, then entirely hidden from our sight by the out-jutting and over-hanging hills, it allowed us only to imagine the difficulties with which it struggled by the

hoarse murmur of its waters, coming with deep and solemn tones upon our ear, amid the silence in which all around was hushed. Here we

“Ourselves could catch the landscape, gliding swift  
Athwart imagination’s vivid eye :  
And by the winds and murmuring waters lull’d,  
Were lost in lonely musing, in the dream  
Confus’d of careless solitude, where mix  
Ten thousand wandering images of things,  
Soothe every gust of passion into peace,  
*All but the swellings of the softened heart*  
*That waken, not disturb, th’ enraptur’d mind.”*

We got at length, by a gradual ascent, into the road, where the scenery still preserved the same sublimity of feature. Trees were to be seen on the lower ridges or tiers of mountains, with here and there a little hut or cabin, apparently hanging in the air, owing to the distance from us, suspended at the side of the hill, the topmost range was very lofty and enveloped in clouds.

Almost immediately as soon as we had regained the road, many very miserably-looking people, dirty and ragged, male and



female, young and old, children and full-grown, one with another, met and passed us. Some of these gentry, who drove horses, scarcely equalling in size a stout Newfoundland dog, in carts almost as large as a wheelbarrow, hailed us with a great abundance of Erse, delivered in the true Irish twang, with a great variety of gesticulatory distortions. I shook my head, thereby intimating that I did not understand a single syllable of their gabble, and that all their rhetoric was lost upon me.

Upon seeing this motion of my head, three or four of them bawled out loudly in English, *He is dumb, lame, and an idiot*. When we heard this sagacious observation passed upon my unfortunate worship, we laughed so loud and so long, that the whole herd of these good people waxed very wroth and bespattered us with a great deal of abuse, partly in English and partly in Erse, and almost wholly unintelligible.

We marched onward on our way, and soon saw, at the distance of some miles, Blair Athol. It was more extensive, but not so interesting, as Dunkeld. The great plantations of firs brought forth to our

minds, too forcibly, the recollection that the hand of art was labouring to supply what nature, in a niggardly mood, had refused spontaneously to bestow. We looked in vain for the abundance of water and the huge masses of rock which we had at Dunkeld surveyed with such sensations of un-mixed but inexpressible delight.

On our arrival at Blair Athol we walked into a public-house kept by a person of the name of Macnaughtan. A very decent cleanly woman, with a care-befurrowed countenance, received us in the most hearty and kindly manner. She told us, that M'Diarmid's carrier, who passed by on the preceding evening, had related to her a great deal about two *very honest bonny American sailors*, who came to Dunkeld on Sunday evening, and intended to sleep in Blair Athol, at her house, the next night. In consequence of which information the *best bed* had been aired, and the family had staid up till twelve o'clock in earnest and long expectation of their guests, whom they much wished to see, and who had been so accurately described, that the hostess knew

us the moment she saw us walking on the road.

We replied, that we were very sorry to have been the unwitting cause of so much trouble and disappointment to her, and could offer no better apology than by telling her our story, as it really was, without varnish or disguise, namely, that we were so wretchedly worn out and crippled that we had been compelled to seek for shelter under the inhospitable roof of that callous old woman Pennycook, the whole of whose behaviour to us we did not fail circumstantially to relate.

As soon as we had finished our narration the good hostess expressed great concern at the shocking treatment which we had experienced from Mrs. Pennycook; she said it was so unlike what a *Highland woman should do*. Indeed,—added she, pausing a while,—I do not believe she is a *Highland woman*; no, no, she certainly comes from *the Lowlands*; a *Highland woman* would have willingly given up her own bed to strangers in such distress.

The countenance of this excellent woman beamed with kindness as she spoke,

and her eyes sparkled with brighter lustre through the tear of humanity, which adorned them with the mild radiance of mercy and of compassion. In a moment she provided for us a plentiful repast of all that the house afforded, consisting of bannocks, for no bread was to be obtained, good eggs, and excellent milk, all crowned with a true Highland welcome. I know not when I have been more delighted than in contemplating the smile of cheerfulness and complacency on the countenance of this woman, when she observed that we were pleased by her attention and alacrity in administering to our wants. Her face was as the face of an angel; such indisscribable and heavenly charms does benevolence diffuse over every feature, and every expression of the human lineaments.

Before we had fairly begun our breakfast the host himself entered; he welcomed us civilly, but seemed rather shy and reserved as I thought; and therefore, though he sate himself down in a chair by my side, I said very little to him, but proceeded in my business of lessening the bulk of consumable commodities on the table. As soon



as we had appeased our hunger, I began to bargain with him for a shoe, because it was absolutely impossible to travel any farther with that in which I had hobbled from Dunkeld, so completely was it rent, torn, and utterly demolished, as to all the purposes of defence for the foot in walking.

At length one of mine host's was procured, which being too short for me I was obliged to permit the heel-leather to be down; and moreover, it being shod with iron within and without, I literally suffered, throughout the whole of my tramp afterwards, the torture of being rested upon a *piquet* every step that I took; not to mention that the dirt and sand worked into my foot on account of my shoe being down at heel.

Many of these inconveniencies I was anticipating in my mind, and ruminating on them somewhat ruefully, when I was gradually roused from my meditations into much more pleasing emotions, by listening with admiration to the very sensible and manly discourse of Macnaughtan, in whom, however, I could not help observing a *trait*

of character very common in the Highlands, namely, the absolute authority which is exercised over the women. For he ordered *his sister*, the woman who had received us so kindly on our first arrival, to leave the room before he began to converse.

When I heard Macnaughtan, as it were insensibly and without any apparent effort, slide into a discourse replete with good sense, and evincing a mind *used to think and to reflect*, I looked at him more attentively than I had done before on his entrance into the room, when I considered him as nothing extraordinary, nothing differing from the common course of peasants, whose daily toil supplies them with daily food. His countenance and figure would not interest the generality of mankind. He is short of stature and rather slightly made; his face bears strong marks of close and deep thinking, blended with many a line of woe and many a furrow of heart-felt grief. He displayed, but not ostentatiously, an intimate acquaintance with the human heart, and a thorough knowledge of Burns, the new edition of whose works, in four volumes octavo, by Currie of Liverpool,

he possessed. Indeed he was rapt in ecstasy by many of the strains of the bard of Coila.

He told his little history, which was short and simple, unmarked by variety and unchequered by abundance of incident; that he had passed his youth as a peasant, in peace and in comfort, supplying all his wants by the labour of his hands; that, when young, ere the down had well shaded his chin, he had married her whom his soul loved, and was blessed beyond the lot of mortals in her affection, and in the contemplation of the opening faculties of their little babes, who had come to twist the links of mutual love and of reciprocal attachment still more closely round every fibre of their hearts.

In this state of enviable felicity he had lived for some of the first years after his union with the beloved of his soul; they were all the world to each other, one heart, one wish, one desire seemed to animate both their frames; it was the wish to render each other happy, to encourage each other in virtue, to train up their little ones in the nurture and the admonition of the

Lord. Their wants were few, and were easily satisfied; the canker-worm of this world corroded not their peace; it was their aim to travel on together, hand in hand, through the pilgrimage of life, and to drop together into the place appointed for all the living; their only hope was to pass through things temporal, that finally they might not lose those which are eternal.

And this purpose were they endeavouring to effect by the exertions of industry, and by the cultivation of religion. He had for some years rented a farm of twenty-five acres of land, and had been able, till lately, by dint of incessant toil, and the unremitting vigilance of economy, to earn the means of a scanty existence for himself and for a numerous family. But now the taxes and impositions of every kind were so enormous and so burdensome, that they had fairly ground him down to the dust, and denied him the means of living in spite of his constant and uninterrupted bodily labour.

As for myself,—said he,—I should regard it all as nothing; I would work from



morn till night to earn a bit of bread, which I would eat in the evening, drink a draught of water from the spring that flows yonder by that green bank which you see, read a poem in Burns, bless my God for his goodness, and lay me down to rest, with all humility and gratitude reposing in the merits of my Redeemer, and looking forward with a lively hope to those brighter regions of immortality, where those who have *trusted* in the mercy of a Saviour, *shall sigh no more, nor again shall shed the bitter tear.*

But my little ones, the pledges of my love, the legacy which she who is in heaven has left me,—I cannot see them starve, and regularly sinking daily and hourly into the grave by the wasting effects of want of sufficient nourishment, and not feel that my heart is rent with anguish. It is not much that I want; but that little I cannot obtain by my own exertions. Nevertheless, I am not so badly off as many of my neighbours, who are at this moment actually perishing for want of food; and this troubles me the more, because it is not in my power to assist them.

If you have not been eye-witnesses of the distresses of the poor, you can form no conception of the miseries which are endured by almost all those who have not been wheedled or dragged from their homes to be butchered in the field of blood ; they, for the most part, have been left to perish by famine, a slower, but fully as certain a mode of destruction as the bayonet or the ball. I cannot immediately see the benefit which is to accrue to the human race, by sluicing out so much blood and lavishing so much treasure, and *all for nothing to the people*, unless I am deceived.

I am certain that all this violence and destruction are contrary to the mild spirit of the gospel, which enjoins peace on earth and good will towards men. But I believe that great men and rulers of nations think, that *religion may do very well for the vulgar, and make them quietly submit to all the miseries which are heaped upon them by those in power*, but that they themselves are much too wise to be influenced by any of its precepts. At least I cannot otherwise account for the *very narrow, contracted, and persecuting spirit* of all governments, so

very contrary to the enlarged benevolence and unbounded patriotism which Christianity teaches. Those men can never seriously and truly regard the doctrines of our Saviour; who prefer the mere worldly and momentary aggrandizement of themselves and a very few more individuals, purchased at the expence of the blood, the treasure, and the comfort of uncounted millions of their fellow-beings, to making the whole human race happy, by teaching them how to become the disciples of that blessed Master who hath expressly told us that his kingdom is not of this world.

But all these complaints and all these reflections will avail me nothing; they will not satisfy the craving of my children for food. And it is my duty to endeavour to preserve from perishing by hunger those beings who are dependant upon me for the means of existence, and who are linked to me by every tie of affection and of goodness. They are the very images of their mother, and inherit all her virtues; her mildness and meekness, her even cheerful disposition, her humble resignation to the will of God. If I am denied the power of

supporting them in this country, I must endeavour to do it in another ; and if I fail there also, we will lie down and die, trusting in the mercy of God, in that we have not failed to use those means which we possessed. We are, at best, only unprofitable servants ; but it is incumbent on us to do all that we can towards contributing our mite to lessen the evil and to increase the good which exist in this world, *and having done all to hope.*

Pray, on what terms can existence be procured and supported in America ? Is it obtainable by industry and attentive economy ; or is it there, as it is here, *beyond the reach of the poor ?*

We answered, that, if he was once there, and the expences attending the voyage were discharged, and a small sum for present need left, he might, with much less labour than he now endured, procure a more abundant livelihood for himself and family. But that, as every thing else in life was, so also this was a matter of speculation ; however, if he could not possibly exist in this country, his wisest way was to put his trust in Providence, cross the At-



lantic, and try what might there await him. Or if he went to Russia, there, owing to the benevolent and politic institutions of the late empress, Catharine the second, he would be assured of providing plentifully and comfortably for himself and family, because foreigners were particularly invited to come and settle in that country, and were much encouraged when there.

As this measure was dictated by the genuine spirit of political wisdom, we took the trouble of entering minutely into its particulars, while Macnaughtan listened with the most profound attention. We told him, on the authority of that accurate and deservedly celebrated historian *William Tooke*, that Catharine the second, soon after she was established on the throne of Russia, published a manifesto, inviting foreigners upon advantageous terms to come and settle in her dominions. In July 1763 she constituted a *tutelary chancery* for the protection of foreigners, possessing equal privileges with the other colleges of the empire.

The chief design of this institution was to take the foreigners into its protection immediately on their setting foot in Russia,

and forward them, according to the directions contained in the manifesto, to the place of their destination. It received annually *two hundred thousand rubles*, which, besides the purchase of a building for the use of the *chancery*, was to be solely employed in providing *seed-corn, cow-houses, implements of husbandry, &c.* for the colonists, and in *the erection of manufactories*. The *tutelary chancery* was enjoined to procure intelligence concerning all waste and untenanted places, to direct the construction of new establishments, to watch over their maintenance and adyancement, and to keep up a correspondence with the Russian ministers at foreign courts.

Shortly after a second manifesto appeared, more accurately defining the advantages and gratuities under which foreigners were invited to settle in the Russian empire. By its contents it was established, that foreigners of all denominations may settle in whatever part of the empire they please, and to that end need only apply either directly to the tutelary chancery, or in the frontier towns, to the governors and commanders. If their means be not competent

to the journey, they will be furnished with money by the Russian ministers and residents at foreign courts, and conveyed at the imperial expence to Russia.

It also gives exemption from taxes for a stated time, which, according to the standard of utility in the colonies, is set down at *five, ten, and thirty years*; and most of the colonies, after that time was elapsed, have had a farther grant of immunity from *all taxes of whatever nature*, for the same number of years as before; free dwelling for one half year, dating from the day of arrival. To those who intend to follow the farming business, or some trade or manufactures, a tract of arable land adequate to their purpose is allotted, and all necessary advances at their setting out.

For the erecting of a dwelling-house, for the purchase of live stock, implements, vessels, and other materials, the necessary money is advanced, *without interest*, from the imperial coffers, which, after the expiration of ten years, is to be paid at three several instalments. *The internal constitution of their jurisdiction* is left to the option of the colonists, who establish themselves

in whole villages ; but always in submission to the common law of the empire. Importation of property *duty free*, and even a quantity of commodities, the value of which for a family shall not exceed three hundred rubles.

*Exemption from civil and military service.* Refreshment-money and travelling expences, from the frontiers of the empire to the place of their destination. Free sale and exemption from duties for ten years on the exportation of all articles in the colonies which have not hitherto been produced and wrought up in Russia. Foreign capitalists, who set up fabrics, manufactories, or work-shops, *may buy as many boors and vassals* as are requisite to their undertaking. The colonies may keep fairs and markets without paying any toll.

All these advantages extend also to the children of the new settlers, even though they be born in Russia. Their years of exemption are to be reckoned from the arrival of their parents or ancestors ; after the expiration whereof they are all bound to pay the taxes and services that are customary in the country ; those who wish to



quit the empire may do so, on condition that after a stay of five years they pay the fifth; after having been settled from five to ten years, the tenth part of the property which they have acquired in the country, into the imperial treasury. Whoever requires distinct privileges beyond what are granted in the manifesto, may apply for that purpose to the tutelary chancery.

When we had done, Macnaughtan thanked us for our information, and answered, that all these indulgencies to foreigners reflected great credit on the political wisdom and sagacity of Catharine; but that he should not like to live in a country where *the only law existing was the will of one person*, and where people were allowed to buy and sell their fellow-creatures for slaves, under the name of *boors and vassals*. Wherefore, he should rather try what could be done towards maintaining his family by his industry in America.

We replied, that this was altogether his business, and not ours; but that the treatment of *the boors and vassals* in Russia, though, no doubt, it was very shocking and unjust to buy and sell men like cattle at a

*market*, was not nearly so harsh and cruel as that of *the negroe slaves* which the Americans use in tillage, and which diabolical custom tarnished all the merit of their *free government*. Even George Washington himself, the venerable protector of his countrymen from oppression and the iron yoke of bondage, was *master of some hundreds of slaves*.

At hearing this Macnaughtan seemed staggered and hurt ; he said nothing, but paused a considerable time in deep silence, and appeared to be lost in profound meditation. As we contemplated the countenance of this worthy, noble, and unsophisticated human being, we, for a moment, indulged ourselves in the pleasing exultation that it was in the power of the duke of Athol materially to assist so worthy a neighbour, who was situated immediately under his notice, and, by that means, enjoy the unspeakable luxury of doing good ; a luxury which infinitely surpasses all the pleasure which mere animal and sensual gratifications can bestow.

This anticipation of exquisite delight, however, was soon annihilated by the pain-

ful reflection, that in all probability the duke of Athol *would never know that such a being as Macnaughtan existed.* For great and wealthy men are, at present, so unhappily circumstanced as not even to be in the way of knowing where are to be found those objects which may call forth and purify the best and the finest feelings of their heart. Elevated to a painful and pernicious height above their fellow-men, they seldom see or hear but with the organs of others. From their birth to the hour of their death they are continually struggling with every impediment which the folly, the servility, the adulation, the iniquity of interested and base sycophants and dependants can throw in the way of virtue.

Swathed, and rocked, and dandled in the cradle of luxury, reared up in entire ignorance of the weakness and frailty of human nature, and continually flattered into narrowness of mind, into pride and presumption of heart, unacquainted, from experience, with the miseries and the distresses under which so many of their fellow-creatures groan and are afflicted, living themselves

in the full tide of riot and of sensual indulgence, surrounded only by those whose business it is, not only to obey all their commands, but even to anticipate their wishes and to execute their desires, almost before they are formed ; how, where, by what means are they to learn *to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with their God ?*

How are they to become acquainted with the ineffable felicity resulting from stretching out the hand of kindness and of relief to a necessitous and a deserving fellow-creature ? Such men are certainly objects of compassion, inasmuch as their situation precludes them in a great measure from the exercise of those feelings of gentleness and of benevolence, on which depend our purest and most ecstatic pleasures here, and our chiefest hopes of a blessed immortality in the days that are to come.

This inconvenience, terrible as it is in its effects, from keeping asunder two classes of human beings, that, by frequent intercourse, would much heighten each other's virtue and happiness, by keeping up a continued reciprocity between them *of blessing*



*and being blessed*, admits of no other remedy than that which will be produced by the more general diffusion of truth, of knowledge, and of religion throughout the universe. This diffusion, however, from the nature of the impediments which it has to encounter, must be very gradual and slow. But we are assured that it must ultimately take place; for we are told, by the greatest of all authorities, that *the knowledge of the glory of God shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.*

When religion and knowledge, which must ever go hand in hand, for

“ *Ignorance is the curse of God,  
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to Heaven,*”

shall have made such progress in this world as to convince men of exalted rank, that their very greatness and power derive their highest and most permanent enjoyments from promoting the happiness of their fellow-creatures, distressed and afflicted, in mind, body, or estate; then, and not till then, have we any right to hope or to expect, that the lords and princes of the earth will forego their present pursuits, (pursuits

admirably adapted to their existing state of education and of instruction,) and devote their time, their talents, their wealth, their influence, and their power, to diffuse the smiles of happiness and plenty, and peace, and virtue, over the countenances of their fellow-men, and to lay up for themselves a never-failing crown of righteousness, in that kingdom, *where there is no respect of persons, but it is pronounced on every man according to his deeds.*

Till that blessed hour shall arrive, let us endeavour, to the utmost of our power, to ameliorate our hearts and to expand our minds, that when the day of trial approaches we may not be found wanting.

Will the following picture of the *optimates*, and the higher orders, in a certain great nation of old, be understood, and point out any similitude to itself in these our days of boasted refinement and of advanced civilization?

“ Dissolv’d in ease, and soft delights they lie,  
Till every sun annoys, and every wind  
Has chilling force, and every rain offends :  
For now the frame no more is girt with strength  
Masculine, nor in lustiness of heart

Laughs at the winter storm, and summer beam,  
 Superior to their rage : *enfeebling vice*  
*Withers each nerve, and opens every pore*  
 To painful feeling : flowery bow'rs they seek,  
 As æther prompts, as the sick sense approves,  
 Or cool nymphæan grotts, or tepid baths.  
 Taught by voluptuous wishes, they along  
 The lawny vale of every beauteous stone,  
 Pile in the roseat air with fond expence.  
 Through silver channels glide the vagrant waves,  
 And fall on silver beds crystalline down,  
 Melodious murmuring ; while luxury  
 Over their naked limbs, with wanton hand,  
*Sheds roses, odours, sheds unheeded bane.*  
 Swift is the flight of wealth ; *unnumber'd wants,*  
*Brood of voluptuousness, cry out aloud*  
*Necessity, and seek the splendid bribe.*  
 The citron board, the bowl emboss'd with gems,  
 And tender foliage wildly wreath'd around  
 Of seeming ivy ; and whate'er is known  
 Of rarest acquisition ; *for these their rights*  
*In the vile streets they prostitute for sale ;*  
*Their antient rights, their dignities, their laws,*  
*Their native, glorious freedom. Is there none,*  
*Is there no villain, that will bind the neck*  
*Stretch'd to the yoke ? they come, the market*  
*throngs.*

“ O Britons, O my countrymen, beware,  
 Gird, gird your hearts ; the Romans *once were*  
*free,*  
*Were brave, were virtuous.*—Tyranny, howe'er,  
 Deign'd to walk forth awhile in pageant state,  
 And with licentious pleasures fed the rout,

*The thoughtless many : to the wanton sound  
 Of fifes and drums they danc'd, or in the shade  
 Sung Cæsar, great and terrible in war,  
 Immortal Cæsar ! Ho, a god ! a god !  
 He cleaves the yielding skies ! Cæsar meanwhile  
 Gathers the ocean-pebbles ; or the gnat  
 Enrag'd pursues ; or at his lonely meal  
 Starves a wide province ; tastes, dislikes, and  
 flings  
 To dogs and sycophants : a god, a god !  
 The flowery shades and shrines obscene return.*

“ But see along the North the tempest swell  
 O'er the rough Alps, and darken all their snows !  
 Sudden the Goth and Vandal, dreaded names,  
 Rush as the breach of waters, whelming all  
 Their domes, their villas ; down the festive piles,  
 Down fall their Parian porches, gilded baths,  
 And roll before the storm in clouds of dust.

“ Vain end of human strength, of human skill,  
 Conquest, and triumph, and domain, and pomp,  
 And ease, and luxury ! *O luxury*  
*Bane of elated life, of affluent states,*  
*What dreary change ; what ruin is not thine ?*  
 How doth thy bowl intoxicate the mind !  
 To the soft entrance of thy rosy cave  
 How dost thou lure *the fortunate and great !*  
 Dreadful attraction ! while behind thee gapes  
 Th' unfathomable gulf, where *Ashur* lies  
 O'erwhelm'd, forgotten ; and high-boasting *Cham*,  
 And *Elam's* haughty pomp ; and beauteous  
*Greece ;*  
 And the great queen of earth, *Imperial Rome.*”



Our worthy host said, that he would take us round the laird Robertson's grounds, which were close adjoining to his own little cottage, also the property of Robertson, whose tenant he, Macnaughtan, was. We gladly availed ourselves of his kindness, and repaired immediately to the spot. The place measured, as we were told, about five miles in circumference ; but all mechanical notions of measurement were obliterated from our minds, when we surveyed the beauties of this paradisiacal domain.

For a time, we were absorbed in rapture, and experienced the pleasing delirium occasioned by the indistinct and undefinable sensations, which swept with uncontrollable impetuosity athwart our souls. The numberless torrents, and cascades, and rifted rocks, and caverned dells, which *Nature* had flung with an abundant and a diversified hand, seemed altogether to shut out her younger sister, *Art*, from any share in forming this exquisite and unrivalled spot, saving and except that she had allowed her to throw a wooden bridge over a most tremendously deep gulf, whose abyss of waters was heard, but not seen, to la-

bour and to toil along the broken masses of rock, ere they could win their impeded way along the rough course of their stony bed.

The mountains were side-clothed, and tipped with birch and hazel, and mountain-ash, and fir, and oak. At appropriate distances, and in well-selected spots, were placed rural seats of turf, or of rudely hewn wood; from which we surveyed the torrents as they were tumbling, tier above tier, and foaming and raging over the rugged and craggy rocks, irregularly and fantastically disposed, assuming such a variety of appearances and of shapes, as mocks all the puny efforts of language to enumerate or to describe. From these seats, also, we commanded an extensive range of view, in hill and dale, gay with verdure, and crowned with wood.

One large and deep-resounding torrent came tumbling down the steep of the bank's side; the rest were in the course of the rivers, which were two in number, and met in a most romantic spot, striving which should awe and astonish most by the display, on their sides, of torrents, and masses, and belts of rock. Here and there, welled out

a still, small, and weeping rill, a soft and soothing contrast to the deafening roar of the water-falls.

We were informed that laird Robertson, the owner of this enchanting domain, bore a fair and an honourable character, and that his eldest son was then an officer in the army, and fighting in defence of royalty against the Gallic squadrons.

On one of the seats, placed under the shelter of over-hanging rocks, as we sate down to rest and to be screened from the fierceness of the sun's beams, now in their meridian strength, we talked of Burns, the Scottish poet, of whose works, as well we might, we spoke in terms of the most marked admiration and astonishment. Mac-naughtan bore his share in the conversation, and entered warmly into the praises of his favourite bard, particularly dwelling with rapture on the *Cotter's Saturday Night*. After awhile one of us happened to remark, that it was a most satisfactory consideration to know, that Currie's very excellent edition of Burn's work's was, by its rapid and extensive sale, likely to make a

comfortable and permanent provision for his widow and his family.

At this Macnaughtan turned round to us, for he had, during the few last minutes, been sitting with his face towards the opposite part of the recess to that where we were, and with a tearful eye and a faltering voice answered,—*will a thousand times ten thousand pounds ever bring back Burns to the suffering and afflicted woman? Will money be in the place of a husband to her? I lately lost my wife, the mother of seven bairns, and would now freely and cheerfully give the duke of Athol's estate to possess the happiness which I experienced with that excellent woman but a year since. I would willingly devote myself to a life of irredeemable slavery if I might only have her sitting by my side, as she, this day two years ago, sate upon this seat with me.*

Here his sobs were so frequent, and his heart so full as to deny him further utterance for awhile; he turned away his head from us, and sought in a burst of tears that relief which tears only could bestow. Surely, the recording angel, with a blush of joy, celestial, rosy-red, inserted in the



book of life this speech, which did our host honour as a man and as a christian !

As soon as time had been allowed to permit the precious feelings of affection and of nature, in some measure, to subside, and Macnaughtan's swelling grief had softened into that settled melancholy, which had long shaded all his features, and given his countenance a more pensive and interesting cast, we rose from our seats, and traversed the remainder of laird Robertson's grounds. From thence our host led us to look at that spot on the duke of Athol's domains, where Burns had laid himself down to muse, by the side of a little water-fall, on a verdant bank, utterly forgetful of the mighty lords and stately dames, who were waiting his coming in to partake with them his evening repast.

Nothing that we saw about the duke of Athol's premises appeared to us to equal the beauties of Robertson's garden of Eden; they were very large and spacious, evincing the great opulence of their owner, consisting mostly of walks and woods, bearing evident marks of the hand of art recently employed in their creation. We did not en-

ter the ducal mansion ; it was not our intention, at our first setting out, to see houses, and pictures, and furniture, but to survey the face of the country, and to catch the hue and colouring of the manners of the people. We were neither artists nor connoisseurs ; but, rather, if I may so say, *two philosophical vagabonds*, who wished to examine the condition of the great mass of the people in one of the most interesting portions of the British empire.

Poor Burns ! And thou the fairest flower of British soil, wast rudely torn and crushed by the unfeeling hand of dull and stupid indolence, of base and narrow malignity ! Did not the bard, in the breathings of a prophetic spirit, darkly anticipate his doom, when he poured forth the following strains of immortality ?

“ E’en thou, that mourns’t the daisy’s fate,  
That fate is thine, no distant date,  
*Stern ruin’s ploughshare drives elate*  
Full on thy bloom,  
Till, crush’d beneath the furrow’s weight,  
Shall be thy doom.”

The time was, or history speaks not truth,

when such a poet as Burns would not have lived unregarded, or unlamented died.

“ Suffice it now th’ Esquilian mount to reach  
With weary wing, and seek the sacred rests  
Of Maro’s humble tenement ; a low  
Plain wall remains ; a little sun-gilt heap,  
Grotesque and wild ; the gourd and olive brown  
Weave the light roof : the gourd and olive fan  
Their amorous foliage, mingling with the vine,  
Who drops her purple clusters thro’ the green.  
Here let me lie, with pleasing fancy sooth’d.  
Here flow’d his fountain ; here his laurels grew ;  
Here oft the meek good man, the lofty bard,  
Fram’d the celestial song, or social walk’d  
With Horace and the Ruler of the world.  
Happy Augustus ! who so well inspir’d  
Couldst throw thy pomps and royalties aside,  
Attentive to the wise, the great of soul,  
And dignify thy mind. Thrice glorious days,  
Auspicious to the muses ! Then rever’d,  
Then hallow’d was the fount, or secret shade,  
Or open mountain, or whatever scene  
The poet chose to tune th’ ennobling rhyme  
Melodious ; *e’en the rugged sons of war,*  
*E’en the rude hinds rever’d the poet’s name ;*  
*But now,—another age, alas ! is ours—*  
Yet will the muse a little longer soar,  
Unless the clouds of care weigh down her wing,  
Since Nature’s stores are shut with cruel hand,  
And each aggrieves his brother ; *since in vain*  
*The thirsty pilgrim at the fountain asks*  
*Th’ o’erflowing wave.*

Pause awhile, and consider the testimonies in favour of Burns by some of the ablest and most highly-gifted men of the present day, and then judge of the demerits of those, who suffered such a man to perish. The following are the sentiments of one of the first and greatest of writers, in these or in any times, antient or modern ; of one whose loftiness of genius can never be suspected of stooping to waste a single note of his immortal song in bestowing unmerited praise on any one.

“ A voice from *Coila* o’er the furrow’d field  
Bewails the fountain shut, the volume seal’d ;  
The throbs of genius struggling to be great ;  
The cheerless, chilling damp of lowly fate ;  
The home-bred conscious worth, untaught to bend  
At the shrugg’d shoulder of a pitying friend ;  
The pang that rends the maddening breast unknown ;  
And poverty’s unutterable groan ;  
The *Vision*, bursting on the patriot soul,  
Superior, unsubdued, beyond controul,  
With all the prophet’s, all the poet’s rage,  
High beaming o’er th’ unperishable page ;  
The muse indignant mark’d, yet hail’d the day ;  
And while her *Burns* pour’d forth his native lay,  
Bright with the redd’ning *holly* grac’d his head,  
And threw her mantle o’er the ploughman’s  
weed.”



“ See the animated preface to the first edition, printed at Kilmarnock, of the poems by Robert Burns, the Ayrshire ploughman, an original, national poet. The words of Burns are these : ‘ The following trifles are not the productions of the poet, who, with all the advantages of learned art, and, perhaps, amid the elegancies and idlenesses of upper life, looks down for a rural theme, with an eye to Theocritus and Virgil. To the author of this, these, and other celebrated names, their countrymen are, at least in their original language, *a fountain shut up, and a book sealed, &c. &c.*’ Burns, in one of his letters, calls himself *the Voice of Coila*, i. e. of *Kyle*, a district of Ayrshire.

“ The public have now been gratified with a complete collection of Burns’s works in verse and prose, which is a most valuable addition to British literature. It is difficult to speak in terms of commendation adequate to the tempered zeal, critical judgment, and discerning benevolence which induced the ingenious Dr. Currie to undertake the office of *Editor*, during the arduous and honourable discharge of his most important profession.

“ The character of Robert Burns, his life, his merits, and his most deplorable frailties, have been considered and appreciated in the most candid, interesting, and impartial manner by his brother Gilbert Burns, by Dr. Currie, Dr. Stewart, and Dr. Adair ; but by none with more felicity and elegance than by a lady of a refined and classical taste, polite accomplishments, and cultivated genius, who knew him well, and proved herself his friend and patron. They have extenuated nothing, but have spoken of him as he was ; and their narratives raise, alternately, our admiration and our regret. They paint his principles and his conduct at perpetual variance, with a certain turbulence of disposition and passion to which every temptation was ruinous and every indulgence fatal.

——— “ *Aestuat ingens  
Imo in corde pudor, mistoque insania luctu,  
Et furiis agitatus amor, et conscia virtus !*”

“ I think that greater liberality might have been *prudently* exerted to obtain an adequate employment, and a safe as well as

honourable support for a man destined to bear up the full fame and dignity of *the poet of Scotland*, who had described himself to *his countrymen* (and can they now read the words without barren shame and passionate remorse ?) as *half mad, half fed, and half sarkit*, i. e. *half clothed, or rather half shirted*, than by the strange and unaccountable occupation, which they *conferred* upon him. That all the noble and learned chemists of the *North* could not discover, in the whole table of affinities, a more *sympathetic ink*, for a poet, than that of an *Exciseman*, may excite something between a smile and indignation in the less-enlightened *South*. It might even now draw *iron tears* down the poetical cheeks of the Mæcenas of Scotland, the Right Honourable Henry Dundas.

“ And to the originality of Burns’s genius and of his commanding faculties there can be but one opinion. To the harmony and force of his English verse every ear assents with delight; and to his Scottish poetry, his countrymen have borne that decisive testimony, which natives alone can confer. But the greatest effort of his genius is dis-

played in *The Vision*, which raises itself in a pre-eminence paramount to all, *as the cypress among the shrubs*. I scarce except that most pathetic and interesting poem *The Cotter's Saturday Night*.

“ But the volume of his letters, and, indeed, almost all his prose-writings, must be considered as a phænomenon in the literature of a rustic. It seems, I think it is taken generally, the style of a cultivated gentleman, who has lived and conversed with ease in the higher circles of society, manly, correct, eloquent, and affecting.

“ But I am told, that to estimate the character of Burns with justice, we should have seen him in his happier hours, and marked the dignity of his natural deportment, the animation of his eye, and the power of his colloquial language.

“ His sentiments, *the flash and out-break of a fiery mind*, often republican, but always patriotic, and with the old *national* attachment yet unextinguished in his breast, claim our admiration or excuse rather than our censure, in a man of such overbearing powers, and talents out of their place.



“ His track where’er the *poet* rov’d,  
Glory pursu’d and generous shame,  
The unconquerable mind, and *freedom’s holy*  
*flame !*”

And hear another kindred genius, that lives to adorn and to bless our present generation, and who has engraved upon the tablets of immortality the precepts of wisdom and the dictates of benevolence for the benefit of every unborn age and undiscovered clime, strike his trembling harp, and tune his doleful song, in sounds of lamentation and of sorrow over the tomb of the Caledonian bard, to sooth his hovering spirit, now that his tenement of clay is laid in the narrow house !

“ Then while his throbbing veins beat high  
With every impulse of delight,  
Dash from his lips the cup of joy,  
And shroud the scene in shades of night ;  
And let Despair, with wizard light,  
Disclose the yawning gulph below,  
And pour incessant on his sight,  
Her spectred ills and shapes of woe.

“ And show beneath a cheerless shed,  
With sorrowing heart and streaming eyes,

In silent grief where droops her head,  
The partner of his early joys;  
And let his infant's tender cries  
His fond parental succour claim,  
And bid him hear in agonies  
A husband's and a father's name.

“ 'Tis done, the powerful charm succeeds;  
His high reluctant spirit bends;  
In bitterness of soul he bleeds,  
Nor longer with his fate contends.  
*An idiot laugh the welkin rends*  
*As genius thus degraded lies;*  
Till pitying Heaven the veil extends  
That shrouds the poet's ardent eyes.

“ Rear high thy bleak majestic hills,  
Thy shelter'd vallies proudly spread,  
And, Scotia, pour thy thousand rills,  
And wave thy heaths with blossoms red;  
But never more shall poet tread  
Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,  
Since he the sweetest bard is dead  
That ever breath'd the soothing strain.

“ As green thy towering pines may grow,  
As clear thy stream may speed along,  
As bright thy summer suns may glow,  
As gayly charm thy feathery throng;  
But now unheeded is the song,  
And dull and lifeless all around,  
For his wild harp lies all unstrung,  
And cold the hand that wak'd its sound.”

I must also be indulged with the liberty of presenting the concluding periods of Dr. Currie's very elegant, accurate, profound, and philosophical remarks prefixed to his invaluable edition of Burns.

“ Let not men of reflection think it a superfluous labour to trace the rise and progress of a character like his. Born in the condition of a peasant, he rose by the force of his mind into distinction and influence, and in his works has exhibited, what is so rarely found, the charms of original genius. With a deep insight into the human heart, his poetry exhibits high powers of imagination;—it displays, and, as it were, embalms, the peculiar manners of his country; and it may be considered as a monument, not to his name only, but to *the expiring genius of an antient and once independent nation*. In relating the incidents of his life, candour will prevent us from dwelling invidiously on those failings, which justice forbids us to conceal; we will tread lightly over his yet warm ashes, and respect the laurels that shelter his yet untimely grave.”

Perhaps, after all that has been said,

Burns has depicted himself most exactly in the two following passages, taken from his own works, and, as it should seem, designedly sketched for his own portrait :

“ Is there a man, whose judgment clear,  
Can others teach the course to steer,  
Yet runs himself life’s mad career,  
Wild as the wave ;  
Here pause, and thro’ the starting tear,  
Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below  
Was quick to learn, and wise to know,  
And keenly felt the friendly glow,  
*And softer flame ;*  
*But thoughtless follies laid him low*  
And stain’d his name.

Reader attend,—whether thy soul  
Soars fancy’s flights beyond the pole,  
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,  
On low pursuit :  
*Know, prudent, cautious, self controul,*  
*Is wisdom’s root.”*

And still more particularly in these inimicable lines :

“ I mark’d thy embryo, tuneful flame,  
Thy natal hour :



With future hope, I oft would gaze,  
Fond, on thy little early ways,  
Thy rudely caroll'd chiming phrase,  
    In uncouth rhymes,  
Fir'd at the simple, artless lays  
    Of other times.

“ I saw thee seek the sounding shore,  
Delighted with the dashing roar ;  
Or when the North his fleecy store  
    Drove thro' the sky,  
I saw grim Nature's visage hoar  
    Struck thy young eye.

“ Or when the deep-green mantled earth,  
Warm cherish'd every flow'ret's birth,  
And joy and music pouring forth  
    In every grove,  
I saw thee eye the general mirth  
    With boundless love.

“ When ripen'd fields and azure skies  
Call'd forth the reaper's rustling noise,  
I saw thee leave their evening joys,  
    And lonely stalk  
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise  
    In pensive walk.

“ When youthful love, warm-blushing strong,  
Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,  
Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,  
    Th' adored *name*  
I taught thee how to pour in song,  
    To soothe thy flame.

- “ I saw thy pulse’s maddening play  
Wild send thee pleasure’s devious way  
Mised by fancy’s metcor-ray,  
By *passion driven* :  
But yet the *light* that led astray,  
Was *light* from Heaven.
- “ I taught thy manners-painting strains,  
The loves, the ways of simple swains,  
’Till now o’er all my wide domains  
Thy fame extends ;  
And some, the pride of *Coila’s* plains,  
Become thy friends.
- “ Thou can’st not learn, nor can I show,  
To paint with *Thompson’s* landscape glow,  
Or wake the bosom-melting throe  
With *Shenstone’s* art ;  
Or pour with *Gray* the moving flow  
Warm on the heart.
- “ Yet all beneath th’ unrivall’d rose  
The *lowly daisy* sweetly blows ;  
Tho’ large the forest’s monarch throws  
Its army shade ;  
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows  
Adorn the glade.
- “ Then never murmur nor repine ;  
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine ;  
And trust me, not *Potosi’s* mine,  
Nor king’s regard,  
Can give a bliss o’ermatching thine,  
A *rustic Bard*.

“ To give my counsels all in one ;  
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan ;  
Preserve *the dignity of man*  
With soul erect ;  
And trust, *the universal plan*  
Will all protect.

“ *And wear thou this,*——she solemn said,  
And bound the *holly* round my head ;  
The polish'd leaves and berries red  
Did rustling play,  
And, like a passing thought, she fled  
In light away.”

But we are not to wonder that Burns sunk into the grave without protection and without support, when we all know and feel that the following lines of a most animated and lofty writer contain the language of the strictest truth. They are the lines of a man, who has, in this our day, come forth in all the greatness of the most powerful talents, and in all the acquired strength of the most extensive and unbounded erudition, to uphold the cause of virtue, of religion, of morality, and of knowledge; who has shown by his writings, writings that will for ever live, and increase in splendour as they advance in years, that

*by literature, well or ill directed, every nation must stand or fall, must flourish or decay.*

The giant capacity of this man has mounted upon the *wings of fire*, which it is given to *Genius* alone to poise; and has soared into the regions of immortality. Alone, and without aid, confiding in the boundless vigour of his ability, he has begun, continued, and ended a work, which will remain to the latest times a stupendous monument of human wisdom and of human power. All the diverging rays of his mighty intellect have been collected together, and concentrated into one burning focus, which will be a light to lighten the sons and the daughters of Adam to the temple of religion and of knowledge, long as the winds shall roar and waters roll. This literary luminary is now lord of the ascendant, his beams have gone abroad into the remotest corners of the intellectual world; and all the nether hemisphere is in a blaze with the brightness of his refulgent orb.

His poetry is the poetry of a mind strong, ardent, daring, and perspicacious; it abounds



in energy and in dignified simplicity ; it alike displays the softest graces of melody and of song, and rolls, in awful majesty and with resistless fury, the Pierian thunder. But what shall I say of his prose ? Surely *his are thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.* In sublimity of imagery, in animated and impassioned diction, in declamatory grandeur, in cutting, and in sarcastic irony, in terrible and in pointed satire, which, like the fell lightning's blast, withers where it strikes ; we shall, in vain, search among the records, antient or modern, of the offspring of intellectual vigour, to find his equal.

He has put on the armour of power, and has assayed the weapons of his might ; his onset is dreadful, and the violence of his attack none of mortal birth can withstand. But he is arrayed in the panoply of virtue, and wields the sword of truth. He has gone forth as the unrivalled champion of rectitude and of conscious integrity, *and has prevailed.* I feel that my power is not equal to my will. I cannot find words to express the sensations of astonishment and of respect for this man's ability and power,

which are, at this moment, crowding upon my heart. I know not how to convey an adequate idea of his merits but by using his own unrivalled and inimitable language, where he tells us what he has done. The words are these.

“ I would not have you or any man think, that I enter into a defence of my work, as if I thought it required one. No : I have vindicated the authority of our national government and constitution, in a day of turbulence and terror ; I have defended the purity and dignity of religion, and of our sacred establishment ; I have pleaded the cause of sound literature and of true philosophy ; I have recalled the public attention to poetry without conceit, and to criticism without affectation ; I have endeavoured to secure to women their honour, social rank, and happiness, by an attempt to turn the thoughts and hearts of the inhabitants of this island, from works of obscenity and indecency, from the morals and manners of atheists and democratic spoilers, to the wisdom of the just ; and I have boldly invaded the strong holds of impiety and anarchy, *plebeian or tribunitian*.

“ I have done all this ; and I have offended many. I have brushed away the insects of literature, whether fluttering or creeping ; I have shaken the little stems of many a plant, and the flowrets have fallen ; I have almost degraded myself by an attention to minute objects in the service of the public ; and I am called upon to defend myself. No. My countenance is unaltered ; my perseverance is unbroken ; the spirit and tenour of my speech are yet the same ; my words are firm. *Semel causam dici (vel iterum dicturus) quo semper agere omnia solitus sum. Accusatorio Spiritu.*”

I trust that I shall be readily excused for paying this my little tribute of respect and of veneration to one of the most distinguished writers which the world ever saw, and to whom this country is most particularly indebted for the *labour of love*, that he has undergone for its sake. But I have, yet, another reason why I wished thus unequivocally and undisguisedly to give my opinion to the public on the merits of this most extraordinary man. It is this :—In a work, lately published, called *Critical and Philosophical Essays, by the Author of the*

*Adviser*, Vol. I. page 202, there is a most unfortunate blunder, owing to the inaccuracy of the printer, or the corrector of the press; and which blunder may easily lead the reader to imagine that the author had passed the severest libel on his own understanding, by ranking *one of the very foremost of writers* in the same class with those of the lowest and most contemptible order of scribblers. I did not discover the error till the book was published; for, it being printed, and the proof-sheets corrected at Oxford, I never saw the work till the whole impression had been taken off, and the volume was actually on sale. The passage runs thus:

“ We cannot, however, be misled by the distempered ravings of this man’s dreams, if we only keep this great and simple truth steadily in view; *that taste, like all other knowledge, is altogether acquired by education*, and, consequently, that the perfection of taste is directly as the knowledge, and inversely as the ignorance of a people; hence we can easily account for the neglect of such writers as Bacon, Locke, Newton, Milton, [and here, it was intended, should



follow, *The Pursuits of Literature*; but, by a strange mistake, this admirable book, as will be seen presently, was thrust in between the names of *Murphy* and *The Public Characters*,] Burney, Johnson, Sir William Jones, Adam Smith, Dugald Stewart, and a thousand others; while Blair, Malone, Murphy, *The Pursuits of Literature*, the *Public Characters*, Monboddo, Harris, Peter Pindar, and an innumerable spawn of dullness and malignity, are cherished and admired by a nation, which arrogates to itself the name of civilized and learned."

A more unlucky error could not have crept into the book; because it implies, that the author is either so dull, or so malignant, or both, that he can shut his eyes against the paramount excellence of a writer, whom, *if we take him but for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again.*

It is needless to say, that, if ever another edition of *The Critical and Philosophical Essays* shall be called for by the public, this and many other faults and carelessnesses shall be remedied and amended.

But to return. This admirable writer shows, throughout his book, and particu-

larly in the following lines, that *learning and learned men have not met with that support and encouragement, from the rulers of this nation, which are their due ; and which it is essentially the interest of the rulers to afford ;* probably, owing to the general ignorance and contempt of this most important truth, namely, *that the interests of government and of literature are inseparably blended together ; they must go hand in hand, or neither of them can ever prosper.* Let the British government extend the hand of friendship and of affection to her intellectual children, and the empire will flourish and thrive throughout all her departments ; let this be done steadily and uniformly, and the *national motto* might then be justly thus inscribed :

*“ Come the three corners of the world in arms  
And we shall shock them.”*

These are the lines of that poet, of the present age, who, like the bird of day, always turns his eye upwards to the sun :

*“ Say, would your thought to Homer’s pomp aspire,  
Or, wake to loftiest rapture, Pindar’s lyre ?  
Go, then, and view, since clos’d his cloister’d day,  
The self-supported, melancholy Gray :*

Dark was his morn of life, and bleak the spring,  
*Without one fostering ray from Britain's king;*  
Granta's dull abbots cast a sidelong glance,  
And Levite gownsmen *hugg'd their ignorance.*  
With his high spirit strove the master bard,  
And was his own *exceeding great reward.*  
Saw you not *Mason* stand with downcast eye,  
*While great Augustus pass'd unconscious by?*  
Till, wrapt in terrors of avenging night,  
He starts *Macgreggor* with dilated might.  
Have you not seen neglected *Penrose* bloom,  
Then sink unhonour'd in a village tomb?  
Content a curate's humble path he trod,  
Now with the poor in spirit rests with God.  
To worth untitled would your fancy turn?  
The muse all friendless wept o'er *Mickle's* urn:  
*Mickle*, who bade the strong poetic tide  
*Roll e'er Britannia's shores in Lusitanian pride.*

I have had the good fortune, once in my life, to meet with young Burns, the eldest son of the poet. The young gentleman pleased me much; he was very young, but his countenance indicated great power and strength of mind; his deportment was free and easy, and his conversation manly and judicious. Whatever he had to say he said it without affectation, but with a steadiness which evinced a mind accustomed to think and to repose with a becoming con-

fidence in its own powers. May those men who suffered the father to perish, now feel that they are called upon to foster and to cherish the scion of that noble stock,

“ Whose top-branch over-peer'd Jove's spreading tree,  
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,  
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept!!!”

Peace be to the ashes of this high and mighty bard! and do ye, who trembled at the living lion, rear with fostering hand his royal progeny.

“ Ζευ, Ζευ, θεορος των δε πραγματων γενε.  
Ιδε δε γεναν ευνιν αιετα πατρος,  
Θανοντος εν πλεκταισι και σπειραμασι  
Δεινης εχιδνης· τρισδ' απωρφανισμενους  
Νηστις πιεζει λιμος. ου γαρ εντελης  
Θηραν πατρων προσφερειν σκηνημασιν.”

“ Look down, great king of heaven, look down,  
behold  
These deeds of baseness; *see an orphan race,  
Reft of the parent eagle*, that, inwreath'd  
In the dire serpent's spiry volumes, perish'd.  
*They, unprotected, feel th' oppressive pangs  
Of famine*, yet too weak to wing their flight,  
And, like their parent, fill their nest with prey.”



May the names of Fergusson, of Bruce, and of Burns, all gifted with the true fire of genius, and all of whom the Scottish nation has seen, without feeling or remorse, pine under the accumulated weight, and suffer all the horrors of poverty, of disease, and of neglect, and finally sink into the grave *without any comforter to close their eyes*, call up the blush of shame upon the cheeks of the inhabitants of Caledonia, and rouse them to endeavour, by deeds of future mercy and benevolence, *to erase from their national character this deeply indented brand of infamy!!!*

What Burns was we have seen. Of Bruce I know little or nothing, save that I have read his poems with pleasure. I understand that he was *a common sailor, and died in extreme poverty at a very early age*. Upon recollection, I believe that some little account of his life is prefixed to his works, collected in one volume duodecimo. I have not the book by me to refer to, and therefore cannot be certain as to this point.

Neither do I know much of Fergusson, save that he was a man of very prime abilities, and, as I am informed, was suffered

*to perish at the age of three and twenty, in a hovel, literally without covering, without food, without a single human being to look after him and soothe his last hours, in all the agonies of delirium and frantic madness, occasioned by the forlorn wretchedness of his situation.*

The following extract may give the reader some idea of the loss which the nation sustained when this son of genius was suffered to be blasted in his bud, even before his petals had expanded, and the flower had been permitted to blossom into fruit.

“ I cannot express my happiness sufficiently at the instance of your attachment to my late inestimable friend, Bob Ferguson, who was particularly intimate with myself and relations. While I recollect with pleasure his extraordinary talents, and many amiable qualities, it affords me the greatest consolation that I am honoured with the correspondence of his successor in national simplicity and genius. That Mr. Burns has refined in the art of poetry must be readily admitted; but, notwithstanding many favourable representations, I am yet to learn that he inherits his convivial powers.

“ There was such a richness of conversation, such a plenitude of fancy and attraction in him, that, when I call the happy period of our intercourse to my memory, I feel myself in a state of delirium. I was then younger than him by eight or ten years, but his manner was so felicitous that he enraptured every person around him, and infused into the hearts of young and old the spirit and animation which operated on his own mind.”

What opinion Burns himself entertained of Fergusson may be readily seen by the following account, which shows how much the *voice of Coila* was interested in doing honour to the memory of a kindred genius.

“ Extr. Property in favour of Mr. Robert Burns, to erect and keep up a headstone in memory of poet Fergusson. 1787.

“ Session House, within the kirk of Canongate, the twenty-second day of February, one thousand seven hundred eighty-seven years.

“ Sederunt of the managers of the kirk and kirk-yard funds of Canongate.

“ Which day the treasurer to the said funds produced a letter from Mr. Robert

Burns, of date the sixth current, which was read and appointed to be engrossed in their sederunt-book, and of which letter the tenor follows :

“ To the honourable bailies of Canon-gate, Edinburgh. Gentlemen, I am sorry to be told that the remains of Robert Fergusson, the so justly celebrated poet, a man whose talents for ages to come will do honour to our Caledonian name, lie in your church-yard, among the ignoble dead, unnoticed and unknown.

“ Some memorial to direct the steps of the lovers of Scottish song, when they wish to shed a tear over the *narrow house* of the bard who is nò more, is surely a tribute due to Fergusson’s memory ; a tribute I wish to have the honour of paying. I petition you, then, gentlemen, to permit me to lay a simple stone over his revered ashes, to remain an unalienable property to his deathless fame. I have the honour to be, gentlemen, your very humble servant, (*sic subscribitur*) Robert Burns.

“ Thereafter the said managers, in consideration of the laudable and disinterested motion of Mr. Burns, and the propriety of



his request, did, and hereby do, unanimously grant power and liberty to the said Robert Burns to erect a head-stone at the grave of the said Robert Fergusson, and to keep up and preserve the same to his memory, in all time coming. Extracted *forth* of the records of the managers, by

“ WILLIAM SPROTT, Clerk.

“ This is the inscription on the stone:

“ Here lies Robert Fergusson, poet,  
Born September 5th, 1751.—Died 16th October, 1774.  
No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay,  
No storied urn, nor animated bust;  
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way  
To pour her sorrows o'er her Poet's dust.”

“ On the other side of the stone is as follows:

“ By special grant of the managers to Robert Burns, who erected this stone, this burial-place is to remain for ever sacred to the memory of Robert Fergusson.”

As this is my day for quoting, and my hand is fairly in for it, I will present a few more sentences respecting this tomb-stone of Fergusson. They are from a letter of a nameless correspondent to Burns.

“ So you have obtained liberty from the magistrates to erect a stone over Fergusson’s grave? I do not doubt it; such things have been, as Shakspeare says, in the olden time.

“ The poet’s fate is here in emblem shown,  
*He ask’d for bread, and he receiv’d a stone.*”

“ It is, I believe, upon poor *Butler’s* tomb that this is written. But how many brothers of Parnassus, as well as *poor Butler* and *poor Fergusson*, have asked for bread and have been served with the same sauce.

“ The magistrates *gave you liberty*, did they? Oh generous magistrates! —, celebrated over the three kingdoms for his public spirit, gives a poor poet liberty to raise a tomb to a poor poet’s memory! Most generous! —, once upon a time, gave that same poet the mighty sum of *eighteen pence* for a copy of his works. But then it must be considered that the poet was, at this time, *absolutely starving*, and besought his aid with all the earnestness of hunger; and over and above he received a — worth, at least, one third of the value

in exchange, but which, I believe, the poet afterwards very ungratefully expunged."

Dr. Currie very justly observes on this letter, "that the writer was mistaken in supposing the magistrates of Edinburgh had any share in the transaction respecting the monument erected for Fergusson by our bard. This, it is evident, passed between Burns and the kirk-session of the Canongate. *Neither at Edinburgh nor any where else, do magistrates trouble themselves to inquire how the house of a poor poet is furnished, or how his grave is adorned.*"

Before I quit entirely so very interesting a subject as that which relates to Burns or to his writings, I would wish to offer a few remarks concerning the propriety or impropriety of endeavouring to diffuse, as widely as possible throughout the world, the knowledge of the poems of this inestimable bard. The edition of Burns's works, which Dr. Currie has presented to the public, is beyond all praise. The editor has evinced himself, by his observations and remarks throughout the book, to be a man of raised and superior talents, an accurate and extensive scholar, a judicious ob-

server of men and things, a profound explorer of the human heart, an elegant and a spirited writer.

Such an edition as this, perhaps, none but Dr. Currie can give. Indeed it is all that can be expected or desired; it is worthy of the poet whose immortal productions it ushers into the world. But its price is, unavoidably, too great for the generality of purchasers. No doubt all who can afford it, and are blessed with the least capability of relishing and of appreciating the effusions of genius and of taste, will not hesitate a single moment about buying this book, but will rather hasten to obtain possession of so valuable a treasure, a treasure greater than what India boasts.

Nevertheless, it seems a hard thing for the great majority of readers in the British empire, to be deprived of the pleasure and the benefit resulting from the perusal of such a poet as Burns. Perhaps, with the exception of *the Scriptures*, no writer is so much calculated to rouse the imagination into a state of the highest pleasurable excitement, and to soften and to purify all the best and finest sensations of the



heart, all the sensations which heighten, confirm, and strengthen our efforts after virtue, integrity, and benevolence. I would most earnestly desire, that not a single peasant in Great Britain, not an individual, rich or poor, in this kingdom, might exist, who was not permitted, nay, encouraged, to read and to study that exquisite poem, *The Cotter's Saturday Night*.

It is impossible that any one can peruse this most interesting and pathetic production, so as to comprehend its import and its meaning, without becoming better qualified than before, to discharge his duty to himself, to his fellow-creatures, and to his God; without knowing and feeling, in a higher degree, the great blessings inseparably annexed to the performance of the sacred and hallowed charities of father, brother, husband, son, and citizen. It is a lesson of pure morality and of genuine unsophisticated religion, from which the *divine* might draw rich sources of instruction; it contains precepts of liberal and of enlarged policy and patriotism, from which the *statesman* might derive benefit and knowledge; it abounds in the dictates of extended and exalted mercy

and benevolence, by which the *philosopher* might better learn how to regulate his own conduct aright, and to teach others how to steer their course with propriety.

Now, in order to render the diffusion of Burns's works as general and as universal as possible, the only method which can be adopted, is to print the best and most select of his poems, in a cheap pocket volume. If it were accompanied with short critical notes, by way of running commentary, illustrative of the peculiar beauties of Burns, it would be so much the better, and might contain sound and steady principles of *philosophical criticism* ; I mean criticism founded on the only basis on which it ever can stand with propriety or advantage, *the investigation of the faculties of the human mind.*

But as the *mania* for *wood-cuts* and *copper-plate engravings* has become endemic, and has infected all orders of people, so that no book, not *even Sturme's reflections on the works of God*, can now show its head without a *cut* by way of ornament, staring you in the face like a disbanded soldier with a black patch over his left eye, I suppose that poor Burn must also be loaded

and bedaubed with *wood-cuts* and *copper-cuts*, and I know not what cuts. All which I could very readily dispense with, because it unnecessarily enhances the price, and does not add one *iota* to the beauty of an author's style, or the dignity of his sentiment. However, I would rather have Burns with the incumbrance of *wood-cuts* than not have him at all.

To be sure, if these *concerns* amuse some people who are fond of seeing *pretty little pictures*, and, perhaps, trouble not their heads about *the other contents* of a book, I have no objection to their being multiplied so as to be like Pharaoh's frogs, in our houses, and our chambers, and our closets, and upon our beds, and under our beds, and *in all our offices of every description*. But I am vexed when I see them retard the sale of any useful book which ought to be extensively circulated, by augmenting its price so as to put it beyond the reach of the generality of purchasers.

Whether Burns, however, appears with or without *cuts or notes*, it is particularly necessary that the poet's widow and children should profit, in some measure, by the

sale of such an edition. Wherefore, if any person shall publish the poems of the bard of Caledonia, in the manner just now mentioned, it is to be hoped and trusted that he will allow the widow of Burns a share in the profits of the sale. Nor can any objection be raised to this measure on the plea of its having a tendency to hurt the sale of Dr. Currie's edition. On the contrary, it would rather promote it than not, by setting forth the reasons why such an edition was published, namely, to render a service to the poet's widow and family, and to the world, by a more general diffusion of the poems of Burns than is compatible with the price of Currie's edition, which cannot be purchased by the generality of readers; and also by stating, in the strongest terms, the unrivalled excellence of Dr. Currie's edition, and the firm persuasion that whoever can afford to buy it will immediately make himself master of such an invaluable addition to British literature.

Whoever publishes an edition of Burns on such terms as these, will be a public benefactor, and deserve the thanks of all



good men, of all who wish to promote the best interests of humanity.

We sate a full hour with Macnaughtan, after he had shown us all that we wished to see, and held a long discourse with him. He seemed very desirous of detaining us, in order to get information upon many subjects, on which he plied us with questions. It was our business to learn what we could from all whom we encountered, not to tell what we knew, for that was of very little consequence to the people with whom we met. As our host, however, appeared to be gratified by having any thing which he asked about explained, we suffered ourselves, for a season, to be converted from interrogators into respondents.

Among many other questions which he put to us, he asked if we could tell him why, *in almost, if not in all, civilized countries, female-servants had less wages than the male, although they, in general, worked harder, and were obliged to buy their own clothes, whereas the men-servants generally were provided with a livery, or some kind of covering.* This circumstance, he said, had often puz-

zled him to account for ; it seemed an injustice, and he supposed it to arise from the tyranny which men, for the most part, in every nation, exercise over the women.

We answered, that if he would have patience to listen to us, we would endeavour to clear up this matter to his satisfaction.

The price of every commodity is always proportioned to the effectual demand made for that commodity. It is lower or higher as the quantity of the commodity is greater or less.

By keeping this simple truth in view, you will be able very readily to account for the wages of female servants being lower than those of the male. There are a very many ways by which men can earn their bread, besides that of going into service, namely, the army, the navy, the plough, manufactories, &c. &c. But all this reduces the number of competitors for the place of male-servant, and, consequently, by lessening the quantity increases the price ; because *an effectual demand* is continually made for them, and the competition is greater among those who want ser-

vants than among those who want places, and the masters *outbid* one another.

That this is so, daily experience teaches us; for we find it no very easy matter to get a man-servant when we want one; the number of these commodities which is upon sale, is not sufficient to answer the demand of the market, and, consequently, those who want to buy such a commodity must give an advanced price for it.

It is not so with women: they have very few methods by which they can obtain a livelihood, unless by going to service. Consequently, the number of competitors for the place of female-servant is so much greater than that of those who want to employ them, that they *undersell* one another. A female-servant is a cheap article, because the market is over-stocked. Women have scarcely any other mode of procuring bread, for the major part of them cannot exist by the labour of their hands at spinning, the almost only employment which is allowed them, or which they can follow, and therefore flock in shoals to offer themselves for service. Whence mistresses, without knowing the general prin-

ciple which regulates all these matters, but merely in conformity to the dictates of what they conceive to be their own *self* interest; seeing that the number of competitors outruns the *effectual demand* for them, take advantage of this circumstance, and let them beat each other down in the value of their wages, by the earnestness of competition stimulated by hunger, and sharpened by want, and thus get *their female-servants cheap*.

And this is constantly seen to be the fact; for if it is known in the morning that a woman-servant's place is vacant any where in the neighbourhood, before night several candidates for the employment are crowding in to fill up the vacancy.

Thus you see how this question stands. The price of any article is directly as the demand for it, and inversely as the number of competitors to supply that demand. There is a greater demand for men-servants than for masters, and of course the wages of men-servants are high; there is a greater demand for mistresses than for female servants, and in consequence the wages of



female-servants are low. In the first case, the competition is greatest among the *employers*, and they *outbid* one another; in the second instance, the competition is greatest among the *employed*, and they *undersell* each other.

Macnaughtan smiled, and thanked us for our explanation, which, he said, was perfectly clear to him, and he should remember it as long as he lived; but, added he,—I do not like the *indifference* with which you seem to speak of these things; why do you call *men and women articles and commodities*, as if they were mere pieces of lumber, blocks of dead inanimate matter? Whatever be their station, they were formed in the image of God their Creator, and *should not be considered so slightly, nor reckoned only as parcels of trade and merchandize.*

We could scarcely refrain from smiling at the ingenuous simplicity of our host, and the zeal with which he stood up in defence of the *dignity of human nature*. We assured him, that our mode of speaking was not intended to convey the least idea of disrespect either for God or the works of his creation, for both of which we enter-

tained all imaginable reverence and veneration: but that we had used these terms merely for the purpose of rendering our explanation easy and familiar, so as to be comprehended without trouble; because many of the most important and necessary truths are prevented from being generally known by their being wrapt up in abstruse jargon, and unintelligible cant.

To this Macnaughtan replied, that he was glad to find we did not mean by our expressions, to speak *irreverently* of the Almighty and the works of his hands; but he desired that, in future, we would never use such terms, because, by accustoming yourselves to talk of your fellow-creatures as mere *machines*, or *articles of trade* or *commodities*, you will by and by learn to *consider* them as such, and care very little about their welfare; will forget that they have *immortal souls*, and therefore cannot be *objects of contempt*; and thereby dishonour God and corrupt your own hearts, by filling yourselves up with pride, and making you fancy that your brethren are very much your inferiors.

This sentiment of Macnaughtan's was

so full of mercy and of Christian charity, evinced such a dignified simplicity of heart, that we gazed upon him with the mingled sensations of affection and admiration, as a being of *whom the world was not worthy*. To think that we should find amidst rugged rocks and barren heaths, quite shut out from the world, and all its relations and dependencies, in the very depth of poverty, and of want, of anguish and of sorrow, unheard and unregarded, *a man*, whose mind was firm and unbending as his native hills, whose heart was the seat of a pure and holy religion, an unblenched and incorruptible integrity, that would not have disgraced the first apostles of Christianity!!!

Of what inestimable value would the example of such a one be, if he was placed in a situation, where *his light could so shine before men, that his Father which is in heaven might be glorified!!!*

“ Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear,  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
*And waste its sweetness in the desert air.*”

We were very desirous of knowing the

opinion which *such a man* entertained of the national character of the British people, and we, therefore, asked him what were the general features of the English, and the Scottish, and the Irish.

My opinion, replied Macnaughtan, upon these subjects, concerning which I cannot be supposed to have much opportunity of information, is not perhaps worth hearing; but such as it is, is at your service. The English, for the most part, are a noble and a generous people; they are brave, industrious, active, and ingenious; witness the almost incredible exertions which they make, and the apparently impracticable enterprizes which they execute. But they have many faults, most of which I attribute to their ignorance, which is indeed very great, and much to be pitied. They are very proud and insolent, and apt to consider themselves as superior to all other nations, which is partly true; but many of them, as individuals, have no reason to value themselves upon any very great excellence, either of understanding or of morals.



The high and rich people, I understand, are more humane and benevolent, and *better behaved* than in other countries ; perhaps *from having some religion among them*. The middle orders are, in general, very respectable, and very good, giving excellent examples of the superiority of virtue and knowledge over every other consideration. Although there are many even among them that do no honour to the *name of man*. I mean those that they call '*Squires*, who seem to glory in their shame, and think that they were sent into the world merely to gratify their sensual appetites, and thus become but little better than beasts, consuming their time in eating, and drinking, and sleeping, and all manner of bodily indulgencies ; and their discourse is chiefly nothing that can improve the mind or mend the heart ; only about their sports and diversions, such as a fox-chace, a horse-race, or their own estates ; so that they seem fitter to be *whippers-in, and grooms, and bailiffs*, than gentlemen who have had a liberal education.

Indeed, most of the English of all ranks, are too much given to *gutting* ; so that a

stranger would imagine that an Englishman's chief business was *to eat*. This, however, I do not so much mind, as their country is very fertile, and perhaps better cultivated than any other in the world. But I could wish the *morals* of the great body of the people were better; it is really quite shocking for a man who thinks seriously upon this life, and upon the life to come, to see and hear of the profligacy of the people in England. I do not speak of the rich, for they are, comparatively speaking, but few in number, and have very many temptations to evil continually thrown in their way; nor of the middle ranks, for their conduct in general is very exemplary; but of the *poor*, the lower orders of the state.

Whatever may be the cause, it is a deplorable truth, that the greatest part of the English poor are *ignorant, drunken, quarrelsome, and dreadfully given to profane cursing and swearing*. And with all their spirit and proneness to violence, they are *mere slaves*, for most of them *live upon the parish*; and what greater slavery can exist than that of *eating the bread of dependence, and of*

*drinking the water of affliction out of another's cistern?* This matter may lie too deep for me to discover its cause; but I cannot help suspecting, that if the English poor were *properly educated*, and trained up in habits of religion, of decency, and of industry, we should not see *ale-houses* and *gin-shops*, at the distance of every few yards, crowded with people, nor be shocked at *hearing the name of God blasphemed*, every time that a peasant opened his mouth.

The English, continued he, have every advantage from nature and from art, that can contribute to the happiness of man; and if they would *worship their Creator more*, *pay less attention to their bodies*, and *bestow greater care in improving their minds*, they might be an example to all nations of virtue and of goodness, as they now are of courage and ingenuity. But, depend upon it, no country can be really happy where vice and wickedness are seen in all its corners; there must be misery within; *and what signifies all outward show, if the heart be not at rest?* We all know, from Scripture, and from experience, that there never was, and never will be, *peace to the wicked*.

I know it is the custom to speak ill of the Irish; but I do not think it to be either wise or just to condemn whole nations and people by the lump. It is our duty to speak of individuals as we find them really to be; and of such there will always be both good and bad among every people. But I cannot believe that there exists a nation under heaven where *all* the inhabitants are bad. I do not see how they could *hold together as a nation*, for there is *no firm bond of connexion between the wicked*. What is to cement wicked people together? *Oaths and promises are mere straws* to one who does not believe in a future state and a day of judgment; and where *truth* is disregarded no ground of confidence can exist, and all connexion between man and man must cease.

The Irish great men are like the great men every where else, I suppose, apt to think that *there is not so much difference between them and God, as there is between them and the poor*. The middle orders in Ireland have not yet the same incitements to industry and respectability of character, as their neighbours, the English, have, and



therefore, we should not pronounce harshly upon them, for they have many very good and noble qualities; they are generous, hospitable, and brave; they are thoughtless and impetuous, to be sure, but that is owing to the native energy of their mind, which is at present undirected to any object capable of properly employing all *the fire of their souls*.

The peasantry of Ireland are very hospitable and kind to strangers. That they have shown themselves very bloody and ferocious must be attributed to their *ignorance*, which is perhaps greater than that of any other nation, owing to the prevalence of that most horrid of all tyrannies, the Roman catholic religion. I have no doubt that if the Irish poor are ever properly educated and instructed, they will become a very useful and respectable order of men.

It is very usual among us to speak ill of the Lowland Scots, and for them to speak ill of us; but this is a foolish wicked custom, and originates in national hatred and jealousy, which every good man sincerely wishes were buried at the bottom of the sea. For my own part, I love to contemplate

the virtue, rather than to dwell on the vice, of my fellow-creatures ; and I can always find enough goodness in other people to make me look upon them with *a brother's eye*, and to humble myself before God. The Lowland Scottish possess many great and excellent qualifications. The rich men are not worse, and I know not that they are better, than the great in other countries. The middle orders are, in general, sober, industrious, and thriving.

But it is the peasantry, the poor, among the Lowlands, that so far surpass the people of the same station in other countries. They are better taught, more industrious, their morals are infinitely purer, than those of the English. You will not, perhaps, meet with a poor man in Scotland who cannot read and write, and cast accounts, and perhaps understand a little Latin. And we see the blessed consequences of their good conduct, all of which I attribute to the *schools erected in every parish throughout the kingdom, where all the children of the poor are instructed*. The consequences of their exemplary behaviour is, that at home they live in peace and tranquillity, studying to

be quiet, and mind their own business, so that capital punishments *or murders by law* are seldom seen in the country; and intemperance, sensual profligacy, cursing, and swearing, and riotous proceedings, are very uncommon. And abroad, when they go into other countries, the same habits of industry and decency of behaviour, *with their superior understanding, and more extensive knowledge*, enable them to carry all before them, and to make their way to all the riches, power, and honours which this world can give.

Thus you see that, by the wise and just institution of a *general education*, the Scottish nation is enabled to bring *more ability to market*, as you would call it, in your way of classing every thing as *merchandize and commodities*, than other kingdoms can. Whence the Scottish are *greater benefactors to mankind*, because those people which in other countries pass their whole life in ignorance and mere mechanical labour, without improvement, and without much more utility than *beasts of burden*, in Scotland, by the proper employment of their talents, render themselves serviceable in a great

variety of ways, and, by improving the practical arts and sciences, *increase the power and prosperity of the human race.*

You stare !—(our stare, by the by, was the stare of astonishment at his good sense and benevolence)—but this is really and truly the *national character* of the great body of the Scottish people. You very probably have met with some individuals that have not treated you kindly ; but others also of the same nation have received you cheerfully, and welcomed you with gladness. There will always be among a great number of human beings some individuals who do not sufficiently *respect themselves*, and consequently do not discharge their duty to their neighbour ; but we must not judge of the *national character* of a people from these solitary instances ; we must gather it from the *prevailing conduct* of the majority of the inhabitants. And if you will take the trouble of examining into the conduct of the Scottish poor, you will find it to be, in general, as I have said. They are for the most part, sober, moral, religious, decent, civil, kind, attentive, and affectionate. *If*



*I was not what I am, I should wish to be a Lowland Scot.*

This was exactly what we wanted to bring Macnaughtan to; namely, some account of the Highlanders; but we could not well ask him the question directly: now, however, as his heart was warmed by the exercise of the sentiments of genuine and enlarged benevolence and liberality which he had uttered upon the characters of the English, the Irish, and the Scottish, we ventured to hint, that we should feel ourselves gratified by hearing his opinion of the Highlanders, more particularly as we were so much delighted by his remarks on the other nations.

Our invaluable host felt the compliment thrill through every vein, and he drew himself up in his chair a full half inch higher than before, showing that he was fully sensible of the conscious dignity of being a Highlander. We were much pleased to see him enjoy such delight, although it could not last very long; indeed, a state of pleasurable excitement so very great as that roused by enthusiasm of any kind, in ardent and warm imaginations, is

more than the bodily frame can sustain, for any length of time, without having its thread of vitality snapped by a too great tension and over-stretching of the life-chords. Hence the languor and the lassitude of soul so perceptible after any very high sensations of mental enjoyment, whether proceeding from love, or devotion, or study, or affectionate intercourse with those who are dear to us; so that this state of existence which life affords, is always, to minds of acute sensibility and a powerful imagination, a continued alternation of ecstatic bliss and of poignant misery, with some little intervals, perhaps, of calm and of unruffled tranquillity.

But I had very nearly spoiled all, by un- luckily asking our landlord, *whose arms* those were which were painted on his signpost? He answered, with a look of surprize, and half-resentment at my ignorance, *the arms of my family, of the clan of the Macnaughtans.*

I bowed very lowly towards the ground, and apologized for my want of knowledge on this important subject, by observing, that in America and in all republics, we

had no such thing as family arms, neither did we deem heraldic claims of any consequence. But that, in our country, we valued every man according to the virtues of his heart, and the powers of his understanding.

Our host accepted the apology, and replied,—It is very right so to value men; but it is a noble and an elevating sensation to be conscious that our blood has run pure and uncontaminated for many generations, through the veins of the upright and the honourable. It is a great incitement to do well, when we know that *the spirits of our fathers are looking upon our actions from their habitations of bliss.*

As I by no means wished to do aught that might displease or offend one whom I so highly revered, I suffered him to ride on his hobby-horse in peace, and he proceeded.

If you wish to contemplate a noble and a manly character,—said he, with an elevated crest and an air of self-confidence,—you must look for it in the Highlander. Every thing that honour, and courage, and honesty, and hospitality, and intelligence,

and fidelity can give, he possesses ; his soul is neither bent down by slavery, neither is his heart contaminated by worldly cunning and deceit. With a mind enlightened by education, and strengthened by reflection, and with a heart softened by the best feelings of benevolence and love, he is, in the time of peace and tranquillity, gentle as a lamb, mild and kind to all around him ; the honour and the guardian of his wife, the support and the protector of his children.

But in the hour of danger and in the day of battle, he is terrible as a lion roused from his lair ; scorning flight and despising death, he either sleeps in the field of war, or returns crowned with victory. And when the fight is done he no longer knows an enemy ; for an Highlander wars not with the vanquished, neither does he trample upon the fallen ; but in the midst of conquest remembers mercy, because he fights not for the desire of blood, but to vindicate the honour of his country, and to protect all that is dear to the heart of man.

He looks beyond the grave, and rejoices



in the prospect of a life to come ; he bears the numerous ills which afflict his body with patience, because they are but for a season, and then depart ; he knows that his soul is immortal, and that no power of man can harm it. Barren as is his soil, and scanty as is his means of existence, he eats with cheerfulness the bread which he has earned by the labour of his hands, and by the sweat of his brow, and drinks his water, pure and unmixed, as it flows adown the rock, and humbles his soul before his Maker with thanksgiving and with praise, and shares his pittance with the stranger and the afflicted.

If you want any enterprize performed which demands steady and unbending courage, energetic and vigilant activity, patient industry and unwearied toil, the endurance of pain, of hunger, and of watching, the exercise of ingenuity and skill, a heart to feel, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute, you must look for the Highlander, *and he will do it.* He shrinks from no danger, he refuses no labour, if he is called upon to do aught that is right before God, and can benefit his fellow-men.

I bless the Almighty that I was born a Highlander; and if it pleased *Him* that I might be *allowed to earn a livelihood here, for myself and for my babes, I would end my days in the country where I first drew breath, and have my bones laid in the burying-place of my fore-fathers.*

His heart was now full; it wrung his soul to think that he must soon be compelled to leave the spot of earth which first hailed him on his entrance into life, and which was dearer to him than his own existence; he cast a look of unutterable anguish over his native hills, heaved a deep-drawn sigh, and closed his lips in silence.

“ My soul turn from them, turn we to survey  
Where rougher climes a nobler race display;  
A valiant race their stony mansion tread,  
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread.  
Yet still, e'en here, content can spread a charm,  
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.  
Tho' poor the peasant's hut, his feasts tho' small,  
He sees his little lot, the lot of all.  
Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,  
Breathes the keen air and carols as he goes.  
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,  
Or drives his vent'rous ploughshare to the steep.  
At night returning, every labour sped,  
He sits him down the monarch of a shed:

Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys  
*His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;*  
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,  
Displays her cleanly platter on the board,  
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,  
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.  
Thus every good his native wilds impart  
*Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;*  
And e'en those ills that round his mansion rise,  
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.  
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,  
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;  
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,  
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast.  
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar,  
But bind him to his native mountains more."

The time was now come when we were to depart, in all probability, for ever, from a man whose character is such as would dignify and adorn any station. He walked with us a little way, and then we took leave of each other, not without regret on our parts, and, as it seemed, not without reluctance on his.

Never, oh never, while the vital current shall roll its crimson tide in my veins, will I forget to esteem, to honour, and to reverence thee, O Macnaughtan! and to hold up, as an example worthy of the imita-

tion of all that breathe, thy tender goodness of heart, thy ardent desire after knowledge, and thy firm unbending loftiness of mind, all attempered and softened by the blessed influence of religion!!!

I shall not deem it foreign from my purpose to offer some remarks upon a few observations of this inestimable human being, more particularly, because I wish never to cease from inculcating this most important truth, *that knowledge, liberty, and virtue, always go hand in hand.* A truth which only requires to be generally known, in order entirely to change the face of human nature, and, by a universal plan of education, to diffuse happiness, power, and religion, throughout those places which are now the abodes of misery, of debility, and of wickedness.

That the atrocities committed so lately by the Irish peasantry, to which Mac-naughtan alluded, with his usual gentleness and mercy, arise from their ignorance, there can be no doubt; that the great mass of the people in Ireland are deplorably ignorant, is a fact beyond all contradiction; and that ignorance prevents



the growth of those finer feelings which are the essence of humanity and tenderness, can surely require no proof. That the Irish peasantry possess the seeds of goodness and of greatness, which will spring up and bear fruit when they are watered by the streams of instruction, and cherished by the beams of attentive affection, every one will allow who has witnessed their hospitality and artless good humour in their happier hours of gaiety and mirth. But, at present, their native energy and fire are palsied by the benumbing influence of ignorance and of want.

“ For knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne’er unroll.  
Chill penury confines their noble rage,  
*Freezing the genial currents of their soul.*”

That liberty is the best, if not the only soil, in which knowledge thrives, we learn from the experience of all ages, the records of whose transactions have been suffered to glide down the stream of time into our possession. I cannot deny myself the pleasure of a testimony in favour of this position, which is to be found in one of the most distinguished historians of the present

day, and one who has also bound the unfading wreath of poetry round his brows. His words are these :

“ Florence has been remarkable in modern history for the frequency and violence of its internal dissensions, and for the predilection of its inhabitants for every species of science, and every production of art. However discordant these characteristics may appear, they are not difficult to reconcile ; the same active spirit that calls forth the talents of individuals for the preservation of their liberties, and resists with unconquerable resolution whatever is supposed to infringe them, in the moments of domestic peace and security seeks with avidity other objects of employment. *The defence of freedom has always been found to strengthen and expand the mind ;* and though the faculties of the human race may remain torpid for generations, when once roused into action they cannot speedily be lulled again into inactivity and repose.”

The same great truth, that *freedom and knowledge* travel on together, is shown forth by a fact of a directly contrary nature to

the one just mentioned, and thus related by the same elegant and accurate historian.

“ The internal tranquillity of Venice is remarkably contrasted with the turbulence of Florence ; but the Venetian nobility had erected their authority on the necks of the people, and Venice was *a republic of nobles with a populace of slaves*. In no country was despotism ever reduced to a more accurate system. The proficiency made by the Venetians in literature has, accordingly, borne no proportion to the rank which they have in other respects held among the Italian states.

“ The talents of the higher orders were devoted to the support of their authority, or the extension of their territory ; and among the lower class, *with their political rights their emulation was effectually extinguished*. Whilst the other principal cities of Italy were daily producing works of genius, Venice was content with the humble but more lucrative employment of communicating those works to the public by means of the press. Other governments have exhibited different aspects of different times, according to the temper of the sovereign or the passions of the multi-

tude ; but Venice has uniformly preserved the same settled features, and remains to the present day a phænomenon in political history.”

I cannot refrain from relating an anecdote which marks in the strongest manner the vigilant and unrelenting tyranny of the Venetian government, as it existed in the year 1795.

In the spring of this year an English gentleman was at Venice, where he had been for some few weeks. One morning early he was called upon by a *civil officer*, and ordered to go with him, the officer, immediately before the senate.—Sir,—replied the astonished Englishman,—you must have made some mistake, I am quite a stranger here, the senate can have no business to transact with me.—The officer answered, that it was as much as his head was worth to make any mistake, and that the gentleman must positively follow him directly.

Seeing that he had no alternative, John Bull c'en trudged along, with a heavy heart, a reluctant step, and a wo-begone rueful aspect, after his courteous guide,



who conducted him through the streets to a spacious mansion; and when they had traversed a long passage, and were come into a small square yard, he bade his follower look round upon his right hand. He did so, and beheld a man hanging from a gallows, and writhing in the convulsive agonies of death. The traveller shuddered at this spectacle, and after he had been permitted to gaze upon it for some minutes, he was thus addressed by his guide :

That man whom you see suspended on a gibbet, is a Venetian tradesman; he was at a coffee-house last night, where *he talked about the government of Venice, for which he is now hanged; you listened to his conversation, for which also you ought to be hanged; but, as you are a stranger, the senate has, in the plenitude of its mercy, only ordered that you should see the consequences of talking politics in this country, and that you leave the state in twelve hours, under pain of incurring the penalty of death.*

The English gentleman made a very low bow to his conductor, and wished him a very good morning; he then hastened to

his lodgings, packed up his moveables, and sheered off with all possible dispatch from a place where he found that men were hanged *for hearing as well as speaking*. God bless those that are deaf, quoth he, for they cannot be convicted of listening to much purpose; however, the Lord be thanked, that things are ordered better than this in England, where a man may both *hear and speak* too, without being called upon the next morning by a grim-looking fellow, with a message from the senate, that he *must come and be hanged directly, for they are in a hurry*.

It is asserted by Rousseau, who was fond of displaying his ingenuity by advancing opinions contrary to truth and experience, that, *the arts and sciences are incompatible with freedom*. What his notion of freedom may be, can be of very little consequence to inquire, if it is a state of existence from which the arts and sciences are to be banished, for without them what is to render life an object of desire? They constitute by far the greatest portion of human knowledge; and gaining knowledge is, in fact, the only means which we

possess of exercising the mind ; but upon the exertion of the intellectual faculties depends *all* the power which man possesses ; consequently, without the arts and sciences he would endure the worst of all slavery, even the slavery of ignorance, which renders the human animal so weak and defenceless, that he falls a prey to the first tyrant that vouchsafes to *use* him as a beast of burden or a machine, a mere instrument to execute his will.

So far from being incompatible with freedom, the arts and sciences cannot even have a beginning but in states, whose governments allow of some degree of liberty to the people ; because their very invention requires so much mental exertion as can only be employed by those who enjoy *leisure and security* ; two blessings which are the chief offspring of freedom. For without *leisure* where is the opportunity for intellectual exercise, and without *security* where is the incitement to mental energy ? It is in those kingdoms where capricious and arbitrary domination is excluded by wise and equitable institutions, that the universal mind of the community begins to

act, and a general tide of intellect to flow, in numerous and diversified channels, throughout the whole extent of the empire.

Where no restraints cripple competition, and the human mind is permitted to exert her energies free and uncontrolled, the spirit of honourable emulation and of noble rivalry pervades all ranks of people, and genius is roused by collision. On every side the stimulus to improvement is applied, and the soul of man, which can taste of bliss only while it is conscious of its working with activity and power, kindles all her fires, collects all her divergent rays, and directs them in one full blaze of light and glory, towards the search of truth and the acquisition of knowledge, till the beings who had hitherto been but little elevated in understanding or in virtue above the brutes that perish, feel the divinity that stirs within them, and become sensible of the destined end for which they were created, as heirs of immortality, as possessing indestructible faculties, which are always progressively augmenting in power in proportion as they are exerted, and with the



augmentation of their power increasing the capabilities of virtue and of happiness.

But where the laws, upon which the lives, the property, and the independance of the whole community hang, are merely the capricious and fluctuating inclinations of an uneducated and an ignorant despot, no arts or sciences can flourish, or even rear their head. The want of all *legal security* both of person and of property, the incessant dread of that arbitrary power which is continually exerted for the purposes of depredation and of destruction, and the intellectual torpescence which is the unavoidable consequence of injustice and oppression, all prevent their cultivation, and even stifle them in their birth, forbidding them from struggling into existence ; for the minds of the whole mass of the people are *shackled, tamed, and bondaged*.

Political must always imply intellectual slavery ; because no people, who were capable of *thinking and reasoning*, would permit tyrants to domineer over them, since they would feel their own power, and know that, to the steady and spirited resistance of a high-minded and an enlightened

people, the splendour of the purple and the weight of the sceptre would be but weakly and ineffectually opposed. Soon would the iron rod of oppression fall from the despot's feeble grasp, and the uplifted sabre drop from the withered arm of his affrighted satellites. Genius and ability can wave their pinions and expand their wings only in those countries where no injustice weighs them to the earth, and no cruelty of restraint depresses the boldness of their upward flight.

Add to this, that the arts and sciences can never rise amongst a people who groan under the pangs of penury and want. They require a certain degree of *leisure and of property* in the community, in order to enable them to pass over the threshold of existence. But *despotism*, by perpetual and arbitrary imposts and extortions, forbids the *general* accumulation of property; and, by laying the hand of its rapacity upon the produce of other's industry, it paralyses all the incitements to action; and invention, the mother of the arts and sciences, cannot be born. They, the arts and sciences, require the fostering indulgence of *liberty, of peace, of social order, of industry, and of property*, to

bring them to the birth, and to rear them in their infancy. In their first moments of life they are feeble, timid, and sickly; demanding all the tender care and more than maternal protection of a mild and equitable government, till they reach that firm and unbending vigour of manhood, which no violence can shake and no danger can appal.

And all the records of history, all the experience of ages, confirm the truth of the position, that *the arts and sciences go hand in hand with liberty*. When most of the domains of Asia writhed under the lash of arbitrary domination, and were involved in the thick mists of barbarity and of ignorance, the *free towns* exhibited all the various excellencies of the arts and sciences, liberal and mechanic. Witness Palmyra, the sea-ports of Natolia, and many other cities, over which the baneful influence of Asiatic despotism did not extend. Athens, Corinth, and those states of Greece, where the forms of government were propitious to liberty, attained to eminence in the arts and sciences; while *parta* and all the other *despotic* principalities were

sunk in the slumber of ignorance and of darkness.

Florence and Genoa, in modern Italy, sprang forward in their march towards civilization and refinement ; while Turin, Milan, and Naples, halted behind in the recesses of barbarism, and still lingered upon the confines of mental darkness.

While the other portions of the North lay steeped in the sleepy drench of the *middle ages*, which involved the great mass of mankind in the broad mantle of superstition and ignorance, for a long, long night of century heaped upon century, the towns which formed the Hanseatic league were enlightened and civilized.

In countries where popular liberty prevails, the end of government is to establish those institutions which tend to advance the interests of the *many*. Hence, *social order, peace, just and regular subordination, industry and plenty*, pervade all the departments of the empire, and bless all ranks of people. Hence arises that spirit of *honourable emulation*, free from the withering taint of envy, which produces all human improvements ; it is the emulation that in-



cites men to press forward to approximate towards that stand of ideal excellence which exists in the imagination, but which mechanical execution can never reach; not the emulation which prompts men to *rival* each other, and thereby introduces into the heart the baleful train of envy, of hatred, of malice, and of all uncharitableness.

In such a favourable situation the range of exertion is broad and ample. The efforts of art to correct the faults and to surpass the beauties of former models, are unwearyed, incessant, and often successful: and science, proceeding on the sure and steady ground of experiment, substitutes sound reasoning in the place of conjecture, and erects the temple of truth on the same spot where once vacillated the airy fabric of hypothesis. Hence, will men gradually and progressively advance towards the *perfection of taste*, that is, *the general opinion of excellence, entertained by sensible and enlightened minds*; for taste is the effect of superior sensibility and raised imagination, improved by culture; consequently, *the general opinion of people who possess such*

*minds, must be received as just, and from that opinion fixed rules of taste must be drawn; this, indeed, is the only true standard of taste which can be erected.*

But in despotic governments this emulation is destroyed; for, in countries crippled by arbitrary power, the arts and sciences, if they exist at all, owe their existence to private patronage and encouragement, not to public favour and protection. Hence the taste of the patron becomes the standard of excellence; and they who conform to this, are cherished, while they who do not, are turned over to neglect and contempt. But this retards the progress of improvement, by narrowing the avenues of competition, and forcing human ability to flow only in the narrow channels marked out to it by individual whim and private caprice, instead of suffering it to bound at large over the ocean's swelling tide, fanned by the favouring gales, and cheered by the auspicious breezes, *of public, of national patronage, general and comprehensive.*

Merit must often languish in obscurity and perish in oblivion, if its rise into notice depends upon the capricious and fluctuat-

ing munificence of patrons, rendered insolent by long continued prosperity, and vain, weak, and foolish, by want of education. The unbending loftiness of genius is not likely to be found in the porticoes of princes and of lords, proffering the servile strains of interested adulation; neither will it be seen offering up the incense of prostituted praise to the lapdogs and the parrots of *ladylings*. It demands rather than bestows homage; and if its energies and exertions are to be cherished, they must be cherished on the broadest and most liberal principles of *public and of governmental patronage*.

The protection and the encouragement which the arts and sciences receive in popular governments, is far different from those which are bestowed upon them by princes, and lords, and private patrons. Witness the Lyceum, the Academy, and the Portico at Athens, which held out a noble stimulus to the exertions of *all* her citizens, and thus directed the stream of public ability in one broad and ample tide to the service of intellectual improvement. In comparison with these institutions what is the boasted patronage of individuals,

however exalted by rank, and however abounding in treasure?

In the last century lived two monarchs, who deemed themselves to be wonderful patrons of the refined arts and sciences. These were Charles the second of England, and Louis the fourteenth of France.

What precise degree of improvement the arts of statuary, of painting, and of sculpture, underwent in Charles's reign, I will not take upon me to determine. But the state of literature during that period bears upon its front the broad stamp of notoriety; and we may probably be enabled from thence to draw our conclusion of the state of the fine arts and all other intellectual exertions, all of which are usually affected by the same causes, and flourish or fade as they experience the genial influence of honourable encouragement, or are doomed to feel the baneful effects of a perverse and distorted obliquity of patronage.

That the *taste* of the court, at that time, poisoned all the streams of literature in their springs and in their sources, is well known, from the full tide of blasphemy and of obscenity, which the most celebrated



wits of the day rolled through every corner of the kingdom. The whining cant and the fanatic hypocrisy of the times immediately preceding the restoration, although they corrupted religion and corrupted letters, yet did they not so deeply wound and injure the great cause of literature as the licentious and abandoned spirit of the English court, under the dissolute and profligate banner of its debauched and unprincipled king.

Genius and learning are, in themselves, worse than nothing, unless they promote the progress of religion, of pure morality, of decency, of industry, and of good order, in society. Did the celebrated writers of Charles's time do this? Do the dramas of Dryden, stuffed and crammed as they are with the coarsest smut and the broadest libertinism, contain the precepts of wisdom and the dictates of knowledge, which are calculated to exalt the understanding and to purify the heart? Shall we become better men, shall we better know how to discharge our great and hallowed duties to ourselves, to our fellow-beings, and to our God, by perusing the pages of Rochester,

who devoted all the powers of his mind for the sole purpose of propagating the deformity of vice, and tuned the strings of his lyre only in the service of licentiousness and of debauchery?

Literature and the liberal arts, indeed, seemed to reach a high degree of splendor under the reign of the royal Mæcenas of France, the fourteenth descendant of the house of Bourbon. But what effects did they produce? Did they mend the morals of the people, did they purify the heart of the French nation, and turn it from the error of its ways to the wisdom of the just? Did they diffuse the blessings of peace and of religion throughout all the corners of the kingdom? No; the great mass of the people still remained in ignorance and in slavery, groaning under the burden of intolerable oppression; while the heart's-blood of their husbands, their sons, and their brothers, flowed in torrents, bedewing the soil of other lands, and with their bones whitening far-distant climes, to gratify the childish, but destructive, vanity of their grand monarque, who was *the great patron of the arts and sciences.*

Full seven tenths of the French people derived no benefit from this so loudly vaunted encouragement of the arts and sciences; it lessened not the burdens of their misery; it fed not their wives and children; it enlightened not their minds; it amended not their hearts. And as for the higher orders of society, those who immediately ranged themselves in gilded rows under the banner of royalty, did they set an example of decency, of sobriety, of temperance, of chastity, of mercy, of benevolence, of wisdom, of justice, of honour, of integrity, to the world? No.—No.—No.—Was not the king's own life one continued series of lewdness and of lust, of cruelty and of superstition, of childish folly and of military capering, of pitiful pride and of ostentatious vanity? Did he not ruin and exhaust his people, by his endless wars, his continual and exorbitant imposts and extortions, so that he laid the broad and sure foundation for that *revolution* which has crumbled the throne of France into annihilation, and struck a blow in Europe that was heard throughout all the confines of the habitable world?

And was not licentious profligacy *the order of the day* throughout all his court? Was not an open and shameless disregard to the sacred and hallowed duties *of connubial union tolerated*, nay, encouraged? Were not immorality, and barefaced practical atheism, but flimsily hidden under the beggarly bareworn cloak of monkish mummery, avowed and cherished? Finally, did they not turn their backs upon and despise, both by word and deed, whatsoever things were true, whatsoever things were honest, whatsoever things were just, whatsoever things were pure, whatsoever things were lovely, whatsoever things were of good report, whatsoever was virtue, and whatsoever was praise?

This man appears to have affected to patronize the arts and sciences, that they may serve as an embellishment to his court, as the veil which might cover from vulgar eyes the mis-shapen and horrible features of a corrupted and odious despotism. The iniquities of the tyrant were varnished over by the borrowed merits of the patron; and the name of a monster, black with every crime, and polluted with every



deformity, was engraved on the tablets of prostituted genius, and handed down to posterity as the guardian angel of merit, the liberal and munificent dispenser of rewards and favours to talents and to worth.

But the arts and sciences require a more extended range for exertion and for experiment, than will ever be admitted by the jealous and distrustful policy of monarchs and of courts; they must be free as *that chartered libertine, the air*, or the noblest and loftiest display of their powers can never be called into action. If they are cherished only as the trappings of royalty and the ornaments of a palace, their spirit of fire is palsied, and they become servile, corrupt panders to luxury and effeminacy, cowering under the wings of despotism. For this species of patronage assumes the tone of authority, and limits to its own petty standard of acquired taste, those exertions of the artist, which should be left free and uncontrolled to follow the magic workings of a mighty imagination; whence all original conception, all bold and daring enterprize, are nipped in the bud, are blast-

ed in the very sources of existence by the benumbing power of stupid frivolity and of childish ignorance.

*No man can esteem or admire that which he does not comprehend.* Because, as there are no other means of obtaining knowledge than through the medium of the senses, and the power of combining and arranging ideas is proportioned to the number or the paucity of the primary images received by the organs of sensation, it is plain, that no one can really *feel* either pleasure or pain from what has never made any *impression* upon his senses. Let this be applied to *would-be* patrons and sciolists of every description, and we shall see the absurdity of such people affecting to be persons of taste, and to admire what could never possibly have made any impression on their organs of sensation, either through native hebetude and dullness, or through that weakness of mind which systematic dissipation gives, and which entirely precludes all power of that *close and vigorous attention* to objects, without which no taste or judgment in discriminating what is beautiful or not, can ever exist.

If this truth is kept in view, it will readily appear how detrimental to the improvement of the arts and sciences must be their liability to receive the dictates and directions of men, who, from their general habits of ignorance and intellectual idleness, cannot possibly entertain any regard for the higher productions of genius, which must be to them, for ever, as a fountain sealed and a volume closed. The puerile and contemptible propensities of a man of very exalted rank and power might, if his *patronage* be extensively diffused, introduce affectation and conceit into the sculpture of a nation, a false and meretricious glare of colouring into her painting, and the gloomy, dull, dungeon-like style of building into her architecture.

It is plain, then, that the assistance which the arts and sciences receive from private patronage, even though that patronage should be the result of royal munificence, is but as a drop of water in the ocean, in comparison with the infinitely more extended benefits that would accrue to them from *public and national encouragement, from governmental institutions.* Private patronage

is generally found to possess a tendency to corrupt the public taste, and to degrade the arts and sciences from that independent and dignified rank which they ought to hold, and to bend them down to the groveling and debasing service of perverted vanity and of ignorant folly.

Hence, is seen the necessity of those great national institutions, by which *public* improvement and *public* instruction are promoted. By the diffusion of *general* instruction the instances of *individual* excellence are multiplied; because the powers of the human mind are almost uniformly, always indeed, except in some few cases of drillism and idiocy, increased in vigour proportionally to the incitements to action which are applied; and the greater number of stimuli which are applied, of course the greater number of men will start forward in the walks of intellectual greatness, and the larger will be the phalanx of genius in every department of mental pursuit.

Under the auspices of *national institutions* for the purposes of education, the literary body of a kingdom becomes more ample and extensive; and, as the number of those



who are addicted to liberal and enlightened pursuits increases, the love of honourable fame and the desire of intellectual preeminence lift up a nation from the debasement of mere animal and sensual existence into a life productive of utility and abounding in virtue ; they exalt a people in the dignity of thinking beings. In such a state public honours and public recompences are decreed to the sages and the benefactors of the human race. The rough marble is hewn into shape and laboured into form, and expresses the lineaments and the countenance of humanity ; the canvas glows with living colours, and songs of praise are sounded forth in celebration of the deeds of worth ; and all the deathless honours, which sculpture, poetry, painting, and music, can bestow, are heaped upon the name and the memorial of all those who have deserved well of their country and of mankind.

Thus there exists a reciprocity of assistance, and a bond of mutual attachment between the arts and sciences and liberty. She protects and cherishes them, calls them from darkness into light, from annihilation

into existence ; watches over the weakness of their infancy, and guards them with maternal care and tenderness, till they arrive at the maturity of manhood : and they, in return for all this kindness, attend constantly in her train, and decorate her altar with ornaments that never fade ; engrave upon her tablets memorials of affection and of applause, which the all-destroying hand of time itself cannot erase, but which remain throughout all the periods of eternity.

It has also been urged, that the arts and sciences are productive of luxury, and that luxury is pernicious to freedom. But they may exist in *free governments* without administering to luxury. It is true, that in countries where *private patronage* alone exists, and, in consequence, taste is confined to a few ; where the means of *public and general* instruction are denied, the mere gratification of personal vanity, is, perhaps, almost the only incitement which prompts the *wealthy and the noble* to encourage and to *patronize* the liberal arts. The *patron* barter for, and buys, the production of genius, and feels no other pleasure from its

contemplation, than knowing that it is in his *exclusive possession*. He values the paintings of Barry, and the sculpture of Nollekens, only because they adorn *his own* apartments; and he receives delight from *looking at* the wondrous displays of human ability and of human invention, by which he is surrounded, because he fancies *that the possession of what most other men have not money enough to buy*, exalts him in the scale of superiority over his fellow-men.

It is this *monopoly* of their products, not the arts and sciences themselves, which constitute luxury. If *national schools*, for the purpose of improving the fine arts, were erected, they would not be incentives to luxury, but would diffuse a spirit of refinement, and a consequent amelioration of morals, throughout the whole of the people, by raising them up from their vegetative state of ignorance, their degradation of mere animalization, to the elevated height of mental exertion and of intellectual enjoyment. Private mansions may then be the abodes of neatness and of convenience; but public and national buildings should display magnificence and splen-

dour, the sublimity of architecture, the decorations of painting, and the majestic simplicity of sculpture.

In the proudest times of Athenian greatness, when they were victorious over all their enemies both by sea and land; when *a thousand talents were collected into the public treasury* to answer any unforeseen and pressing emergency; when magnificent temples were reared in honour of their gods, and crowded with splendid monuments in celebration of their heroes; their *greatest men* could not be distinguished by their manner of living from their fellow-citizens. Their houses, their apparel, their equipage, their attendants, were neither more expensive nor more gorgeous than those of their neighbours. Neither *Miltiades* nor *Aristides* could be known by *any external decoration* in the streets from the meanest citizen in Athens.

Consider but for a moment, the absurd consequences to which the assertion, that *the arts and sciences are incompatible with freedom*, unavoidably leads. If so, they should be banished from the world, and all the memorials of elevated genius, and all



the productions of polished invention, should be destroyed and annihilated. Then should we hail the barbarians that spread desolation over the shattered remains of the Roman empire, and drew the curtains of ignorance closely round about the western world, for many and many an age, as the benefactors and the saviours of mankind. Then should we bow down in adoration to the name of that savage who doomed the libraries of Alexandria to the flames, and bless his sacred memory, in that he had swept away in one indiscriminating devastation the profound researches of the philosopher, and the lofty effusions of the bard ; that he had destroyed the labours of the sage, and had obliterated the records of the historian ; for all these bind the fetters of slavery upon the human race ; and, although they polish and adorn them, yet are not the chains the less heavy for being gilded. *Man is only free while he is ignorant.*

But if all this is such idle nonsense and such contemptible declamation, that even children will laugh us to scorn for using it, we may contemplate man, with satis-

faction and complacency, as a being possessed of faculties whose expansibility and vigour are directly proportioned to the extent of their cultivation, and progressively advancing towards a higher degree of perfection in the attainment of virtue, and in the acquisition of knowledge. And we shall be convinced that whatever has a tendency to soften and to refine, also strengthens and invigorates, the human mind, and renders it more capable of the exalted and elevating blessings of *liberty and of independence*.

Having now shown that freedom and knowledge travel on together, hand in hand, it only remains to point out that *virtue* also joins her aid to the other two, and thus completes a triumvirate, to the exertions of which this world owes *all* the blessings that it enjoys. Nor will much difficulty attend our pursuit in this respect, for we have under our eyes an egregious living instance of the truth of this assertion, even the superior virtue of a whole nation.

I mean the Scottish people, who surpass their more ignorant neighbours, the English

and the Irish, as much *in the purity of their morals* as they do in the extent of their knowledge. Those who would form an opinion of the manners, the habits, and the powers of the Caledonian peasantry, from an observation of those of the English or of the Irish, would be very widely mistaken. It has long been remarked, even by those who are ignorant of the cause, that the Scots almost universally *make their way to the highest eminence of their callings in every quarter of the globe*; and this success has been attributed by the malignity of their enemies, whose dullness prevented them from perceiving the gross absurdity of such an assertion, to *mere intrigue and national combination*.

But the reason of the successful career which the Scottish run in almost every employment of life, will readily appear from the following brief account of the *general and national* mode of education with which they, in a degree, perhaps, superior to any other kingdom, are blessed. It will appear that their success is owing to those qualities which will always ensure success in every human enterprize as long

as the moral and physical laws of God remain unaltered, namely, *superior knowledge and superior virtue.*

Any one who has been in Scotland, and has taken the trouble to examine for himself, and does not wilfully close his ears against the voice of truth, must acknowledge that the Caledonian peasantry, the poor, the great mass of the people, who are *the strength, the sinews, the support of every nation*, are more intelligent, and have their minds more enlightened, than are the understandings of the same order of men in the other countries of the globe. Among the very lowest and the meanest of the children of poverty and of want, not one can be found who does not read, and very few who cannot write, and are not conversant with arithmetic. And in consequence of these *invaluable acquisitions* they evince a degree of information and a desire of knowledge, for which we shall in vain seek among the less *enlightened boors of the south*, who are but *very little elevated above the beasts which they drive, or the blough which they direct.*

But how comes it to pass that a whole



*nation* enjoys the unutterable privilege of knowledge and of virtue, while their neighbours, divided from them only by a river, are, for the most part, sunk in ignorance and embrutified in vice? Even thus it happens; *from the wise, and just, and merciful, and benevolent institutions of its government.* In the year 1646, the *parliament of Scotland*, with a spirit of political wisdom and goodness, that will ever rank their names among the foremost of the benefactors of mankind, made a *legal provision for the establishment of a school in every parish throughout the kingdom, for the express purpose of educating the poor.* This law might fairly claim the meed of superior merit over any other act of legislation which can be found in the records of history, on account of its extended benevolence, and the adequacy of the means employed to carry the end proposed into its full measure of effect.

This heavenly statute *was repealed* in 1660, when Charles the second mounted the British throne, because *it was passed during the common-wealth, and had not received the royal sanction.* It lay dormant

during the reigns of Charles the second and James the second, but was called to life again, exactly in the same form and feature, by the *Scottish parliament*, after the revolution in 1696. And from the operation of this blessed law, now continued for some generations, have arisen the superior industry, knowledge, and good morals of the Scottish people, which have rendered them so conspicuous in the eyes of the whole world.

The *church-establishment* of Scotland, also, unites its aid with that of the *national system of education*, to promote the virtue and morality of the great body of the people. The clergyman is *every where resident in his own parish*, and, by his knowledge and attention, and by the irresistible efficacy of example in leading a sober decent life, he at once supports the authority of the master of the *parish-school*, and encourages the scholars to endeavour after improvement. The teacher of the school himself is, not seldom, a candidate for holy orders, who devotes the time which can be spared from his more immediate professional studies to promoting the

benefit of his fellow-creatures, in discharging the very important and respectable duties of an instructor of youth.

It is not uncommon for the established schools, even in the country parishes of Scotland, to possess the means of classical instruction; and many of the farmers, and some of the poorer peasantry, endure many physical hardships, and undergo much self-negation, in order to procure for a son the advantages of a learned education; which is not of difficult attainment, owing to the expence of instruction, but from the charge of providing them with the necessary means of existence, during the term of their pupillage. In the country parish-schools are taught, in general, the English language, writing, and arithmetic, at the rate of *six shillings*, and Latin at the rate of *ten or twelve shillings*, a year. In the towns the prices are rather higher.

That the salaries of this very useful order of men, the parish school-masters, should be augmented there can be no doubt; and I was glad to see that Mr. Christison, one of the masters of the high-school at Edinburgh, a gentleman to whose

abilities, extensive information, and unwearied assiduity, no words can do justice, published lately a little pamphlet, entitled, *The Necessity of a more general diffusion of Knowledge*, for the express purpose of calling the attention of those who possess the landed property in Scotland, and on whom rests the burden of supporting these schools, to this subject, and of prevailing on them to increase the scanty stipends of these men, on whose proper discharge of their duty depends so much of the welfare and prosperity of the kingdom.

44 This pamphlet is well calculated to answer its intended purpose; I sincerely hope that it may. I would just remark that Mr. Christison has fallen into one error in it, through his eagerness to bestow a lash on Sam Johnson, whose conduct certainly was open enough to reprehension, without having recourse to a palpable mistake. He says, that if Johnson had enjoyed the benefits of a Scottish university education, he would have been able to tell why *Lock-Ness does not freeze*. But Mr. Christison should have remembered, that the reason why Lock-Ness, or any other



body of very deep water, does not freeze unless in climates of very severe and long-continued cold, was not known by any one, not even those educated at the Scottish universities, till Rumford explained it to the world in his *Seventh Essay on the Propagation of Heat in Fluids*, which explanation did not appear till long after Johnson had written his *Tour to the Hebrides*.

That this *school-establishment* in Scotland is the great cause of the people's superior industry and virtue is plain, from the *active spirit of emigration and of enterprize* so conspicuous in the sons of Caledonia. *Knowledge is power*; and man, in proportion as his mind is enlightened, possesses the capability of enlarging his views and of gratifying that ever-living principle which pervades all human nature, and is the great lever which puts all this lower world in motion, *the desire of bettering his condition*; a desire which actuates all mankind, and is the great incitement which stimulates the human animal to those stupendous efforts and exertions, individually and collectively, that have raised civilized and polished na-

tions to such an incredible height of power and of force, both physical and moral, above the savage tribes that prowl about the deserts of Arabia, or swarm in the American wilds.

An educated human being can extend his mental vision over a wider portion of the globe on which he dwells, than one whose eyes are veiled by the thick mists of ignorance; he can discern where the most effectual demand for ability is made, and will repair to that spot, confiding in the never-failing resources of an intellect enlarged and strengthened by cultivation. If the spot on which he is born needs the aid of his powers, he makes that spot his home; but if, from any particular combination of circumstances, which he, as an individual, can neither prevent nor control, a more distant land requires the assistance of his faculties, to that land he repairs. What is his natal soil to a man if it gives him not sufficient scope for the broad and ample display of his talents natural and acquired? *What is it but a name?* That country which demands and affords

the fullest exertion of a man's productive powers,

“ ———Hic amor, hæc patria est.”

Hence it is, that the Scots, feeling a conscious superiority of moral and of intellectual power over the inhabitants of other countries, have poured, and still continue to pour, in their own persons, an incessant stream of knowledge and of virtue into the surrounding kingdoms, whereby the great body of the neighbouring waters is prevented from becoming stagnant; these hosts and armies of adventurers are the soul, the principle of vitality, which keeps the unwieldy carcasses of other states from putrefaction.

But what the Scottish character is abroad, out of their own country, all the world knows; my business is to show that the people are examples of virtue and morality at home. That they are good citizens and good subjects is plain, from the *infrequency of executions*, the gibbets decaying, and the edge of the legalized murderer's axe growing rusty for want of employ-

ment; from the peace, and tranquillity, and social order prevailing among them; from the steady observance of religion, and, her inseparable attendant, *pure morality*. And how can it be otherwise, when they are so remarkable *for the strength of their domestic attachments?* For, as the community is made up of individuals, if individuals in general are observant of the great charities of father, brother, son, and husband, that community must abound *in patriots*; since *private and individual virtue is the only foundation of all public spirit and public integrity*.

As *lovers*, the Scottish people are remarkable for the purity, the fervency, the durability, *the refinement*, of their affection:—as *husbands*, for kindness and fidelity; perhaps, if they have any fault, it is that they are a little too *arbitrary*; but this is wearing fast away, and I hope that another age will see the Scottish women ascend to that level in the scale of society which their virtues and their excellencies deserve to reach:—as *fathers*, the Scots may be an example to all other nations. It is scarcely credible what privations they will not endure, in order to



benefit their children, particularly to obtain for them *instruction*, which they wisely consider as the *chief good*; neither is the care of the parents lost; *they throw their bread upon the waters, and after many days they find it*; for, as sons, the Caledonians are as exemplary as in every other relation of life. They strive, to the utmost of their power, to render the last days of those who gave them existence, easy and full of comfort; they rock the cradle of declining age. If they have risen to affluence, their parents share it with them; if they still remain in poverty, their father and their mother, now unable to toil, *divide their pittance with them*.

Even in the very lowest ranks of the peasantry, the earnings of the children are generally at the disposal of their parents; probably, in no other country is so large a portion of the wages of labour applied to the support and comfort of those who have toiled all their little day of life, and now, that the night of age is come upon them, cannot work; and they go down to the grave in peace, for the offspring of their

loins administer unto their wants ; now that the sun, and the light, and the moon, and the stars, are darkened, and the clouds return after the rain ; now that the keepers of the house tremble, and the strong men bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows are darkened, and the doors are shut in the streets, for the sound of the grinding is low, and he rises up at the voice of the bird and all the daughters of music are brought low. And they are afraid of that which is high, and fears are in the way, and the almond-tree flourishes, and the grasshopper is a burden, and desire fails ; because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets. Now that the silver cord is becoming loosened, and the golden bowl on the verge of being broken, and the pitcher about to be broken at the fountain, and the wheel to be broken at the cistern.

Burns has, with his usual accuracy and spirit, drawn the family-picture of the Scottish peasantry, in his inimitable poem of *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, the three

following stanzas from which I cannot deny myself the pleasure of transcribing.

- “ At length, his lonely cot appears in view,  
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;  
Th’ expectant *wee-things*, toddlin, stacher thro’  
To meet their dad wi’ flichterin noise an’ glee.  
His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnily,  
His clean hearth-stane, *his thrifty wifie’s smile*,  
*The lisping infant prattling on his knee*,  
Does a’ his weary, carking cares beguile,  
An’ makes him quite forget his labour an’ his toil.
- “ Belyve the elder bairns come drapping in,  
At service out amang the farmers roun ;  
Some ca’ the plough, some herd, some tentie rin  
A cannie errant to a neebor town :  
Their eldest hope, their *Jenny*, woman grown,  
In youthfu’ bloom, love sparkling in her e’e,  
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new gown,  
Or deposite her sair-worn penny fee,  
*To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.*
- “ Wi’ joy unfeign’d brothers and sisters meet,  
An’ each for other’s welfare kindly spiers.  
The social hours, swift-wing’d, unnotic’d fleet ;  
Each tells the unco’s that he sees or hears,  
The parents partial eye their hopeful years ;  
Anticipation forward points the view. .  
The *mother*, wi’ her needle an’ her sheers,  
Gars auld claes look amaisht as weel’s the new ;  
The *father* mixes a’ wi’ admonition due.”

And the superior morality and good conduct, the general attendants upon knowledge, of the Scottish people, have been productive of the best effects in promoting the prosperity of their country; for, in Scotland, agriculture flourishes, manufactures thrive, commerce abounds, and wealth is continually pouring its golden tide into all her ports, and increasing, in a most wonderful degree, the quantity and energy of productive labour throughout all the departments of the kingdom.

Perhaps the strongest proof of the great virtue of the Scottish people is their unwearied assiduity and patient resignation, even under the accumulated pressure of poverty and want, which the present reduced and beggarly value of money, and their scanty wages, necessarily heap upon these suffering and afflicted human beings.

Will the English nation ever condescend to learn instruction from their wiser neighbours the Scottish, and erect *a national establishment of education* on the same plan; or will they still continue to blunder on in ignorance, and affect to wonder at the success of the Scots in every undertaking,



when they ought to know and feel, that, while their Northern neighbours possess *more ability and more virtue* than themselves, they must unavoidably surpass them in every enterprize in which they are competitors?

The influence of the *school-establishment* of Scotland <sup>then</sup> on the peasantry of that country, has now fully decided this most important point of legislation, namely, *that a system of national education for the poor is favourable to morals and good government.* In the year 1698, says that great patriot of Caledonia, Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, “ There are at this day in Scotland, *two hundred thousand people begging from door to door.* And though the number of them be, perhaps, double to what it was formerly, by reason of this present great distress, (*a famine then prevailed*) yet in all times there have been about *one hundred thousand* of those vagabonds who have lived without any regard or subjection either to the laws of the land, or even those of God and nature; *fathers incestuously accompanying with their own daughters, the son with the mother, and the brother with the sister.*

“ No magistrate ever could discover that they had ever been baptized, or in what way *one in a hundred went out of the world*. They are frequently guilty of robbery, and sometimes of murder. In years of plenty many thousands of them meet together in the mountains, where they feast and riot for many days; and at country weddings, markets, *burials*, and other public occasions, they are to be seen, both men and women, *perpetually drunk, cursing, blaspheming, and fighting together.*”

And what, think you, was the remedy proposed by this dignified statesman, of whom it was said, that *he would readily lose his life to <sup>love</sup> his country, and would not do a base thing to <sup>love</sup> ~~serve~~ it?* Even this, that the great body of the Scottish people should be reduced to *domestic slavery*, after the manner of the republics of antient Greece and Rome. But a much better and more effectual remedy has been found than any which this iniquitous and horrible measure could produce, namely, *the parish-school establishment*, which has poured the streams of virtue and of good morals into the kingdom, at the same time that it

rolled down the big tide of knowledge throughout all its borders, from one extremity of the nation to the other.

Probably, all Europe does not present a country in which so few victims are immolated upon the blood-stained altars of the *criminal law*, as in Scotland. It is a well-ascertained fact, that, on an average of thirty years preceding the year 1797, the executions in this country did not amount to *six* annually. Compare this number with the *hosts of human beings that are launched into eternity from the new drop at the Old Bailey every six weeks*, and will you hesitate a single moment to allow that the Scottish infinitely surpass the English *in virtue and in morality?*

It is known that *one quarter sessions* for the town of Manchester has sent more felons to the plantations than *all the judges of Scotland usually do in the space of a whole year*. It is an indelible disgrace to the English nation, that there are *many thousands of individuals in Manchester that can neither read nor write*. By far the greater portion of those who are put to death by law

in England, are in this deplorable state of ignorance.

Henry Fielding, the late chief magistrate at Bow Street, told Joanna Bailie, the immortal author of the *Plays on the Passions*, that, during his sitting in the office of magistracy, not above three or four *Scottishmen* were brought before him for examination as culprits or suspected characters; but that *countless swarms of the Irish* were continually crowding in upon him, and *not a less formidable number of the English*.

Several of the Northern states of North America have made a *legal provision* for a school in each of the different townships into which the country is divided. This has been done not long since, excepting indeed in New England, where these blessed institutions were established in the last century, and with uniform good effects. Similar schools exist in the *Protestant* cantons of Switzerland; but not in the *Roman Catholic* districts; for *popery and every other species of tyranny and injustice* are incompatible with the general diffusion of *knowledge and virtue*. Arbitrary and cruel do-



mination cannot exist in the bosom of a nation that is blessed with instruction, and knows and obeys the dictates of virtue, for such a nation feels its own resistless power, and *compels* its rulers to administer their government with moderation, mildness, mercy, justice, and benevolence.

Every government must be a government *of opinion*, for the moral and physical force is always in the hands of *the people governed*, since no nation could exist under the burden of supporting a soldiery sufficient to vanquish or destroy the great mass of the inhabitants, if they were determined to *resist*. Even the despot of Constantinople, with all his janissaries and hireling ruffians, and murder-trained machines, would perish, if *the opinion of the whole Turkish people* could be so directed as to be averse from such a mode of rule. Consequently, the government of a country must be good or bad in proportion as the *opinion* of the great body of the people is clear and rational, or muddy and absurd. If the people are *ignorant*, and their views in consequence very contracted, the government will be harsh, cruel, oppressive, unjust,

iniquitous; if they are well instructed and enlightened, and their views of course enlarged and expanded, the government will be mild, equitable, and consonant to the well-being of humanity. Government must always take its hue and colouring from the complexion of the people. If they are ignorant, they cannot know their own interests nor the relative duties between man and man, particularly those between the rulers and their fellow-citizens; whence, as power undeviatingly *corrupts* men, the government in such a kingdom cannot be good. If the people are properly educated and informed, they are a check upon the conduct of their legislators, and, by the steady and well-directed current of *popular opinion*, force humanity and justice into a kind of *fashion* among the great and mighty ones of the earth, whose propensities to evil and to the abuse of authority are over-ruled and restrained by the strongest and most permanent of all human powers, namely, *principles of justice fixed on the indestructible basis of truth, of reason, and of experience.*

Whoever has cast his view broad and

expanded over human society, and has remarked the various and diversified errors by which it is corrupted and debased, will be easily able to trace them to one simple source,—*the ignorance of the people*. Look at the slave of Turkish, of Italian, of German, of Spanish despotism, and you will observe him to be at the same time the slave of ignorance. It is amongst an *untaught and an ignorant people*, that despotism strides with more gigantic steps, and lifts herself up with greater arrogance of front; it is then she appears more powerful and mighty, contrasted with the universal littleness and degradation around her.

In certain districts in England, particularly in the northern parts of Yorkshire and of Lancashire, and in the counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland, *schools for the instruction of the poor* exist, and it is well known that the people in these places are remarkable for their propriety and decency of conduct, their industry and intelligence. At home, they are sober, orderly, social, and diligent; abroad, active, energetic, aspiring, successful. Is it not almost as proverbial to say, when any one

is talked of as having risen rapidly in the world, why he is a *Yorkshireman*, as to observe that he is a *Scottishman*? And how could this observation become so general as to pass into a proverb, unless Yorkshire, like Scotland, enabled her inhabitants to acquire *more knowledge and more virtue* than were to be found in other districts of the kingdom, whence they bore away the palm of contest from their competitors?

A law, providing for the instruction of the poor, was passed by the *parliament of Ireland*; but the fund, decreed for the support and maintenance of this measure, *was diverted from its purpose*, and applied to other uses, and the poor are not taught. Was the parliament of Ireland alarmed at having, it knew not how, deviated into a measure so full of wisdom and of benevolence as this, and, in order to expiate this offence against their *usual round of proceedings*, took effectual care to render it of no effect by conveying the money, which ought to have been employed in promoting the virtue and happiness of a *whole nation*, into more private channels; channels in which the stream of national wealth has been wont to flow for



a longer period of time, than is consistent with *public justice, or with public security.*

A great similarity of character is found to prevail between the Swiss, the Scottish, and the people of New England: a similarity which must be chiefly attributed to their similar modes of *national education.* All these three nations are surrounded by countries more fertile and more abundant than their own, and by people *more ignorant and less virtuous* than themselves; hence their emigrations into those countries where they outstrip the *natives* in the race for honours, wealth, influence, power, and all human pursuits, in which success is generally proportioned to the quantity of *intellect and of integrity* embarked in their service.

The peasantry of Westmoreland, of Cumberland, and of Lancashire, where these *school-establishments* exist, far surpass in morals, in understanding, and in happiness, the poor that live in those countries and districts, where the great body of the people crawl on, from the cradle to the grave, along the barren and unprofitable wastes of ignorance, of vice, and of misery.

Ye fools, when will ye be wise? Ye simple ones, when will ye get understanding? Do men gather grapes of thorns, and figs of thistles? Will the English nation still refuse to listen to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely? Will it continue obstinately to close its ears against the voice of experience, and to shut its eyes against the light of truth; in hearing will it hear and not understand; in seeing will it see and not perceive? Is its heart waxed gross, and are its ears dull of hearing, and its eyes has it closed, lest at any time it should see with its eyes and hear with its ears, and understand with its heart, and be *converted and healed*?

Will not the bright and shining example of their Scottish neighbours, now blazing forth to the world for more than the lapse of a century, have any influence on it, and rouse it into exertion, and an *effectual demand* for a system of *general and of national education*, which may open wide the avenues, and unbar the gates of knowledge, and of virtue, and of happiness, to *all* her people? Or will it be content to blunder on in the thick clouds of darkness and of

night, ignorant of these truths which ought to be engraven on the tablets of every human heart; namely, that *ignorance subdues and debilitates the powers of the mind, and gradually tames them into a drowsy and a silent acquiescence to every species of oppressive and of cruel authority;—that the love of liberty must ever sink with the love of science, and that public spirit, freedom, and literature, must be buried in one common grave;—and that the happiness, the virtue, the energies, the independence of a nation, will wing their last flight when the last spark of knowledge is extinguished?*

We had not walked onward, since our bidding Macnaughtan farewell, many paces, before we went to lean upon a low wall, in order to survey the meanderings of a rivulet which held its course at a considerable depth below the road on which we stood, and won its way, bubbling over its pebbly bed, along the tortuous winding of its banks, under the arched shelter of lofty and venerable trees. Here we saw a coarse large-boned woman washing some sheets in the stream: she had tucked up her pet-

ticoats and fastened them round the middle of her body, and with her naked feet was treading and stamping vehemently on the linen. This is a method of washing which I found to prevail pretty generally in Caledonia, both in the High and the Lowlands. I have seen them practise this elegant mode of exhibiting parts, which civilized nations are, generally, in the habit of imagining it necessary to conceal from public view, at the Leith water, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, and in many other places. Indeed, we did not travel four hundred yards farther from Blair Athol, before we saw *three women in one tub*, rivalling Eve in simplicity of nakedness from the waist downwards, and washing linen with their feet, in all glee and merriment; they jumped out, however, on our approach, and set up a very loud laugh, to which we gave no heed, but marched forward on our road.

We passed the ferry at the river Garry where the boat-man himself, apparently suffering the very extremes of poverty and wretchedness, at first refused to receive the *bawbie* apiece for our passage, because, as



he said,—he was sure that we were worse off than himself, *and he scorned to oppress the poor.*

We then saw Bruar-falls, which Burns has immortalized in song. This romantic spot lost much of its interesting beauties for want of trees to prevent the water from being rendered shallow by the continued evaporation, owing to the heat of the sun-beams playing on the liquid without hindrance or control. Burns, after he had left Blair Athol, wrote a poem to the duke, called *The humble Petition of Bruar water*, requesting that his grace would plant its banks with trees, which has since been done. Some of the stanzas of this little poem are so beautiful that I cannot do better than adorn my page by their insertion.

“ Here, foaming down the shelvy rocks,  
In twisting strength I rin,  
There high my boiling torrent smokes,  
Wild roaring o’er a linn :  
Enjoying large each spring and well  
As nature gave them me,  
I am, altho’ I say’t mysel,  
Worth gaun a mile to see.

“ Would then my noble master please  
To grant my highest wishes,  
He'll shade my banks wi' towering trees,  
And bonnie spreading bushes.  
Delighted doubly then, my lord,  
You'll wander on my banks,  
And listen mony a grateful bird  
Return you tuneful thanks.

“ The sober lav'rock, warbling wild,  
Shall to the skies aspire ;  
The goud spink, music's gayest child,  
Shall sweetly join the choir :  
The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,  
The mavis mild and mellow ;  
The robin pensive autumn cheer  
In all her locks of yellow.

“ This too, a covert shall ensure,  
To shield them from the storm ;  
And coward maukin sleep secure,  
Low in her grassy form :  
Here shall the shepherd make his seat,  
To weave his crown of flow'rs,  
Or find a shelt'ring safe retreat,  
From prone descending show'rs.

“ And here, by sweet endearing stealth,  
Shall meet the loving pair,  
Despising worlds with all their wealth  
As empty idle care :  
The flow'rs shall vie in all their charms  
The hour of heav'n to grace.

And birks extend their fragrant arms  
*To screen the dear embrace.*

“ Here haply too, at vernal dawn,  
Some musing bard may stray,  
And eye the smoking dewy lawn,  
And misty mountain grey:  
Or by the reaper’s nightly beam,  
Mild chequering thro’ the trees,  
*Rave to my darkly dashing stream,*  
*Hoarse-swelling on the breeze.*

“ Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,  
My lowly banks o’erspread,  
And view, deep-bending in the pool,  
Their shadows’ wat’ry bed!  
Let fragrant birks in woodbines drest  
My craggy cliffs adorn;  
And, *for the little songster’s nest,*  
*The close embow’ring thorn.”*

We now took our way directly over the hills, having no longer any main or beaten road to direct us. Before we sunk entirely into the desolation that awaited us, we took a last and parting view of Blair Athol, as we laid ourselves down upon the heath. The beams of the setting sun were playing upon the battlements of the ducal mansion, and gilding all the front of that noble and spacious edifice ; the scenery all around

was extensive, and, save some large plantations of fir, bare, wild, and sterile, bounded in on all sides by a huge chain of mountains. We indulged the pure and unmingled sensations of our soul, occasioned by this prospect, for awhile, and then proceeded onward.

We strode along in silence, for many and many a weary step onward, till we were faint and tired, and our feet so deplorably galled, blistered, and pained, that we could not crawl on farther. We threw ourselves upon the heath, and surveyed, far as our eye could range, one aching blank of dreary desolation; no vestige of a human being was to be seen, no track of a living creature to be espied, no appearance of a dwelling-place, where rest and shelter may be found, served to prevent us from feeling as if we *were deserted of God and man*. We seemed to be treading upon the borders of another world;

“Alone, and without guide, half-lost, we sought  
Which readiest path led where these gloomy bounds  
Confine with man.”

The barren breasts of the mountains



were enveloped in clouds which hung shadowing and darkening their whole mass nearly to their base. But now the shades of night began to deepen, and to cast a browner horror upon all the surrounding objects, and compelled us to move onward in quest of a nocturnal habitation.

“ ——— Now o’er the one half world  
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
The curtain’d sleep ; now witchcraft celebrates  
Pale Hecate’s offerings ; and wither’d murder,  
Alarum’d by his sentinel, the wolf,  
Whose howl’s his watch, thus with his stealthy  
pace,  
With Tarquin’s ravishing strides, towards his design  
Moves like a ghost.”

“ Now black and deep the night begins to fall,  
A shade immense. Sunk in the quenching gloom,  
Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.  
Order confounded lies ; all beauty void ;  
Distinction lost ; and gay variety  
One universal blot : such the fair power  
Of light to kindle and create the whole.  
Dreary is the state of the benighted wretch  
*Who, then bewilder’d, wanders thro’ the dark,*  
Full of pale fancies and chimæras huge ;  
Nor visited by one directive ray  
From cottage streaming or from airy hall.”

After a tedious and painful creeping forward for some time, we could discern some pigs, sheep, very small cows, a few huts, and here and there a faint attempt at cultivation. All which was like the balm of Gilead to our drooping spirits, because it foreboded a gleam of hope that we might find a resting place for our head during the night season.

Here we met a Highlander clad in his kilt. He was young, active, intelligent, and springing like the roe-buck over the hills; his step was firm and agile, his deportment erect and manly. He hailed us with politeness, expressed his concern for our miserable situation, in tones of such feeling interest, as made our heart-strings vibrate with delight, and earnestly besought us to turn back and pass the night with him in his hut, where we should be heartily welcome to whatever he possessed.—I have myself—said he,—walked *forty miles* to-day, and my hut lies but two or three miles distance over yon hill, and we will spend the night cheerily together; I will give you whiskey, *and you shall have my own bed.*

We thanked him for his kind hospitable

offer, but told him, that we could not avail ourselves of his invitation, because we were unable to crawl back so far. We begged that he would have the goodness to direct us where to find an inn. He replied, that *Tunnel Bridge* was three miles farther on, and the road so straight that we could not possibly mistake our way. We shook hands with the Highlander, and parted. We presently, however, found, that, notwithstanding our honest guide's direction, we had lost our way, and had scrambled up to the top of a precipice, down which my next step would have precipitated me had not Cowan bawled out lustily,—*advance another foot, and you will pass the remainder of this night with the devil.*

Upon receiving this very satisfactory piece of information, I cautiously measured the ground back again, till I got once more upon the level plain, where I laid myself down, and declared that I would remain till the morning should dawn. To this measure, however, Andrew objected, saying, that *he wanted some supper*, and must go on till he could arrive at a place where some refreshment might

be obtained. We, therefore, crawled on in great pain, and slowly, on account of the soreness and tenderness of our feet, nearly an hour, when we met a large fat man on a little horse, driving some cattle before him, and attended by two people on foot, and a dog. Of him, who was either an Englishman or a Lowland Scot, we asked our way. He answered, in a very harsh and surly tone, that *we knew our way as well as he did, and might get along about our business.*

We thanked him for the gentleness of his answer, and limped on; we soon after met ten or a dozen Highlanders, walking at a great rate, and singing songs in Erse, with great vehemence of gesticulation, and loudness of sound. To them we put the question, which was our way to the nearest inn? and received for answer, that we were *bonny lame lads*, and had nothing to fear, *for Tunnel Bridge* was only two miles farther on. We pressed forward, and could just discern on our left hand, by the faint glimmering of light which served to cast a pleasing melancholy shade over all around us, a clean neat house, with some marks



of cultivation about it, and a beautiful little lake in the front of the building. We saw some huts thinly scattered on the way-side as we passed, and bent our way onward on the bank of a large river. The night now grew excessively dark, and I proposed, and Cowan was on the point of consenting, that we should lie down on the ground and wait till to-morrow's dawn might light us on our march.

But just at this moment we discovered, apparently at the distance of a mile from us, a feeble glimmering of light, as of a candle or lamp, in the window of some house. Concluding that this must be the inn, we made towards it, and, about twelve o'clock at night, nearly half-dead with pain and fatigue, we crossed Tunnel Bridge, and entered a large house, where we were presented with a perfect Highland scene, such a one as we had not before witnessed.

Three women with very dirty visages peeping from out their long, matted, dishevelled, and uncombed locks of yellow, one far advanced in life, the other apparently under five and twenty, were walking leisurely to and fro, in a large apartment,

hung round with divers and sundry articles of food, as dried meat, onions, sugar, &c. &c. suspended on nails in a row, near the top of the ceiling. This room was also furnished with old, shabby, dirty, broken chairs, stools, and tables, under which last lay, reposing themselves on the dirt-floor, no less than nine dogs of different *genera*, which soon filled us entirely with fleas and other vermin, to our sore annoyance and discomfiture. Some other pedestrian travellers were there, clad in Highland kilt, and a large bed stood in one corner of the room near the fire-place.

The hostess, who had a little babe in her arms, was a very neat pretty woman, very decently arrayed, with a strong expression of fire in her dark black eye, and of pertinacity in the bold projection of her chin. The host was a tall, stout, well-built young man, not *a la mode de sans culotte*, but properly pantalooned like a Christian and a gentleman, as *Strap* sagely observeth. He at first welcomed us, as we entered the room, with some pure Erse, pronounced in the genuine brogue ; but finding that we were not skilled in the mysteries of the

said jargon, he honoured us with some English, delivered in the true tone and manner of one who had been dipped in the river Shannon.

We asked for some tea, some eggs, and a bed. Our appearance, which was now none of the neatest, occasioned a huge stare among these amiable people, who began altogether, and at the same instant, to gabble Erse at us, without any mercy or a moment's cessation, and continually to point first towards Cowan and then towards me. I must confess that I did not very much like all this, for a more complete picture of wildness and of uncouth barbarity than the whole of this room exhibited I never saw. We waited a considerable time and no refreshment was forth-coming; the hissing of Erse still continued, with some few intervals of pause, which were employed by the host in asking me, for Cowan had already fallen asleep in his chair, very many questions of who and what we were, why we should think of coming over the trackless heath to Tunnel Bridge at that dead hour of

night, &c. &c. To all which I returned suitable answers, not very long ones, for I was too much fatigued; neither did they seem to satisfy our landlord, who shook his head, and bestowed upon me a sentence of Erse, in a sharp tone, of which I did not comprehend a single syllable.

He then left me; and I, seeing no appearance of any food or liquid, began to write in my *diary*, during which I had the satisfaction of observing that the youthful and blooming hostess, without any ceremony, *undressed* herself close by me, within a few inches of my seat, and deposited herself in the bed that stood by my side; a custom which she must have been in the habit of performing before spectators, as I judged, from the cool composure with which she laid aside her garments in my presence. All this was done out of pure simplicity; for I am confident, from the countenance and whole demeanour of the woman, that she would on no account have done any thing which she had been *taught to imagine* was immodest or indelicate.

At length was brought us by the old hag, whose red locks hung floating on



every thing which she carried in her hands; some stale bannoc which we could not swallow; she also threw down from the palm of her hand (a hand,—— but it surpasses description!!!) a dab of butter on a broken saucer, whose colour the dirt concealed; after which she laid down on the table, without a plate or dish, some slices of hung beef, which required an ocean of liquid to wash away the saline and pungent effects of one mouthful. Then was brought milk at least thrice skimmed, and of the *true Suffolk blue*. Our tea was made by this venerable dame, (who might very readily have been passed off, even on a Greek philosopher, as Megæra or Tysiphone,) by throwing a small quantity of leaves into an old broken-spouted pot, whose lid was of a different form and figure from itself, and secured to the handle by a string, with her right-hand now fairly *layered and varnished* with filth. After the liquor had stood brewing awhile, she poured out to us each a dish, which she sweetened by throwing in with her well-begrimed fingers, a couple of lumps of whitish sugar and a *pinch* of brown, that is, as much as she could take

up with her fore-finger and thumb, placed in the attitude which is used for the purpose of plundering a snuff-box of its contents.

Eat we could not; but as our throats were fairly parched with thirst, and we had no likelihood of procuring any *purser* or *cleaner* beverage, we contrived to swallow some of the tea, and, by a little rest, began to recover. The first use which I made of my returning strength was to endeavour to do away from the mind of our host the unfavourable opinion which he evidently entertained of us. I, therefore, harangued him about America and its inhabitants so completely, and in such an *unintelligible* strain, that I soon, seemingly, won his heart, for he shook us both very violently by the hand, and vehemently apologized for his not being able to treat us more handsomely and *in better style*. But, he said, that his house was full of gentlemen who were met there for the purpose of settling the limits of some districts of land in the neighbourhood; nevertheless, that we should have a good comfortable bed to sleep in.

We thanked him for his kindness, and begged that we might be permitted to go to bed directly, for we were quite worn down with fatigue and toil. We were then shown, by one of the young damsels whom we had seen on our first entering the house, into a large upper room, in furniture resembling a barn, at whose window-bench were standing, more than half-drunk, three stout strapping Highlanders, with very short kilts, not reaching down so low as cleverly and fairly to cover their posteriors, and a smaller animal, spruce pig-tailed and pantalooned, who was sober, and by his manner seemed to be a gauger of beer. This important question, however, we soon ascertained; for, as they all immediately crowded round us to inquire some news of the two *American sailors*, concerning whose arrival below one of the women had run up to tell them about an hour before, we had an opportunity of descanting upon the full and uncontrolled liberty which the Americans possessed of making and vending whatever liquor they chose, to say some civil things concerning the *excise and excisemen* in this country.

But this ingenious manœuvre had nearly cost us very dear, for our hero of the ink-horn and button-hole grew angry, and waxed wrathful, saying, that he had the honour of *serving his Majesty in the office of excise*, and would suffer no beggarly vagabond to *disparage his profession*. Nay more, he began to display an amazingly-abundant knowledge of America, making frequent allusions to *Guthrie's Geographical Grammar*, which I soon perceived was the source from which he derived all his information; and ended a long speech by declaring roundly, that we were no better than impostors, and that he was sure we *had never been in America*.

This bold assertion staggered his companions, and Cowan, foreseeing a storm, slunk into bed, and was fast asleep in a twinkling. I felt myself awkwardly situated, and still more so, when one of the Highlanders unfortunately observed, that if I came from *New York*, I *must know the post-office at Nova Scotia*, and one Fraser Macpherson, who was settled in *Boston*, as a carpenter. I was under the disagreeable necessity of declaring that I had not the honour of



knowing *Mr. Macpherson*; neither was I acquainted with the precise situation of the post-office in question.

My case now wore a very serious aspect, for the Highlanders, any one individual of whom could with his finger and thumb have squeezed me out of existence, grew so furious at the supposed palpable detection of my being an impostor, that they *all* swore they would throw me immediately out of the window *for being a tief as I was*. An operation in which the gauger, grinning and rubbing his hands with great glee, prepared to assist.

No time was to be lost, I was entirely hemmed in by these drunken barbarians, who would have desired no better sport than to have precipitated a poor, worn-out, crippled wretch, that had, as they thought, presumed to impose upon their sagacity, from the window to inevitable destruction, on the rugged stones below, on the side of the river. I, therefore, assumed a very steady and composed look, and said,—*men and brethren, hear me for a moment*.—At this the Highlanders put down their hands from the collar of my jacket, and stood in a listening

attitude, while the gauger looked perplexed and terrified, like one doubtful of the event.

Having thus secured the privilege of being heard, I began to harangue with great vehemence, in a very exalted and lordly key, for I well knew that the least symptom of faltering, the least appearance of fear, would inevitably seal my doom. I appealed to their national honour, as Highlanders; I played upon their passions, as men, who might one day be themselves strangers in a foreign land, and need kindness and hospitality, which *my countrymen* would always be eager to show them: I then turned round quickly upon the unhappy exciseman, and declared that his ignorance was unpardonable, and only equalled by his inhumanity; that he had read a little in *Guthrie's Grammar*, and had contrived to misunderstand *all* that he read. I described some wonderful places, fabricated towns, cities, and rivers, on the spot, and fathered them all upon America.

In a word, I so completely bewildered my honest auditors, that they called me *bonny lad*, *honest sailor*, &c. and nearly

hugged me to death by their embraces, and stunned me by their noisy vociferations. As for the unfortunate beer-explorer, they laid hands on him, and were proceeding to *quoit* him out of the window in a trice; but I prevented this exhibition by observing, that if they killed him they would all be hanged, and that to be hanged was a death unworthy of a *Highlander and a gentleman*.

This remonstrance had the desired effect, and one of the stoutest of the Highlanders wrung the exciseman severely by the nose, and told him, that he was a little rascal, and should have been put to death immediately for *using a stranger ill*, but that *the law protected him in such villany*. Saying which, he ceased from screwing round the gauger's nose, and the poor fellow shot out of the room with all speed, doubtless well-pleased at having escaped with only the loss of part of his nasal organ.

I entreated now that my companions would leave the room, and let me retire to rest; which request they granted, after giving me some more hugs, which nearly

squeezed the breath out of my carcase, and bestowing upon me the frequent appellation of *bonny lad*. I then reposed my wearied frame on as clean, nice, and well-aired linen as I had ever seen. At about five o'clock in the morning of the eleventh of August, a tall kilted Highlander, not quite sober, stalked into the room, looked all around and into every corner of the apartment, spied that I was awake, came and shook me so violently by the hand, out of pure good fellowship, that he nearly dislocated my right shoulder, not to mention that he pulled me more than half out of bed, and then walked out of the apartment, not having uttered a single word during the whole time, from the moment he entered till the moment that he departed.

After this kind and hearty salutation, I contrived to get nearly three hours of as sweet and refreshing a sleep as ever buried the cares of man in the lap of oblivion; and about eight we rose and dressed ourselves. On going to the window I had a thorough view of an old man dressed in full plaid; while he dismounted, his horse's stirrup and bridle were held by a running



footman, in the shape of a little ragged shoeless boy, more shabby than any thing in nature, excepting himself and his laird's steed and housing, whose tatters fluttered in the wind at every breeze that blew.

We wished to know precisely what was the hour of the day, as my watch had not yet recovered its ducking in the river Tay, and Cowan's time-piece still laboured under the paralysing effects of its concussion on the rock of the Pass of Killacrankey. We, therefore, bade one of the women inquire, and she returned for answer, that *the* watch belonging to the house had not been right nor gone cleverly for some weeks, and that *nobody could tell the time of the day*. So little did these people regard what we now deem to be one of the greatest conveniences of life, the facility of ascertaining the precise moment of time whenever we please.

Andrew hath marched out to bathe himself in the river which rolls its stream beneath my window, where I am now noting down in my *diary* whatever events may occur. And even now while I am writing, I behold three gentle-

men, all differently dressed, yet all with some twang of the Highlander about them, tolerably well-mounted on grey, black, and brown steeds, and very shabbily attended by some ragged running footmen. They come riding over that rough and crippling bridge, whose rugged stones so sorely pierced my feet last evening. They are come to settle the limits of some lands now in dispute as to what possessor they belong. Their powdered pates are shaking very vehemently, while, with much action, they utter their Erse language, which seems, in gutturalism, to resemble the Welsh tongue, and in the *brogue-way* of pronunciation to be like the Irish.

The view from the window where I am sitting, is most despondingly desolate and cheerless ; no little spot of verdure or of cultivation appears on which the eye might repose with complacency, and contemplate with delight. Naught is to be seen but vast tracts of heath, and naked hills heaped upon hills, and mountain piled upon mountain, with their bare heads enveloped in eternal clouds.

Cowan now came in, and we both went

down to breakfast in the same room where we had supped the night before, and found there our very bountiful companions, the dogs, which had communicated to us such a number of vermin, and an elderly Highlander, whose face was muffled up in a very dirty pocket-handkerchief. At first he did not vouchsafe to notice us; but, when the hostess told him, in an audible whisper, that we were *Americans and strangers*, he was very courteous, and told us that *he* and some other *gentlemen* were met together here for the purpose of settling some dispute about the *marches*. He then proceeded to ask us many questions about America, its productions, the condition of the people there, &c. &c. to all which we answered as we saw occasion prompted at the moment.

But he was particularly desirous of knowing how we behaved to our women, our *freemales*, as he called them: whether we treated them like slaves, or suffered them to rise to that level in civilized society which they ought to hold. We told him, that our women were as yet in a very barbarous state of ignorance and of mental

imbecility, and not too much burdened with delicacy ; but that we suffered them to have their full swing of cable ; and no doubt in process of time, since we treated them as our equals, they would make those advances in wisdom and virtue which they were so well qualified to reach by a proper mode of early education.

I am glad to find,—replied the old man cramming a large wadding of bannoc and dried beef into his mouth, while he spoke,—that you behave properly and *like gentlemen* to the *freemales*. I wish it were altogether so in this country ; but I am sorry to say that in Scotland we are apt to consider them as an inferior order of creatures, and treat them, particularly among the poorer classes of society, not much better than dogs, making them carry heavy burdens, and go without shoes and stockings, and often not speaking kindly to them, nay, sometimes not abstaining from *beating* them. In England, I am told, for I never was there myself, the case is somewhat better, and the women are not so much *subdued and tamed* as they are here. But still, there, they are not quite unfettered



and unshackled, for a wife is considered by the law of the land as only part of the *goods and chattels* of her husband, against whose violence and brutality she cannot easily obtain redress.

We stared to hear an old man, with a scurvy face, muffled up in a marvellously foul clout, and all whose clothes were, if possible, shabbier than our own, talk so sensibly and judiciously, and so much above the common strain of conversation even in people accounted to be well-instructed and amply informed. But as we knew that, in general, excepting perhaps the Scottish female servants, who appear to be rather hardly treated, the women both in England and Scotland had no great reason to complain of their condition, we answered, that we hoped the female sex would soon be liberated in his country, from any unpleasant or improper restraints on their happiness; but that it was impossible, in any kingdom, to prevent *some individuals* from treating their women harshly; and as for *beating* his wife occasionally, I did not know but the American was as expert at this exercise as either the Scot or the Eng-

lishman, only I believed the *general* behaviour of the men towards the females was mild and just.

The old man seemed satisfied, and acquiesced in the distinction between the *general* and *individual* treatment of women in a country; he also added, to be sure sometimes women will be *a little perverse*, and vex a man sadly, and then what is he to do? I had a wife myself who very seldom ceased to torment me by her ill temper and incessant scolding *for twenty-five years*; however I never contradicted her, thinking that she must by and by *wear herself out*; and so she did, for it has pleased God to take her to himself for these last ten years, and I have led *a quiet easy life* ever since. And upon considering the matter again, I do not know whether on the whole the women do not fare as well as the present distressed state of this country will allow; we must all do our best, and strive to render each other as happy as we can during our short stay here below; we shall soon change this life *for a better or a worse*, according as we behave; so it behoves us all to look well to our conduct.

Saying this, he shook us by the hand, bade us farewell, and left the room. We wished to know something of the history of this *practical philosopher*; but, upon application to the host and hostess, we could learn nothing more than that he was a *gentleman* in the neighbourhood.

At breakfast, as we could not eat the bannoc, which seemed to be composed of barley-meal, barley-straw, and dirt, in three equal portions, we were favoured with a very small portion of the stalest bread I ever saw; there was no such thing as swallowing the butter, and not an egg was to be had, so that we were now nearly starved. We, therefore, determined to get onward, in hopes of arriving at a place where some consumable food might be obtained, for both Andrew and I were very *leary*, and looked pale, dreary, and woe-begone, for want of sufficient nutriment to supply the waste which our bodies underwent from continual exercitation. Accordingly we discharged our bill, and took leave of the host and hostess, who bade us a hearty farewell; and I also kissed the hostess' dear little lovely babe, about nine

months old, who expressed a desire to go along with me, because she had taken a fancy to my spectacles.

Andrew, who regards children only as so many nuisances, looked on with silent contempt while I was fondling the little innocent, and waited rather impatiently, till I was ready to proceed with him on our march.

We bent our way from Tunnel Bridge down Coshievel Vale, and had not proceeded far before we met a thin miserably-looking fellow, driving a cart, drawn by one horse, in which sate a large corpulent woman, on a long form with a little girl by her side. The fat rosy-gilled dame hailed us, and, after asking some trifling questions about our being lame, and whether we ever knew what it was to *ride*, &c. and receiving some brief answers, she condescended to tell us she pitied our distress, and informed us, that she was the wife of a tradesman in Glasgow, and was going to carry her daughter to school at Inverness; that this was a wild, rude, and savage place, not fit for a *carriage* to go in; and that Glasgow was a *brave bonny* spot,



in which trade, and money, and gentility, were to be found. She now ordered the poor wretched biped on foot to *drive on the carriage*, which she had before caused to be stopped, in order to give us an item of her being a very *genteel personage*.

After awhile we grew very faint with the sun's heat, which smote fiercely on our debilitated bodies. As we were limping on we heard the sound of a torrent at some distance from the road; we made towards the spot from whence the noise proceeded, and found a large bason scooped in the rock, by the continued wearing of the water, which descended from a lofty waterfall. In this bason we bathed and climbed up the rocks by the side of the fall, and saw several torrents, one above the other, descending from the pile of rocks which were heaped up on each other. On each side of the stony channel down which the waters fell, a few mountain-ashes had lifted their hardy heads, and by their verdure cast a cheering ray of loveliness over the naked sterility of the surrounding scene.

We found our feet so very much blis-

tered that the least pressure caused an acute sensation of pain, as if a burning coal was applied to them. Cowan had contrived to smuggle a minute portion of soap at Tunnel Bridge, and we soaped the bottom of our feet abundantly, and marched on with much less inconvenience than before. No doubt owing to the soap-lather preventing the too speedy evaporation of the secreted sebaceous matter, which serves to lubricate every part of the human body, and the consequent dryness and friction that inflame and irritate the skin and make it puff up into blisters.

After a time we again grew fatigued, and lying down enjoyed the most exquisitely refreshing slumber on the heath, which renovated all our faculties, and infused elastic vigour through all our frames. We seemed to have drawn a new lease upon life and bodily strength, by a very few hours spent in deep and undisturbed sleep.

“ Tir’d nature’s sweet restorer, balmy *sleep* !

He, like the world, his ready visit pays

Where fortune smiles ; the wretched he forsakes ;

Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,

And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.”

“ How many thousands of my poorest subjects  
 Are at this hour asleep !—Sleep, gentle sleep,  
 Nature’s soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,  
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,  
*And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?*  
 Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,  
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
 And hush’d with buzzing night-flies to thy slum-  
 ber ;  
 Than in the perfum’d chamber of the great,  
 Under the canopies of costly state,  
 And lull’d with sounds of sweetest melody ?  
 O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,  
 In loathsome beds, and leav’st *the kingly couch,*  
*A watch-case, or a common larum-bell ?*  
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast  
 Seal up the ship-boy’s eyes, and rock his brains  
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge ;  
 And in the visitation of the winds,  
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
 With deaf’ning clamours in the slippery clouds,  
 That with the hurly death itself awakes ?  
 Cans’t thou, O partial sleep ! give thy repose  
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude ;  
 And in the calmest and most stillest night,  
 With all appliances and means to boot,  
 Deny it to *a king ?* Then, happy, low lie down !  
*Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.*”

“ Ἦν’ οὐδυνας ἀδαχς, υπνε δ’ ἀλγεων,  
 Ευαχς ημιν ελθοις·  
 Ευαιων ευαιων αναξ.

“ Ομμασι δ’ αντεχοις  
 Τανδ’ αιγλαν, α τεταται τανυν,  
 Ιθι ιθι μοι Παικων.”

“ Sleep, thou patron of mankind,  
 Great physician of the mind,  
 Who dost nor pain nor sorrow know,  
 Sweetest balm of every woe.  
 Mildest sovereign, hear me now ;  
 Hear thy wretched suppliant’s vow ;  
 His eyes in gentle slumbers close,  
 And continue his repose ;  
 Hear thy wretched suppliant’s vow,  
 Great physician, hear us now.”

We learn from a passage in the *Furies* of Æschylus, that the antients entertained a very curious opinion of the influence which *sleep* had over the human mind, so as to render its powers brighter and more perspicacious during the actual existence of slumber ; a period in which we generally find that the mental faculties exert themselves with much less strength and accuracy than when our senses are liable to receive impressions from external objects. The words of the Greek tragedian are these :

“ Ευδεσα γαρ φρην ομμασιν λαμπρυνεται.  
 Εν ημερα δε μοιρ’ απροσκοπος βροτων.”



“ In *sleep* the vigorous soul *set free*  
From gross corporeal sense, with *keener view*  
Looks thro’ the fate of mortals, dimly seen  
Thro’ the day’s troubled beam.”

Perhaps the *philosophers* of modern times would tell us that they can look *through the fate of mortals* with a keener view when they *are awake* than when they *dream*.

As we lay on the heath, a fellow who would not have believed us if we had told him, that he was *not* a gentleman, beat his poor dog unmercifully, for no other reason that we could discover, but because he had fired his gun in vain, for we observed the moor-fowl fly away unhurt after he had discharged the contents of his piece; whereupon he turned round and fell furiously with the but-end of his gun upon the unoffending dog. The rascal was well-dressed and wore a powdered skull.

All around us the country was one continued blank of desolation; a little farther on we saw a very few straggling huts, and soon thereafter got into the high road, from whence we beheld a tremendous chasm, overhung with a wood-beskirtd

rock ; the torrent was heard to murmur below, but no view could be obtained of its waters. Now, as we traversed the road and approached the confines of a lofty hill, a most lovely and exquisitely-beautiful country unfolded itself to our view. The plain was immeasurably extended beneath our feet ; it wore an universal face of pleasant green. The wood now in its fullest dress of foliage, the vallies teeming with plenty, the glittering spires and polished turrets peeping from out the trees, the river, now hid from our sight, now tumbling out from amid the hollow rocks, all conspired to present so enchanting a picture, that we stood awhile rivetted to the spot, and, in rapturous trance as we surveyed this paradise, forgot that we were inhabitants of a dreary and a disgusting world—forgot that *man was made to mourn.*

About four o'clock in the afternoon we came to a decently-looking large house, which we had been told at Tunnel Bridge was an inn in the Vale of Coshievel. Here a very gentlewomanly female, in dress, person, and address, received us, in spite of our vagabond garb and miserable appear-

ance, politely, courteously, and kindly. Her name was Miss Mengs; and she told us, that the whole country, farther than we could see, belonged to Sir Robert Mengs, her *cousin*, as I understood; but I might easily be mistaken, as the lady spoke in a low gentle tone of voice, and I am not particularly ingenious at hearing very clearly and distinctly.

At first we entered a large and cleanly room below, but our fair hostess soon led us to an apartment above stairs, which commanded a view of the whole extent of the beautiful surrounding scenery, which was set off and heightened by the uplifting of some wild and savage mountains, beyond all the circle of the cultivated prospect, and whose bleak and rugged heads we could now just discern in the distance.

But we stood very much in need of some grosser and more substantial aliment than what the view of the country, however enchanting, could afford; our bodies were nearly evanescent for want of their accustomed supply of nutrition. All our wants, of this kind, however, were presently removed by a plentiful dinner of soup, mut-

ton, and moor-fowl, which we swallowed with great perseverance and great glee ; for we had not been able to procure any animal food since our nocturnal repast at *Dundee*, on the night of our examination as *vagrants and suspected persons*, where it was scarcely eatable, being made up more of pepper and salt and dirt, than meat. We, therefore, now recompensed ourselves for the four *banyan*, or fasting, days which we had undergone. We were now thoroughly in the Highland style, all our spoons were of horn, every thing was clean and nice except the salt, which was beastlily dirty beyond all description.

We took our leave of Miss Mengs, and limped onward on our journey. We had not proceeded far before we were gratified by the view of the exquisite scenery upon the earl of Breadalbane's domains. The woods were extensive, and at a distance seemed to hang suspended in mid-air ; the buildings were noble and stately, the river rolled in calm attendance on the cultivated scene. On the right the hills were crowned with trees and shrubs, excepting that now and then the bare rock peeped out to



show what the daring and powerful hand of man had done, how it had turned the barren and rugged wilderness into a region smiling with verdure and waving with foliage.

We now came to Loch Tay, whose broad expanse of water delighted and filled our minds ; it was confined by two ridges of hills ; those on the right were wooded to the top, those on the left were well cultivated to the summit of the first tier, above which the naked mountains were lost in the azure vault of heaven.

“ Admiring nature in her wildest grace,  
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace.  
O’er many a winding dale and painful steep,  
Th’ abodes of covey’d grouse and timid sheep,  
My savage journey, curious, I pursue,  
Till fam’d Breadalbane opens to my view.  
The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,  
The woods wild-scatter’d clothe their ample sides ;  
Th’ outstretching lake embosom’d ’mong the hills,  
The eye with wonder and amazement fills ;  
The Tay meandring sweet in infant pride,  
The palace rising on his verdant side ;  
The lawns wood-fring’d in nature’s native taste  
The hillocks dropt in nature’s careless haste ;  
The arches striding o’er the new-born stream,  
The village glittering in the noon-tide beam.

.....  
 .....  
 Poetic ardours in my bosom swell,  
 Lone wand'ring by the hermit's mossy cell;  
 The sweeping theatre of hanging woods;  
 Th' incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods—

.....  
 .....  
 Here poesy might wake her heaven-taught lyre,  
 And look thro' nature with creative fire;  
 Here, to the wrongs of fate half-reconcil'd,  
 Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild,  
 And *disappointment*, in these lonely bounds,  
 Find balm to soothe her bitter rankling wounds:  
 Here heart-struck *grief* might heav'nward stretch  
           her scan,  
 And injur'd *worth* forget and pardon man."

.....  
 .....  
 We went to the inn at Kenmore, and asked about having a boat to take us down the Loch. The landlord, who had a very handsome regularly-featured countenance, a dark, keen, expressive, intelligent black eye, and a very elegant and well-proportioned form, all which he had set off to the best advantage by a very neat and becoming dress, cast upon us and our appurtenances such a look of superciliousness, of

impudent modesty, and of insolent civility, that we could scarcely refrain from laughing in his face. He answered, that a boat would cost a shilling a mile, and *therefore would not suit such gentry as we were*; at any rate, that he should not choose to let any of *his* boats go at that hour, so late in the evening, unless it was to accommodate *gentlemen* who were *gentlemen*, and that he should be sure of his money.

We then asked him, if he could let us have a lodging; at which question he favoured us with a look of the most ineffable disdain, and, pointing with the fore-finger of his left hand, bade us look at his house and adjoining offices, (which, to say truth, were very spacious and elegantly built) and then judge whether they were to be kept up by *foot-passengers with knapsacks on their shoulders*. No, no.—You had better walk on farther, and see if you cannot get a boat about eight miles onward, down the side of the lake; and, *hark ye!* I would not advise you *two sailors* to go to Greenoc, or you will surely be pressed, for the *gangs* are very hot upon it there.

We thanked him humbly for his great

kindness and condescension; and asked him if he was not once a *valet* to the earl of Breadalbane. At this question he stared and looked rather confused, as it was put to him with much dryness, not to say contempt; however, he soon recovered himself, and, drawing up his head, answered, that he had had the honour of being *gentleman in waiting to his lordship*, from whose family he had married, and been placed in this inn by his *noble master*.

We bade him farewell, and he wished us a good evening in a much less authoritative tone than before we had asked him the last question, which, we intimated, was done, because we judged from his manner that he had been *a servant to some great man*. We marched on, not taking a boat for two very sufficient reasons; first, that we could get none, and secondly, that our money began to run very short, and threatened altogether to fail us before we could reach our home.

We walked on down by the side of the Loch, on the shore opposite to the Breadalbane palace and pleasure-grounds, which we did not enter and examine on account



of the approach of night, whose lengthening shades forbade the exercise of any clear and distinct vision on our parts. We were soon overtaken by a venerable grey-headed old man riding on a horse, with a woman's side-saddle upon it. He hailed us courteously and kindly, and with him we had a long conversation. After he had inquired somewhat minutely about America, and received answers that served to allay his curiosity, he told us his little history, which was short and simple ; namely, that he was a farmer in the neighbourhood, and did well, and lived very cheerfully, till both his sons were *had away from him* to become soldiers, since which time things had not prospered so much with him, for he was old, and, not being so active as formerly, he missed the help of his boys upon the farm ; and that his wife, poor woman, had been ailing ever since, so much so, that he had that very evening been to fetch a doctor for her.

He then began to discourse upon the situation of that part of the country with which he was acquainted. He told us,

that he, as yet, was able to hold out a little longer, by sheer dint of labour and hard living, and because in his younger days he had saved a little money by being industrious and frugal; but that if things continued as they were, he must soon be quite ruined, as were already many of his neighbours, owing to the rent of the land being screwed up to the very height of oppression.—Why,—continued the old man,—the country is in a manner unpeopled in comparison of what it was some time back, all entirely owing to so many estates, which before were let in separate portions, being now thrown into single farms of vast extent, whereby great numbers of families have been reduced to beggary, and those who have not actually perished from want, have been compelled to emigrate, and have gone chiefly to America.

I must here positively break the thread of the old man's discourse, and leave him for awhile, in order to offer a few remarks on the causes of the evils which this venerable inhabitant of the earth set forth with so much simplicity in the genuine artlessness of his soul.

It is one of the most important objects of political inquiry to trace to its source the accumulation of mischief springing from any pernicious institution, and to show to the generality of mankind its tendency and its extent. In the ignorance of unlettered barbarity such an attempt was vain ; how were the rude minds of savages to be made to comprehend the tendencies of an evil deduced from historic experience when no records of that experience existed ? And when society was more advanced, and some men were able and willing patiently to wade through the undigested heap of monkish annals, and to collect the materials of history from traditional information, how were they to diffuse the knowledge that they had acquired among their fellow-men, when no medium existed by which their thoughts and observations could find a ready and a facile entrance into the great theatre of the world ? Add to this, that men, through the weakness and contracted narrowness of their uninformed and unenlightened minds, have always been prone to rest contented with the first remedy which is at

hand, against any evil that presses upon them, and trouble not themselves to speculate upon prospective contingencies, or to balance remote probabilities.

Hence arose many customs and institutions, which, although they seemed to counteract the then existing evil, have been productive of incalculable mischief to later ages, but have been still suffered to press with their accumulated weight of cruelty and iniquity upon the human race, even when the experience of many generations has clearly evinced their injustice and absurdity. To those who are versed in history, and surely it behoves every one to be acquainted at least with the recorded transactions of his own country, instances of such customs and such institutions need not be adduced; since every page that contains the narration of events which have occurred in this or in any other kingdom, will furnish them with numerous examples in those remains of feudal barbarity which disgrace the existing laws of almost every nation in Europe, and are an insult upon the understanding, and an



infringement upon the independence of human nature.

In the present period of civilization and of intellectual advancement, many have exerted themselves, and devoted their time and their talents to point out the evils of political folly and injustice; neither have their labours been altogether in vain; but very much yet remains to be done before the great mass of mankind shall be allowed to obtain even a very scanty portion of comfort under *any* government, such as hitherto have existed or have been administered. *Prejudice* and *interest* are the great impediments to all human improvements, and they are both the daughters of one mother, even of *ignorance*; but the burden of calamity which now presses on almost every rank of society, and the still increasing weight of misery which we are taught to expect, and no doubt will be heaped upon our heads in future, *ought* to prevail on men to listen to the admonitions of reason, which alone can point out the origin and the remedy of their sufferings. At least, if they obstinately refuse to be instructed for their own benefit, they should

have the decency to be silent. If they will not endeavour to remove the *cause*, of what use is it to whine and lament about the *effect*?

Since the revolution of 1688, the broadest features of misery which have deformed, and still continue to deform, the fair face of this kingdom, are the *national debt*, the *frequency of wars*, and a *complex and intricate code of sanguinary and of partial laws*, whose gradual amendment and reformation by the mild but steady efforts of religion and of truth, have been prevented by cold, and selfish, and cruel policy, propped up by the broad buttress of ignorance, which has induced men in authority to imagine that *their* strength is proportioned to the weakness, *their* happiness proportioned to the misery, of the people; for they have not yet learned that the prosperity, the permanency, the power, of every government must be always exactly in the ratio of *the peace, the plenty, the security of person and of property, the knowledge, the good morals, the religion*, which flourish and abound among the lower and most numerous orders of its subjects.

By recollecting that the narrow principle of self opposed to the heavenly motives of enlarged benevolence, is the basis of all political motion, as it has hitherto existed in the world, we shall readily perceive the cause why one very fruitful source of the miseries which have afflicted this kingdom, still remains to spread havoc and desolation through all the lower ranks of the community, I mean the *law of primogeniture, the common law of the land*. A very brief view of this custom, so absurd and so pernicious in all its bearings and dependencies, will clearly prove that it owes its birth and its present existence to *selfishness* : a selfishness which has nipped humanity in the bud, and has been a canker-worm to corrode the sweet flower of mercy, even at its heart's-core. I intentionally omit the consideration of the injustice and cruelty which the *law of primogeniture* entails upon all the younger branches of *great* families, particularly the *females*, because their sufferings are but as a drop of water to the ocean, in comparison of the manifold miseries which this horrid and barbarous custom inflicts upon the great

body of the people. When we balance *half a dozen, or half a score hundreds* of human beings that are *pinched* by this institution, against the *many millions* which are *ground down and trampled in the dust* by its iron grasp, we are tempted to say,—*but what are these few among so many?*

I shall, therefore, only rapidly consider its effects upon the public, upon the *poor*.

It derived its birth from the *conquest*, when a restless, bloody, insolent, and unfeeling race of *nobles* parcelled out the territory of the subdued and miserable Anglo-Britons. It was admirably calculated to preserve and to prolong to them the possession of arbitrary and of despotic sway, and to continue the people in vassalage and in slavery, and also to furnish military suit and service to their sovereign. But in the lapse of a few centuries the power of these *feudal lords* became so formidable, and their oppression so intolerable, that both king and people *conspired* together to destroy or to lessen their strength.

But what was now done? The branches indeed were lopped, but the root remained; the trunk still continued, and in after times



shot forth other boughs and other foliage, which, like the baneful tree of Upas, have spread their poisonous exhalations and their steams of destruction over all the land. The race of nobles was neither to be feared nor dreaded, as despots clad in iron garments, after the contest between Charles the first and the British people. But the sting of the snake was not extracted; the *law of primogeniture* remained. Commerce, in her turn, succeeded to the sword, and found a golden path to that greatness and to those honours which had hitherto been approached only by steps of blood.

Hence, merchants became possessors of landed property; and, by successful speculations in trade, by active and unwearied industry, operating on the sure and steady ground of frugality, the *monied interest* acquired great influence and high importance in this kingdom; even more than the *landed lords* had possessed, but not of so open and avowed a nature; they were more indirect, working in secret and in silence, but never missing their intended aim.

At the beginning of the reign of Great

Britain's present sovereign, an extended field of opulence was opened by our nefarious and unhallowed success in the East Indies ; and by the execrable industry with which the produce of our West Indian plantations was procured, I mean *the trading and the traffic of human flesh*, for the purposes of obtaining *negro slaves*. Our merchants, swoln with the plunder of the East, and lifted up into arrogance from the possession of boundless stores of fruits luxuriated by the blood, and bedewed with the tears of their *fellow-men*, became sensible of their dishonourably-acquired consequence, supported government in all its wars, and supplied the means of ostentation and of prodigality.

As a return for these *important services* they were *made noble* ; and many of them, by matrimonial connexions, blended their interests with those of the *old noblesse*, whose paternal estates, not being augmented by the streams of trade, had not kept pace with the continually decreasing value of money, or had been dissipated or encumbered by heedless and unprincipled extravagance. Thus basking in the sunshine of

royal favour, in alliance with, and courted by, the nobles, and possessing the influence inseparably attendant upon enormous wealth, they glided into the legislative temple.

And when once they had taken possession of this sacred seat, they established their own aggrandizement upon the necks of an humbled and an abased people. Every law was propitious to their exaltation. Banks swarmed throughout the kingdom and engrossed all the *specie*; the wide and still widening extension of the national debt enabled them to contract for lucrative loans; the East Indian monopoly, chartered rights and corporate bodies, and frequent wars, all increased their exorbitant masses of treasure, while they sunk the people into penury and want.

Thus in the course of a century these traders, united to the scanty remains of the old nobility, have acquired the greater portion of the landed property of this kingdom, which, descending lineally, and absorbing within its gulf, entails and marriage-settlements, and all the monopolizing mischiefs of primogeniture, now presents

such an alarming accumulation of *individual* wealth, as menaces a *general destruction*. It is from this source that the *consolidation of farms*, so loudly complained of and so justly lamented, is derived. For the heir of an enormous income, despising the simplicity of a rural life, hurries to the metropolis and enrolls himself among the gilded pageants of the court, where vice and luxury continually drain him of his wealth; and when the usual springs of supply are dried up, his steward, a country attorney, versed in all the petty windings and doublings of financial chicanery, devises *plans of economy* in order to fill the pockets of his lord for a season.

And what is this wonderful economy? *To avoid the necessary expences which arise from repairing and paying taxes for old farm-houses*; wherefore they are pulled down, and vast tracts of land are let to *one* man, who, indeed, carries on his business of farming on a large scale, profitable to himself, but prejudicial to the community. For numbers of people, who once lived in comfort on *smaller farms*, are now driven out upon the wide world; they are not



even permitted to be *day-labourers*, to be *hireling-workers* on the land which they once rented, because the *great farmer*, like other *great men*, finds that it is convenient for him to employ a much less number of workmen now that the ground is all *one farm*, than were deemed necessary when it was divided into *several*.

By this expedient, and by the *corn-laws* of this kingdom, which are an *actual monopoly of the necessaries of life*, the rental of estates is advanced to its highest pitch of oppression, to the emolument of a very few *individuals*, and the debasement and starvation of countless thousands of the poor. The great and wealthy landholder fills all the high civil offices in the country, as those of lord-lieutenant, sheriff, magistrate, &c. and thus carries into execution the laws which he *helped to be passed*.

In London he mounts to the envied eminence of splendid exaltation by the usual gradations of borough-jobbing, of courtierizing, and a peerage; or he takes his degrees at Newmarket and the gaming-table, and becomes a professed *man of pleasure*. In either, and in both these cases, he

regards his tenants not a jot more than the Russian *noble* does his boors; so that he gets the *obrok* or *head-money*, which each male boor pays; he cares not how his *vassals* live, or whether they live at all. Hence, the labouring peasantry are nearly as much degraded and oppressed by the influence of the very small number (only *one hundred and sixty-seven men* before the late accession of the Irish members to the imperial parliament) of wealthy individuals, who monopolize all the legislative power of this country, as their ancestors were by the *feudal lords*; for, by the law of parochial settlement, they are, in reality, *villains and serfs* chained to the soil on which they were spawned.

Upon a fair calculation, it has been proved that the *whole* number of men who, by the possession of boroughs and large country estates, hold in their hands the power of electing *all* the representatives of Great Britain, excepting the Irish, amount to less than *two hundred*. This crying evil arises altogether from the *law of primogeniture*, which prevents the free circulation of landed property, and forbids it to find its

level like every other species of merchandize, in the trading of which competition is not crippled and destroyed by exclusive monopolies. If it were done away the nation would in the course of a very few years wear a far different aspect from that which it now presents; a body of yeomanry and gentlemen farmers would be produced, cultivating their own competent, but not vast estates, improving agriculture, and diffusing the blessings of *peace, of plenty, and of instruction to the poor.*

The old man also told us, that it was the custom among the *very great men*, and one he mentioned particularly by name, as having himself been a sufferer through the power exerted on the part of the said *great man*, to raise what is called a *volunteer regiment*. This business is thus performed, continued our communicative companion; the *great man* gives notice to those of his tenants, who have young and able-bodied children, that they shall send one or more of their sons into the military department, whose machinery is immediately under his own inspection. *I lost my*

*own two boys in that very way,—*said he, sobbing and wiping his eyes as he spoke.

In vain the aged parents represent that their sons are their chief, nay, their only support; that by their labour in superintending the farm the whole family is decently and comfortably maintained. It is of no use that they urge their anxious fear lest their children's *morals* should become corrupted by the accustomed and habitual wickedness and disregard of all religion so notorious in all military encampments; that their boys would go out respectable for their native simplicity and unadulterated honesty, but would return, if they returned at all, execrable, on account of their unfeeling knavery, their unbridled licentiousness, and systematic want of all principle; for what else can be expected from such a school, where men are regularly taught to trade in human blood, and to sell their skill in murder for a stipulated price?

To all this a very short answer is given; that the young men must be forthcoming as soldiers, or the parents must prepare to leave their farms, and to embrace all the



pangs of poverty, of want, of neglect, of insult, and of a lingering death by misery and famine, as the inevitable consequence of their refusal to obey the mandate of their lord, and to devote their children to destruction. What could be done in opposition to unlimited power not regulated by the mildness of religion? The young men were dragged to those spots destined for the reception of those unhappy wretches who are hired to shed the blood of their fellow-creatures, and to *sluice out* their own for pitiful and dirty pelf. And, what is still more strange, these infatuated beings are taught to glory in their shame, to be vain of their red livery, which is but the flaunting badge of their slavery, and to be proud of their calling, which *is one continued act of disobedience to and defiance of the commands of that merciful Saviour who hath pronounced a blessing upon all those that promote peace on earth and good-will towards men.*

We now shook hands with the good old man, who turned up into a by-road, and left us. As we went on our way we mused on what we had heard, and were *not* comforted.

It is well for us that *great men* cannot wield the elements themselves for our destruction, but can only render us wretched by human instruments of persecution and oppression, or we should be utterly annihilated.

“ Could great men thunder  
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne’er be quiet,  
For every *petty pelting officer*  
Would use his heaven for thunder, nothing but  
thunder.—

Merciful heaven !

Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphureous bolt,  
Split’st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak  
Than the soft myrtle.—O, but man, proud man !

*Drest in a little brief authority ;*

Most ignorant of what he’s most assur’d,

*His glassy essence*—like an angry ape

Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,

As make the angels weep.”

If any thing could prevail on mankind to abhor the iniquity of butchery and bloodshed, one should imagine that it would be the knowledge of the miseries attendant, inseparably attendant, on war. But this is not very likely soon to be accomplished ; for we are taught, even from our cradle, to look with admiration and as-

tonishment on *heroes and warriors*, as beings of a superior order to other men, beings deserving of applause and of honour. But while we are thus trained up by all that we see, all that we hear, and all that we read, to consider *murder* as commendable and exalted, we cannot expect that wars will be less frequent; for men will surely be always inclined to follow that pursuit which they think renders them *respectable* in the eyes of others; since to gain the esteem or the notice, real or verbal, (call it by what name you please, it is the opposite of contempt) of their fellow-creatures, is one of the greatest and most universal incitements which stimulate men to action.

If there were *no receivers there could be no thieves*, is a generally received maxim in our courts of law, and it is full of truth and of good sense. So if there were *no soldiers there could be no wars*. Now the only method by which the frequency of wars is likely to be diminished is, by adopting it as a part of *general education*, to teach that the calling of a soldier is not *honourable before men*, and that war is *detestable in*

*the sight of God.* Men, in general, do not voluntarily embrace a profession which is not deemed reputable, nor follow a calling on which the brand of contempt and execration has been imprinted. That this may in some measure be effected, by giving our writings, particularly our *histories* and *biography*, an entirely different direction from that which they now have, we know by the mischief which these very books produce now, from stimulating the young mind to deeds of *slaughter and of blood* under the mistaken names of *honour* and of *glory*.

As Dr. Porteus, the present venerable bishop of London, well observes,

“ War is a game, which, *were their subjects wise, Kings would not play at.*”

But the only way to make these subjects *wise* is, to give them an *early good education*; for *ignorance* cannot lead to *wisdom*. If our children were early taught the great truths of Christianity, by a *national plan of universal instruction*, and had their minds enlightened by knowledge, and their hearts



purified by virtue, war would be a game that kings would not play at so often as they now do; and the bloody trade of a soldier would not be such an object of desire to men as it now is.

Scarcely a history of any nation exists which is not stuffed with accounts of battles, and murders, and blood, and all manner of butchery; and these are not held up as objects of horror, nor their perpetrators as monsters, doomed to infamy and universal execration. But the minds of our children are perverted, and trained to wickedness by always hearing and reading these things represented under the denomination of honour, and glory, and courage, and virtue, as circumstances which elevate and exalt human nature in the scale of dignity. Thus, by calling evil good, and good evil, bitter sweet, and sweet bitter, have these writers broken down the barriers of moral and religious duty, have lifted up the flood-gates of vice, and poured out the torrents of iniquity over the whole earth in one full tide of general devastation.

They have poisoned the living waters of the land in their springs and in their

sources, making their streams streams of death ; whereas, they should be salient running fountains of health and peace, blessing like the dews of heaven. But are the representations of these men just ? Is war such a glorious achievement ? Is the calling of a soldier so full of honour and of delight, that men might earnestly desire it ? Think but for a moment, and you will be easily able to answer these simple questions. Only take a brief survey of the progress of a soldier, only sketch the outline of war, and then you will judge whether *such things ought to be*.

I purposely decline the consideration of the condition of the *officers*, because their number is comparatively small, and they have many means by which they can contrive to elude some of the most pressing circumstances of their vocation, and also by means of family influence, connexion, &c. can be enabled *sometimes* to recline upon the lap of softness and of wealth, enduring no greater hardship than that of *playing at soldier in the review-field, at a public breakfast, or at court*.

I shall therefore consider the lot of a

*common soldier*, because it is he and his comrades whose bodies are the materials of war, the fuel which prevents this all-devouring flame from being extinguished. And that I might not appear to lean to the side of severity and harshness, I will not insist upon the situation of the great mass of foreign armies, which is systematically starved upon a beggarly pay and scanty unwholesome food, as is the case with the Russian, German, Spanish, and other soldiers, who do not cost their respective governments for a given number of men *one third of the price* which the same number costs in Great Britain. But I will take our own soldiery, who, from the humanity and liberality so conspicuous in the unadulterated English character, are better treated and more abundantly supplied with the necessities of life than the soldiery of any other nation.

By some means or other, no matter how, a simple peasant is taken from the *productive* labour of the plough, and is turned over to the *unprofitable* trade of fighting. He is first put into the hands of a drill serjeant or corporal, who, by dint of oaths

*and curses, and frequent canings, in process of time teaches the once honest rustic to hold up his head, to march with his right or his left leg foremost, to halt at the word of command, to chew tobacco, to swear, and to hate the French.*

These very important acquisitions being obtained, he is pronounced fit to exercise in rank and file with other human animals, that have been thus converted into *machines*. Now he is a *soldier*, and while at home literally does nothing except when he is on duty, that is, he is a drone upon society, wasting the fruits of productive labour in the support of his carcase; and his mind continues to rot in ignorance without any means of obtaining information, without any opportunity of being properly employed.

Hence, as idleness always engenders vice the great quantity of profligacy and debauchery which is continually floating among the soldiery, and renders troops such a nuisance to any place where they are quartered, by propagating immorality and diffusing a propensity to abandoned and unprincipled conduct among the inhabitants. When on



duty, he either walks about as a sentinel before a *wooden box*, or he walks into and out of the said *wooden box*, all the while bearing a musket, with the bayonet fixed, upon his shoulder, and a cartridge pouch at his back, for the sake of preventing the peace of the *wooden box* from being disturbed. After a time, another soldier comes and takes possession of the *wooden box*, and he marches home to his quarters.

But it is at a *review-day* in which the *great glory* of a soldier is seen. In order to prepare for this *glorious exhibition* he is obliged to defraud himself of his *necessary sleep* to put on his best clothes, to load himself with several pounds weight of iron, and walk off perhaps, in a hot broiling day, to a large field at the distance of some miles. Here, he, with several of his companions, is *reviewed*, that is, he, for the space of many hours, makes a multitude of motions with his hands, body, and feet, at the sound of certain noises, which another man in red makes by bawling out as loudly as he can prevail on his lungs to permit him. He puts out one leg, then draws it back and puts out another; then scuffles with

two feet at one time ; then puts his musquet upon his shoulder, then takes it down again ; then walks, runs, stops, kneels, stoops, lies down, gets up again, and performs a thousand bodily distortions, till he is nearly dead with heat, and fatigue, and hunger, and thirst, and wretchedness. And all this is done for the sole purpose of amusing and entertaining a great number of well-dressed men and women, who come crowding in carriages and on horseback, to see their fellow-creatures toil through all the gradations of gesticulatory twistings, faint with watching, with want of sleep, with weariness of fatigue, say that it is *very pretty*, and then gallop home to dinner, where they forget all the miseries of mankind in glowing Burgundy and brisk Champagne.

All this is the *best side* of a soldier's life, and in all this a man of plain understanding and of common sense would perceive no great quantity of *honour and glory*. He would not perceive that God was honoured, or the happiness of man promoted, (and these are the only two sources of honour and glory which exist) by a fellow's

*chewing tobacco, swearing and cursing, being a burden on society, living an immoral and a profligate life, swinging with his arms, scuffling with his feet, and putting his body into all manner of painful postures, and grasping and flourishing about a long piece of iron affixed to a wooden base.*

He might smile at the folly and absurdity of those who devote their lives to such an employment; but, when he considered that to support all this *puppet-show* the hardly-earned morsel of bread was wrung from the hand of industry, and the great mass of the people were ground down to penury and want, merely to enable these *puppets* to make all these movements, he would no longer smile; he would heave the sigh of sorrow for the wretched state of insulted and of degraded humanity, and cast the withering look of indignation on the selfish cruelty of those whose fleeting and transitory moments of petty and ignoble pleasure are purchased at the expence of the tears and the suffering of their unjustly tormented fellow-creatures.

But we have seen only the fair weather, the holiday-side of a soldier; he has hi-

thereto been well-fed, well-clothed, and well-lodged; he has only been occasionally *caned and lashed*, and at times *exercised*, till he was faint and exhausted, for the amusement of his *betters*. But now he is sent abroad to fight, no matter for what, for something or for nothing, certainly for *nothing to him*; but war is a game which *great men* play at, and the *bodies of little men* are the *counters* with which they set up the game, or the *dice which they throw at every cast*.

The mere business of fighting in which limbs are hacked, and hewed, and mangled, and lopped, makes but a very small portion of the soldier's misery. He is often compelled to endure the gnawing pangs of hunger, and the scorching pains of thirst, which are evils that those only affect to despise who have *never felt them*. In addition to the slow wasting of famine he is pinched by cold, and benumbed by wet; he languishes in unwholesome encampments, the victim of disease and of putrefaction. In this wretched condition he meets with *pity and sympathy* from *no fellow-being*; for hopeless misery and long-



continued despondency have rendered them obdurate and insensible to the calls of compassion. He is left to breathe his last in unassisted agony, with no one to soothe by kindness his dying moments, or to close his eyes in peace. If he perishes, no tear of affection and of sorrow bedews his remains ; but he is tossed into the earth, or plunged into the wave, without notice and without regard.

If he survives all these horrors, and lives through his destined term of warfare, he returns with perhaps half his body left upon a foreign land, and *for the remainder of his life* must beg his bitter bread in the country which once witnessed his days of youthful vigour ; when his toil-strung nerves vibrated with delight to the morning breeze ; when his *productive* labour fed himself and benefited his country ; when he returned at evening to his cot, and gladdened the heart of his father, and cheered the soul of his aged mother ; when his slumbers were the slumbers of innocence and health, sweet, undisturbed, and renovating his frame.

But now what is he ? A burden to the

community, a curse to himself. His means of existence are derived from the fruits of others industry ; he produces nothing that can add aught to the felicity or to the wealth of his country. With a body maimed and mutilated ; with a mind unenlightened by knowledge, darkened by vice ; he drags out the remainder of his days a prey to penury and want, the victim of remorse ; *his life is without comfort, and his death is without hope.*

Is there any *honour*, any *glory*, in all this, that thy soul should seek to obtain such an enviable situation ? If men were *wise* would they leave *the loom* and forsake *the plough* to follow after the sounding of the trumpet and the beating of the drum ?

This is only the misery of the soldier, of an *individual*. But what is this in comparison to the wide-wasting desolation of *war* ? Those who are so blessed as to live in a country which is not *the seat of war*, can never entertain an adequate conception of its horrors, although they, as we shall see presently, have no cause to rejoice when this daemon of destruction strides over the blasted earth. That some faint notion, for

no language can express all its mischief, may be obtained of the pernicious consequences of war, I shall borrow for a while the pen of the benevolent and animated Este, who thus begins the relation of his route from Louvaine to Liege, in the year 1793.

“ And memorise another Golgotha ;

“ For thus, alas ! the road had it through St. Tron, and Tirlemont from Louvaine to Liege ! Had all the amateurs of war been present, there was enough of the sublime to have satisfied the most sanguine of them all !

“ It was now many a mournful month since the dire mischiefs had been first bewailed ! and yet through many a long mile there was the cry of havoc still heaving forth from every object round. Through a main track almost every house was pierced through and through. In each poor clay wall there remained the hideous stigma of every cannon-shot. Of many houses battered and burnt there was not left one stone upon another. Of the few straggling trees that remained on the way-side undestroyed, not one escaped unstain-

ed from the *abomination of spilled blood*. The bones of horses and of men were scattered over every field ; the fragments countless as when one heweth wood upon the earth ; entire skeletons were to be seen,—*not quite dry, not denuded quite.*

“ *Every face was in sadness—every heart seemed faint.* The father bereaved of his children,—the widow and the orphan, through astounding sorrow torpid, *in silent supplication for bread.* Calamity and death, at any time, in any form, cannot but be full of awe. Yet human violence, more fell than accident, seems to make disaster doubly dreadful.

“ One poor fellow, a farmer of the best life and conversation, fell in his own house in the last solemn duty of the day. A cannon-ball rushed into the room *and killed him* ; his wife and children also *at their devotion*, all kneeling around.—An excellent young man, but the day before a bridegroom, was another victim. He was coming forth from his chamber when a random shot struck him. He *dropped down dead.*—And his bride, young and beautiful, her swelling heart literally burst.—She



shrieked out,—O God,—and never spake more.—

“ A brave boy, not fourteen years old, was in the field.—A dæmon, in the shape of an hussar, furiously assailed him,—and roared out in broken French—*Grace ? Grace ?*—Questionably thus—The poor boy either did not know what was meant, or disdained if he did. He replied,—*Et pourquoi grace ?*—When instantly the ruffian let fall his sabre, and the boy, *from his head down, was cleft in twain.*

“ It was in another such scene of horrors, conjured up, and perpetrated from the storehouse of all ill, that our gallant countryman, colonel Eld, had a picture, which he wore hanging about his neck, *driven into his heart.*—It was a miniature of a lady he had left in England,—*who had his plighted faith.*

“ If traditions are at all true, the dismay and disasters of former wars do not fade away in comparison with these three days of horror between Liege and Louvaine. This was the very ground, chiefly between Neerwinden and Landen, where a century before (July 1694) there was another dire

consummation of the inspired poet's worst imagined curse, *the people being sold for naught*, when the Marechal Luxemburg bought, with such prodigal guilt in blood, *the barren honours of the field*.

“ We were shown **the** place by a divine old man. He was a substantial landholder, venerable in hoary-headed strength ; but more from the strong wisdom of age, —with all his ideas justly bent upon goodwill and peace.—There—said he, still sighing heavily from his inmost heart,—there is the fatal spot,—there,—there,—now—near a hundred years are past, since the earth was thus blasted by the despots of that time.—Then *thirteen of my kindred*, I have been made to know,—*thirteen were doomed in one day to die*.—God help their endangered souls ! I hope they had no misdeeds as to the death of others.”

I can transcribe no more,—I am wearied and sick at heart in contemplating such scenes of outrage and of injustice, such cruelty inflicted on human nature, by those who prey upon the vitals and batten on the plunder of their fellow-men.

Is there any *honour* in all this ?

Neither are those whose country is not the *seat of war* altogether exempt from its evils. It is a crying sin against the God of all mercy, and as such is the cause of lamentation and of regret to all *good* men. It is productive of ferocity of manner and servility of spirit in its followers and its traders; so that they become no longer citizens and supporters of society, but the terror and the curse of all good order and social happiness. It sweeps many victims of its murderous malice into eternity, and leaves whole families destitute and abandoned; the aged father it bereaves of his child, and his grey hairs go down with sorrow to the grave; the mother, worn to the very verge of existence by infirmities and weight of years, sinks into death without resistance and without struggle; the widow lingers out the remainder of her days in barren sorrow and irretrievable destitution, exposed to all the spurns which *patient merit of the unworthy takes*, and closes her eyes in endless slumber, when that she has seen the wreck and the desolation of all her family. When her sons have miserably perished in the dungeons of their

country, or have reddened the land of foreigners with their blood, or have sunk by the pestilential blastments of contagion on a distant shore ; thus ending a life whose whole period has been exposed *to the whips and stings of the time, the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, the law's delay, and all the insolence of office.* When her daughters, compelled by stern necessity, have sought to earn their daily bread by daily toil, have fallen victims to the countless wiles, and the innumerable machinations of seduction, and have breathed their last amidst all the horrors of disease, of filth, of famine, of anguish, and of despair, neglected and deserted of men, *cursing their own existence, and blaspheming God.*

It oppresses the whole community, by heaping on it the excessive burden of an enormous taxation, a taxation which continually augments its demands, and menaces to swallow up in its fathomless gulf, *all the fruits of productive industry ;* it palsies all the exertions of labour by cutting asunder its life-chords, in that it takes away her sons and sends them to be slaughtered in the field of carnage ; it clogs up all the ma-



chinery of commerce, making its wheels drive heavily ; it stops the progress of agriculture ; it converts the land of plenty into a wilderness and a waste, and sends the inhabitants thereof to roam as outcasts upon the earth, without home, without food, without friend, without *hope* ; poor, naked, wretches, whose houseless heads and unfed sides are bared to all the inclemencies of the seasons, and *must bide the pityless pelting of the storm ! ! !*

But is this the picture which *historians* draw of *warriors and of war* ? No.—They teach us to admire and to envy the *honour and the glory* of warlike nations. Read the histories of Greece, of Rome, of France, of England, and you will read little else, but one continued tissue of *bloodshed and of murder*. And these are celebrated by their historians as *splendid, brilliant, powerful* nations : but where does the phrase *happy nation* occur in the records of these sages of literature ? *Happiness* dwelleth only in the tents of *peace* and of *virtue* ; she is frightened from those spots where the sounding of the clarion to battle, and the trampling of armed hoofs is heard, where

the blood-red banner of military desolation is seen to float upon the wings of the wind. 1. M. H. M. L. 40-

Where are the *historians* who have been influenced by this hallowed and sacred truth? Have they not *all* been wholly intent on describing battles, and victories, and armies, and triumphs; rather seeking to affix the names of *great and glorious*, than of *just and good*, to kingdoms and to empires? Have they not bequeathed to posterity a mass of gorgeous misery, and industriously varnished over the evils and the horrors of *sanguinary and tumultuous revolutions*? Have they not hidden the deformity of vice from our eyes by throwing over it the splendid veil of genius?

Are not the *glorious* fields of slaughter, where men destroy and devour each other with a rage more fell than that of tygers and of bears, celebrated in the strains of eloquence and the song of the bard? Are we not taught to dwell with rapture on the carnage of thousands and tens of thousands of human beings, by the sublimest efforts of commendation, which history, oratory, and poetry can make in the mightiness of

of their power? Can it be doubted that the following lines, and indeed nearly all of Homer's Iliad, a book which we are all instructed to admire, but never directed *how* to admire and what to detest, have done much injury to mankind by instilling into the young mind an early and an insatiable desire after *military glory*?

“ Ως υπ' Αχιλλῆος μεγαθύμου βωνυχες ἵπποι  
 Στειδὸν ὄμβρ' νεκυας τε καὶ ἀσπίδας· αἵματι δ' ἄξων  
 Νερθεν ἅπας πεπαλακίῳ, καὶ ἀντὺς αἱ περὶ δίφρον,  
 Ἀς ἀρ' ἀφ' ἵππειων ὀπλεων ραθαμισγες ἐβαλλον,  
 Αἰτ' ἀπ' ἐπιπρωτρων, ὃ δὲ ἰετο κύδος ἀρεσθαι  
 Πηλεΐδης, λυθρῶν δὲ παλασσετο χείρας ἀαπτῶς.”

“ So the fierce coursers, as the chariot rolls,  
 Tread down whole ranks *and crush out heroes' souls.*  
 Dash'd from their hoofs, while o'er the dead they fly,  
 Black bloody drops the smoking chariot dye :  
 The spiky wheels thro' heaps of carnage tore ;  
*And thick the groaning axles dropp'd with gore.*  
 High o'er the scene of death Achilles stood,  
*All grim with dust, all horrible in blood ;*  
 Yet still insatiate, still with rage on flame ;  
 Such is the lust of never-dying fame.”

But who that is apt to *think*, (and, alas,

there are not many such !) and not be led away by *names and sounds*, is not thoroughly shocked and disgusted by the images which these lines call up ? How infinitely preferable are the following inimitable verses of the same poet ; which he, who can read without having his mind exalted and his heart amended, must be *more than man or less than beast ! !*

“ Ως δ' οτ' εν θρανῳ ἀστρα φαεινὴν ἀμφι σελήνην  
 Φαίνεται ἀριπρεπεα, οτε δ' ἐπλετο νημεὺς αἰθέρ,  
 Ἐκ τ' ἐφάνον πασαι σκυπτιαι, καὶ πρωονες ἀκροί,  
 Καὶ νάται· ἠρανοθεν δ' ἀρ' ὑπερραγὴ ἀσπετος αἰθήρ,  
 Παντα δὲ τ' εἶδεται ἀστρα· γεγήμε δὲ τε φρενα ποικίλην.”

“ As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,  
 O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light ;  
 When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,  
 And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene,  
 Around her throne the vivid planets roll,  
 And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole ;  
 O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,  
 And tip with silver every mountain's head.  
 Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,  
 A flood of glory bursts from all the skies ;  
 The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,  
 Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.”

In the first of these quotations the mind



is presented with every image that can deform and debase its nature ; excite vile and unhallowed passions ; and transform man, the similitude of his Creator, into the likeness of a brute. In the second citation, those images only are called up which have a direct tendency to elevate the understanding and to purify the soul ; to raise ecstatic bliss, and to rouse it to virtue ; to lead it *through the noblest works of nature up to nature's God.*

But to return from this digression, if to present one of the most beautiful pieces of poetry, both antient and modern, *can* be a digression from any subject. Is it not common in dedications to *great men* to praise them for *famous* victories and *glorious* conquests ; *evils* and *crimes* whose deformities should either be buried in oblivion or dragged forth to the detestation of mankind ? Does not the antiquarian devote his days and his nights to pore among the darkness of antiquity, in order to discover the *precise day* on which the battle of Cannæ was fought, or the straits of Thermopylæ defended ; and if that he fancies he can make plausible his ground of conjecture,

does he not, like Archimedes, cry out in ecstasy, *εὕρηκα, εὕρηκα*, I have found, I have found? Only indeed with this difference, that Archimedes rejoiced in that he had made one of the *noblest and most useful* discoveries in science, whereby an incalculable benefit hath accrued, and will ever continue to accrue, to the human race. But what has the antiquarian found, even allowing that he has found what it is more than probable he has missed? Why, even this,—*he has cleared up the chronology of human iniquity, and has conveyed to posterity the records of violence and of crime.*

How comes it to pass, that the historian confines himself to the relation of instances of *splendid* villany, and forgets to narrate examples of virtue, of mercy, and of benevolence; of the means by which a kingdom or a province was made to flourish in prosperity and in peace, and its inhabitants to dwell in the bosom of their families, rejoicing each man *in the wife of his youth, and in the children of his love.*

When Pericles the Athenian lay on his death-bed, with his eyes closed, his friends and relations, who stood round, thinking

that he had actually breathed his last, began to bewail their loss, and to enumerate his virtues and his excellencies, his many splendid victories, his powers of eloquence, his wit, and a thousand other things, which their fondness for his memory recalled to their recollection.—Pericles, who had been listening to all that they said, answered,—But, my friends, you forget the greatest of all my commendations, in comparison of which my triumphs, and battles, and eloquence, and wit, and power, are as nothing, remember—that *no citizen of Athens has ever been obliged to wear mourning on my account.*

Where exists the king on earth that can go out of the world with this speech of Pericles in his mouth? Can any one of them say, with truth and justice, *none of my subjects have worn mourning on my account.*

How do all the military and bloody achievements of that hero of France, the patriotic Henry the fourth, fade away into annihilation, when we compare it with the *everlasting glory* of his benevolence, that prompted him to utter this memorable

speech,—*I hope to live to see the day when every man in my kingdom shall be able to put a fowl into his pot for his daily dinner ?*

The Roman history has been an object of almost universal attention ; and volume upon volume has been written, filling up all the recesses of knowledge and of erudition, to describe its *wars*, its *ovations*, its *triumphs* ; at *what particular gate an ovation went in at*, and at *which a triumph entered* ; its *shows*, its *chronology*, its *beast-fights*, its *gladiatorial butcheries*, its *buildings*, its *extent*, and I know not what besides. But who has written upon the *happiness* of this nation ? A subject to me infinitely more interesting than a collection of the medals of all the emperors, or a gathering together of the inscriptions of all the stones and marbles that ever did or did *not* exist.

I had intended to show, by giving a brief survey of the great leading features of the Roman history, which is little more than an unbroken series of wars, tumults, massacres, murders, licentious anarchy, and soul-benumbing despotism, to show that it never had the least pretensions to the title of a *happy* nation. But I find that



this inquiry will engross more time and room than this work will allow of, and must therefore drop my intention; and perhaps many will deem it necessary for me to apologize for the length of my dissertation already. I refer them to my preface for the reasons *why* I enter into these discussions; and if what is there advanced does not satisfy them, I am sorry for it; I can do no more, but must bow and retire in silence.

We had not proceeded many steps since our bidding the venerable old farmer a good night, before we met a short, stoutly-built, very dirty Highlander, together with a slender, delicately-countenanced boy, who seemed to be about thirteen. It was always my custom, in this route, if possible, to ascertain the calling of every person with whom we met and conversed, that I might not unwittingly offend by saying any thing disrespectful of such a calling; a very serious instance of whose evil consequences I had nearly experienced in my own person at Tunnel Bridge, in my encounter with the four drunken High-

landers and the *exciseman*. I was generally able pretty speedily to ascertain this important point by observing minutely the workings and shiftings of the countenance in the person to whom I directed my discourse, at the different observations and remarks which I made.

But it was now too dark to avail myself of this resource. I could not clearly see the lines of countenance in our two present acquaintance; I could only discern the broad whole, not the single parts; and I discovered the face of one to be a large mass of dirt, and that of the other betokened delicacy and sensibility. I, therefore, determined to descant upon the different vocations of men, cautiously and discreetly withal, till I should discover the calling of these men; and then I should know very well how to proceed.

They hailed us, and asked who we were.—We replied,—Americans. They now, but particularly the dirty man, for the boy said but little, put to us many minute questions, and more especially inquired into the amount of daily wages which workmen and tradesmen received in our country. I

told him what pay masons, and carpenters, and shoemakers, and peasants had ; to all which he gave very little heed, regarding all that I said with the utmost indifference. No man, thought I, gets any knowledge but from experience, and no man is really interested in things which he does not know. I, therefore, was well assured that I had not yet touched upon his way of life. Wherefore, I mentioned, as another effort of discovering my companion's calling, that a journeyman tailor could earn four or five shillings a day, if he was industrious.

I had scarcely pronounced these words when the fellow laughed out loudly,—He, he, he, he,—or rather uttered a sound very much resembling the neighing of a horse, grasped me roughly and eagerly by the hand, and cried out,—Why, I am a tailor, and this boy here is my apprentice.

After enjoying some desultory gab about tailors and their various habitudes of action, we inquired where we might find a place of abode for the night. They told us, that a little farther on we should come to an inn, where we should be sure of getting a good bed and bonny cheer, for the land-

lord had lived some time in England ; and that he, the tailor, and his boy, would come and breakfast with us, and have some discourse with us, the next morning, on their return towards Killin. We answered, that we should be happy to see them, shook hands and parted, each pursuing his own route, they towards Kenmore, we towards Killin.

We very soon arrived at the place which had been described to us ; it was a very little shabby hut, containing only one small apartment, and not quite half another, for the greater portion of it had tumbled down, and the ruined fragments lay heaped upon the ground. This was the inn where we were to get a good bed and bonny cheer. It was now late and dark. We inquired at the threshold of the door if we could get a lodging, and out from the room (where sate a woman and four children on the floor, round a little fire made of peat) came a stout, dark, black-haired, very ragged man, about fifty. He answered, that he had no place for such as we were. He then very churlishly and surlily asked us where we came from last ?



*We are troubled to get a night's lodging.* 381

—From Kenmore,—we replied.—Why did ye not stay at Kenmore, since it was so late, and ye were so crippled and tired?—Besides, what business can two American sailors (as you say you are, and if you do not tell a lie) have to travel about the country in this manner, without any passport and with such great bludgeons?

He now began to ply his questions so very fast, and so very impertinently, that I thought it proper to express my astonishment how it was possible for him, a Highlander, all of whose nation were so justly celebrated for their kindness, hospitality, and benevolence to strangers, should be so deplorably deficient in the common duties of humanity and civility to two distressed strangers, as to insult them by indecent questions, and brutal insolent remarks. This rub, by way of a hint, had the desired effect, for the fellow immediately softened down his harsh and discordant tones, and smoothed his voice into something like the shape of a stage whisper, as Bayes might term it, and apologized abundantly for his want of room to accommodate gentlemen such as we were, on ac-

count of part of his house having fallen down for these two last years past; that he was very sorry, but he could not help it; and concluded a plentiful speech by advising us to walk on some four or five miles farther on the road, where we might get a resting-place, for the inn there was kept by a Highland-gentleman.

This man's marvellous glibness of tongue and facility of changing his note from the insolent and the brutal, to the obsequious and the pliant, induced me to ask him, if he had ever been a servant in a great family. He replied, that he once lived four years in England, as footman to a Lowland gentleman, that is a Scottishman of the Lowlands, one of the directors of the East India company.—Where, no doubt, he exchanged the unsophisticated and ingenious benevolence of the Highlander, for the unfeeling selfishness of a crafty knave, that retails the contemptible rascality of his betters at second-hand.

While he was relating this part of his history, there issued out of the hut a tolerably-featured, very squalid and filthy middle-aged woman, wife to our host, to

whom she doled out some Erse, in a tone of softness and of humanity. Whereupon, the husband first nodding assent to the woman's proposal, very graciously offered to permit us (because his wife had requested it) to sleep on some hay in the room without a roof, and whose walls were already partly down, and the rest rocking to their very foundation, and vacillating at every gust of wind ; but that we could not have any victuals nor a candle.

We thanked him for his kindness, but said, that we would endeavour to reach the next inn, and bade him and his more humane spouse farewell.

I was so wofully lame, and suffered such excruciating pain at every step which I took, that I desired Andrew to lie down and pass the remainder of the night in the open air, but he refused, saying, that the brutality of the last fellow who had denied us a lodging, had so roused his indignation that he could walk to the devil and back again. The first part of your speech, replied I,—I believe you can put into execution ; but the last I doubt. I am well assured that you can walk to the devil, but

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how will you come back again? We limped on, trying at first to beguile the tediousness of our tramp by conversing together; but the pain, fatigue, and irritation, so tormented us, that we were soon obliged to desist, and paced the remainder of our way in sullen taciturnity, for the space of full four miles.

All around us was shrouded in the thick gloom of darkness and of night; naught was heard save the gentle, but uniformly continued breaking of the unwearied waters of the lake against the shore; and the hoarse baying of the watch-dog, which smote upon our ear at unfrequent intervals as it was borne along upon the wings of the gentle breeze; and now and then the loud tumbling of a torrent, whose broken roar was heard though night's murky veil had hidden its waters from our view.

“ *Night*, sable goddess, from her ebon throne,  
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth  
Her leaden sceptre o’er a slumbering world.  
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!  
Nor eye, nor listening ear, an object finds;  
Creation sleeps. ’Tis as the general pulse  
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;  
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.”



These lines occurred to me as I was crawling on, and the images which they called up so soothed and comforted my mind, making me forget the sufferings of my body, that I looked upon it as a duty of gratitude, for the great service and obligation which they had conferred upon me in the hour of need, incumbent upon me to write them down in my diary the moment in which an opportunity for so doing occurred; and from my diary they glided into print. I mention this, lest it may be thought that I quoted them, as illustrative of the scene around us, which was not the case; the darkness indeed was rather profound, but the silence was not dead, for it was continually broken in upon by the dashing of the wave against its bank, by the loud sounding of the torrent, and the sullen howl of the fierce guardian of the night.

About, or after, midnight we came to a miserable house, which, whether it was an inn, or whether it was not, no sign was present to tell us. It was not much more inviting as to its appearance, though indeed

it was much larger than the hotel at which we were offered a night's repose upon a lock of hay. I believe this mansion contained four rooms. Whatever it was, whether a private house, or the inn kept by a Highland gentleman, we were determined to ask for a lodging; for to think of proceeding farther in our present situation was absurd. Its only door was guarded by a large spotted dog, with whom neither Andrew nor I desired, just then, to have any encounter, as we were both too much exhausted to exert ourselves to make the necessary resistance in case of an attack. We, therefore, began to be very civil to him, and endeavoured, by a soft insinuating voice, to wheedle him into some degree of gentleness of demeanour.

But the honest beast despised us and our adulation, and when either of us approached towards the door, saluted us with such a very uninviting growl, that we regularly retreated at the said sound. Thus were two philosophers set at naught by a shaggy rough-eared quadruped, who treated us and our intentions with great contempt. At length, however, the united clamour of

all three of us, that is, the dog and our worships, brought out of the house three large stout Highlanders, all in their shirts, which were none of the cleanest nor of the longest. The dog, now that he had discharged his duty, and alarmed the family, turned us over to his masters, and was silent.

We asked for a night's lodging, saying, that we had been directed to the house as being an inn kept by a Highland gentleman. So it is, replied the shortest of the three men, and who wore the longest *chemise* of all the trio ;—it is an inn, and I am the gentleman that keeps it ; and a night's lodging you shall both of you have. We thanked him, and stood near the doorway while the host went in to strike a light. During the time in which this operation was employing the landlord, one of the Highlanders, a very stout gigantic fellow, asked, if we were not afraid to travel over such a desolate country by night, where we might so easily be murdered, and no one a bit the wiser for it ?

This little bit of a speech, uttered in the true Highland twang, like that of the Irish,

rendered me rather uneasy, and as Andrew, according to custom, never opened his mouth either to ask a question or to answer one, I replied,—No; that we had nothing to lose, and that we travelled merely to enjoy the beauties of the country, without thinking about being knocked on the head.—We then crawled into the most filthy room, without exception, that we had ever seen, and were presented with a small bason of very sour milk, not good butter, and that deplorable bannoc, which had already nearly terminated my existence by inducing a desperate diarrhœa, that weakened me to the very verge of evanescence. We could not eat any thing, and were so wretched and faint that we could scarcely answer the questions which the host and the two other men still in their shirts, for they had not deemed it worth while to put on any clothes, asked us concerning America, without remission and without mercy.

I soon found by the discourse of the stoutest of the men, the one who had put to me that civil pleasant question about being murdered, that he and his compa-



nion were working masons, and at that time employed in repairing the landlord's habitation. They inquired particularly about the condition of the people in our country, and complained grievously of the distresses which the poor underwent in theirs, and talked of emigrating to America. To all their interrogatories I returned some short answers calculated to quiet their curiosity.

While the two masons were reaping an abundant harvest of information, as they thought, from me, about the condition of people in their trade in America, the host amused himself by endeavouring to put on my spectacles, with which, after many unsuccessful trials, he at length saddled his nose, and then complained that the sponge prevented him from seeing cleverly. He then seized my eye-glass with much avidity, and, after admiring, with frequent bursts of exclamation, its pretty blue colour, turned round to me, and said,—I warrant you now, that you did not get this little thing in Scotland; I suppose it grows in America, like our heather here, upon the hills.—To which I replied, that

it was no uncommon thing for the ground, at some particular places in our country, to yield a large crop of such eye-glasses.

Upon hearing this he could not contain himself, but declared, quite in an ecstasy of fervour, that he would go and live in America. And he instantly pulled one of the masons by the tail of his shirt out of the very middle of a long speech, in order to bid him look at the eye-glass which he held in his hand.—This little thing,—said he,—grows all over America as plentifully as heather does upon our hills; for this American in the blue jacket here, told me so.—The masons both swallowed the story, and determined also to accompany the landlord in his expedition across the Atlantic main.—I smiled at their simplicity in talking so easily of making a voyage of three thousand miles, when perhaps all three of them put together could not have mustered twenty shillings; and I also was amused at the inaccuracy of the landlord, whose creative imagination had fastened upon me the words, *all*, and *as plentifully as heather*, whereas I had only said a crop at some particular places.

At length we intimated our desire of retiring to rest ; and the host, first pointing out to us our bed (which stood in the room where we sate, and with its feet touching the head of that in which our two friends, the masons, deposited their carcases) withdrew into another apartment, wishing us a good night. Our linen was very clean and comfortable. Andrew was in bed in a trice, and as speedily fell fast asleep ; just before I put out my candle, the large overgrown mason again asked me, if I was not afraid to traverse such a desolate country at that dead hour of night, when we might so easily be robbed, and murdered, and thrown into the loch there, which ran by the side of the road ?

This strange question, repeated the second time, and by the same person, whose countenance I began to fancy looked very much like that of a ruffian, very much alarmed me ; for I well knew that we were entirely at the mercy of these men, who might put us out of existence, throw us into the lake, and defy all probability of detection ; so distant were we from any one whom we knew, and so entirely ignorant

were all our acquaintance of our present place of abode. However, I answered, with great apparent indifference, that when we travelled in Spain, in Italy, and in Germany, we were obliged to carry pistols that we might shoot or be shot in case of necessity; but that in the Highlands we entertained no fear, because we knew the people to be kind, generous, hospitable, and honest.

Saying this, I put out my candle and crept into the bed, which was so narrow and short as to cramp and benumb all my limbs. I could obtain no repose; and, while Cowan lay snoring with his face towards the wall of the dark recess in which the bed stood, I kept my eyes open, looking towards the opposite side of the room. Scarcely half an hour was elapsed since the candle was extinguished, before out of his sleeping-place slowly and cautiously crept one of the masons. I could just discern, by a beam of light which came into our chamber through a little crevice in the window-shutter, the tail of the fellow's shirt, as he silently groped his way round the room.



All is over now,—thought I to myself,—our death-warrant is surely signed, and in a few moments where shall I be?—All attempt at resistance was vain, and I waited in the dreadful calm of hopeless despondency for the approaching moment when I was to be murdered. The man, after having crawled all round the room, sliding his hand over every part of the chamber within his reach, came to our bedside and passed his rough and dirty fingers over my body and face, and up to the pillow under which I had secured all my little baggage. The agonizing sensations of my soul at the moment in which this barbarian rested his hand upon my face, are beyond all power of language to express; they were such as will never be effaced from my recollection while memory holds her seat in this distracted globe; my heart for some moments ceased to beat, the pulse of life stood still, and I forgot to breathe.

Very soon, however, the man ceased to lay his paws upon me, and departed to his own bed. After a few minutes my faculties began to wake from their torpor; and

reason, which had been suspended in horror, to resume her seat ; and it occurred to me, upon reflection,—that if these men had intended to murder us they would have done it before, for no impediment lay in their way ; and that many people would make no scruple of robbing whose consciences were too squeamish to let them kill a fellow-creature. Whence I concluded, that this fellow, supposing that we were asleep, had been searching in order to find out something of ours which he might convert to his own use, well knowing that we should not dare to inquire about it in the morning, but be contented that we were suffered to escape with our life.

Although I now perceived that I was in no great danger of bodily extinction, yet my frame had been so agitated by the wretched sensations and emotions which had swept across my brain, that I could not procure any sleep. And not long after I heard such a trampling and knocking immediately over my head, in the room above that in which we lay, like the sound of fifty men rushing along the floor, as

renewed all my fears, and brought upon me that cold and chilly damp, which terror alone engenders. This noise lasted nearly an hour, and then ceased. At length, in spite of all impediments, through mere exhaustion I sunk into some short and broken slumbers.

At seven o'clock on the morning of the twelfth of August, our fellow-lodgers, the masons, rose, and opened the window-shutters. They dressed themselves, and then darkened the room by again closing the window-boards, which, as I soon perceived, they did from a motive of attentive kindness, that the sun-beams might not come in upon us and disturb our repose. At ten o'clock we rose, hungry and unrefreshed for want of food and sleep, for towards the morning Cowan also had in vain solicited the sweet influence of slumber. We breakfasted on bannoc, whose most plentiful ingredients were barley-straw and dirt, some eggs, tolerable butter, and tea brewed in the filthiest pot imaginable; the salt was more than outweighed by dirt; the tea-spoons were of silver, a thing which we had not seen for

some days. Our friends the masons we did not see again. When we had discharged our bill, the host bade us farewell, and shaking us by the hand, said, that he hoped we should meet each other again in New York, whither he soon meant to go, because he could not earn the means of existence in his own country by the most unremitted exertions, and labour the most incessant.

As our money now waxed very low, we, as if directed by the goddess of wisdom in her own proper person, agreed to pay eight shillings, besides two and sixpence for a bottle of gin, which the rowers wanted to comfort their insides, for a boat to take us down to Killin, a place about eight miles farther on, and situated at the head of Loch Tay.

Our two men, who rowed us up the stream, exhibited in their countenances every mark of misery and of despair. They were both advanced in years, and the wrinkles in their brows and the furrows in their cheeks betrayed the index of minds worn down and agonized by continued but



unavailing struggles against poverty and want. We learned that their families were large, and that they were unable by their employment as boatmen, which brought them in scarcely any thing excepting in the summer months, when travellers visited the Highlands, literally to obtain food enough to satisfy the cravings of hunger, much less to clothe them decently, and to raise the little pittance necessary to procure the means of instruction for their children.

Long continued and hopeless misery had apparently benumbed all the faculties of their minds; it had even extinguished curiosity, which is the very primary incitement to a search after knowledge, and is always found in the human animal, unless where sunk in the deepest gloom of barbarity and of ignorance. As we are told by Cook, that the natives of New Holland viewed his ship, such a marvellous piece of structure, and so far surpassing all the power and skill of rude nations, with the utmost indifference, and expressed no desire to gain the least information about a thing so new and strange to their senses.

They asked no questions concerning Ame-

rica or ourselves and our adventures ; circumstances about which we had been abundantly interrogated by almost every one with whom we had met since the commencement of our expedition. But they passed the whole of the time in dreary and in hopeless taciturnity, as if bending all their faculties inward to feed upon their own unremitting anguish. As long as we were able to sit upright on the boats' bench we surveyed the surrounding scenery which for a while charmed us into a forgetfulness of our uneasy sensations from bodily pain and exhaustion. The broad expanse of the lake, its borders fringed with wood, the sides of the neighbouring hills cultivated, while those more distant and lofty remained in their primitive sterility, presented such a picture as might have delighted us more had we not been so deplorably unwell.

As I had gradually sunk down at my full length in the boat, I felt a sickness and a fainting even unto death, and lifted up my head in order to apprise Cowan of my situation ; but when I saw that his fallen, pale, livid, and collapsed countenance

plainly proved that he was at least as ill, if not much worse, than I was, I spake not a syllable of complaint, but stretched myself out again on the floor of the boat, and waited vacillating between life and evanescence for nearly an hour. At length the gentle and equable motion of the boat, and the soft fanning of the breeze, revived us so much that we could again sit up and lean over the edge of the boat to survey the scenery. As we approached towards Killin the country grew more and more barren; but in its immediate vicinity was lovely and well-dressed in foliage.

At length we landed in the kirk-yard at Killin, where we saw a wooden box, a temporary pulpit, from which the minister had addressed his parishioners on the preceding Sunday, because the kirk itself was not large enough to contain all the congregation assembled there for the purpose of receiving the sacrament. Here again was a broad and ample testimony in favour of the decency and good conduct of the great body of the people in this country. I remember that when I first went to Scotland nothing struck me so much as

the strongly-marked difference between its inhabitants' manner of employing the sabbath, and that in which it is generally spent in England. How it is spent in England for the most part, especially in large towns and cities, I need not say; those who have eyes to see let them see. But in Scotland, I observed that the places of worship were constantly crowded, and the streets even at night (will any one who dwells in London believe this?) free from the noise of riot, and drunkenness, and cursing, and swearing, and abandoned profligacy.

Such are the blessed effects of general, of national education! I do not think that I heard one oath sworn throughout the whole of our journey, excepting once, and that was by an old Irish woman between Glasgow and Lanark, who damned us for a couple of lousy beggars, because her ass, on which she was carrying some old kettles and tinkering apparatus, was disturbed in his meditations, and perverted from his right way by our heedlessly marching too near him. Could we have



traversed as many hundred miles, nay as many hundred yards, in England, and not have been saluted with curses upon curses, and oaths without number?

We were now almost totally deprived of all vitality, and with great difficulty contrived to crawl into a goodly and spacious house, close by the kirk-yard, whose sign displayed the arms of the clan of the Mac-Dougals, bearing as a crest a ducal coronet. We were not in a situation to delay the moment of refreshment; and therefore, undeterred by the magnificent appearance of the house, strongly contrasted with the beggarly exhibition which we and our appendages made, we marched boldly in. Not far from the entrance of the passage we saw the hostess, a M'Dougal; she was one of the finest, most stately, commanding and dignified women I ever beheld. I pulled off my cap, and making a low bow, asked if we could get any refreshment? Her manner and deportment were as interesting and fascinating as her form was finished and elegant. She immediately herself showed us into an apartment up-stairs, well-furnished, and much resembling a

room in the best English inns, save that it contained a book-case with only painted wood instead of books in it, and four or five paltry prints of the Prodigal wasting his substance among harlots; and that we could find no bell, and were waited on by a lad in a Highland kilt which was not too long in its dimensions.

We had put down on the table before us in a trice, an abundant and excellent dinner, consisting of soup, and ham, and fowl, and roast beef, and veal, and three or four kinds of vegetables, and a large bowl of delicious cream with plenty of well-made sweetmeats. A hearty dinner and some whisky drowned all our troubles and maladies in the cup of oblivion; and we began to discourse vigorously on many subjects, among the rest, upon the Highlanders, occasioned by our waiter's short kilt flapping about rather unseemly whenever he exerted himself briskly, for the improvement and edification of the females, many of whom were continually moving about the house in their vocation.

As was my uniform custom, I noted down in my diary the heads and leading

features of our conversation, and the references to any books which in the heat of our discourse might be made; and shall now give the result of our observations, only divesting it of the round-about form of dialogue, whereby I shall avoid many and many a *said I* and *said he*, and shall give the whole the appearance of a plain and simple narrative.

Why is the kilt, which seems to be a dress more than bordering on indecency, still continued? In part probably from the prejudices of custom which are very difficult to be eradicated, even in the most enlightened minds; and partly from convenience, because it allows full play to the lower extremities, and facilitates the bounding of the honest Highlander over his native hills.

Some years since, when it was debated in the British parliament concerning the propriety or impropriety of putting breeches upon the Highlanders, the marquis of Louthian, in all the vehemence of patriotic zeal, declaimed so eloquently and so forcibly against any innovation on the posteriors of

his countrymen, that the motion was dropped, and the Highlanders were still permitted by law to run about with their sterns - uncovered. The following lines were, at the time of the debate on this subject in the senate, handed about in praise of the noble lord for his animated defence of the kilt.

“ Each breeze that blows upon those brawny parts,  
 Shall wake thy lov'd remembrance in their hearts;  
 And while they freshen by the northern blast,  
 So long thine honour, name, and praise shall last.”

So much for the kilt. I would fain call the attention of those, in whom alone rests the power of providing a remedy, to the state of the Highlanders, whose noble and generous conduct deserves better treatment than that under which they are doomed to groan and be afflicted. The following account is to be found, if I recollect rightly, in the narration of a journey made through the Highlands by a clergyman of the Scottish church not many years since; I forget the exact title of the book.

“ In the Highlands the only parts capable of agriculture are the valleys or glens,



and the bases of the mountains ; and these valleys having the sun for a few hours only, vegetation advances slowly, and the harvests are always late: The climate is equally discouraging to the purposes of husbandry. The spring is bleak and piercing, the summer is cold and short, the autumn, from the beginning of August, deluged with rains, the winter long and tempestuous. During the latter season the people are cut off from all communication with the low country, by beds of snow, impassable torrents, pathless mountains and morasses, on the one side ; by long and impracticable navigations on the other.

“ To these accumulated discouragements of nature are added the oppressions and ill-judged policy of many proprietors of these sterile regions exacting far beyond their natural value, even were they in hands more capable to improve them. Where both soil and climate conspire against the raising of grain in any considerable quantity, and where there are no markets, possibly within the distance of fifty miles, for the sale of corn and the lesser articles of husbandry, the farmer turns his attention

chiefly to the grazing of a few cattle and sheep, as the means whereby he expects to pay his rent and support his family.

“ If, therefore, his farm hath been raised at the rate of three hundred per cent. while the price of cattle hath scarcely advanced one hundred, this method of improving estates, as proprietors term it, furnishes a high-sounding rent-roll, extremely pleasing to human vanity, but which, being founded upon oppression, injustice, and folly, hath hitherto proved fallacious and humiliating to all those who have persevered in the cruel experiment. The situation of these people is such as no language can describe or fancy conceive. If with great labour and fatigue the farmer raises a slender crop of oats or barley, the autumnal rains often baffle his utmost efforts and frustrate all his expectations; and, instead of being able to pay an exorbitant rent, he sees his family in danger of perishing during the ensuing winter, when he is precluded from any possibility of assistance elsewhere.

“ Nor are his cattle in a better situation; in summer they pick up a scanty

support amongst the morasses or heathy mountains ; but, in the winter, when the ground is covered with snow, and when the naked wilds afford neither shelter nor subsistence, the few cows, small, lean, and ready to drop down for want of pasture, are brought into the hut where the family resides, and frequently share with them the small stock of meal which hath been purchased or raised for the family only ; while the cattle thus sustained, are bled occasionally to afford nourishment to the children, after it hath been boiled or made into cakes.

“ The sheep, being left upon the open heaths, seek to shelter themselves from the inclemency of the weather amongst the hollows upon the lee-side of the mountains ; and here they are frequently buried under the snow for several weeks together, and, in severe seasons, during two months and upwards. They eat their own and each other's wool, and hold out wonderfully under cold and hunger ; but even in moderate winters a considerable number are found dead after the snow hath disappear-

ed, and in rigorous seasons few or none are left alive.

“ Meanwhile, the steward, hard pressed by letters from the gaming-house or New-market, demands the rent in a tone which makes no great allowance for unpropitious seasons, the death of cattle, and other accidental misfortunes; his honour’s wants must, at any rate, be supplied, the bills must be duly negotiated. Nor is the navigation-scene more pleasing; the only difference between those of the interior parts and the more distant coast is, that the latter, with the labours of the field, have to encounter alternately the dangers of the ocean, and all the fatigues of navigation. To the distressing circumstances at home, new difficulties and toils await the devoted farmer when abroad.

“ He leaves his family at the commencement of the winter fishery in October, accompanied by his sons, brothers, and often an aged parent, and embarks on board a small open boat in quest of the herrings, with no other provisions than oatmeal, potatoes, and fresh water; no



other bedding than heath-twigs or straw, the covering, if any, an old sail. Thus provided, he searches from bay to bay, through turbulent seas, frequently for several weeks together, before the shoals of herrings are discovered. The glad tidings serve to vary, but not diminish, his fatigues. Unremitting nightly labour, the time when the herrings are taken, pinching cold winds, heavy seas, uninhabited shores covered with snow or deluged with rains, contribute towards filling up the measure of his distresses; while, to men of such exquisite feelings as the Highlanders generally possess, the scene which awaits him at home does it most effectually.

“ Having realized a little money among country purchasers, he returns with the remainder of his capture, through a long navigation, frequently amidst unceasing hurricanes, not to a comfortable home and cheerful family, but to a hut composed of turf without windows, doors, or chimney, environed by snow, and almost hid from the eye by its great depth. Upon entering this solitary mansion, he generally finds a part of his family lying upon heath or

straw, languishing through want or epidemical disease ; while the few surviving cows that possess the other end of the cottage, instead of furnishing farther supplies of milk and blood, demand his immediate attention to keep them in existence.

“ The season now approaches when he is again to delve and labour the grounds on the same slender prospect of a plentiful crop or a dry harvest. The cattle which have survived the famine of the winter, are turned out to the mountains ; and having put his domestic affairs into the best situation, which a train of accumulated misfortunes admits of, he resumes the car in search of the summer herring or the white fishery. If successful in the latter, he sets out in his open boat upon a voyage of two hundred miles to vend his cargo of dried cod, ling, &c. at Greenoch or Glasgow. The produce, seldom more than fifteen or sixteen pounds sterling, is laid out, in conjunction with his companions, upon meal and fishing-tackle ; and he returns through the same tedious navigation.

“ The autumn calls his attention again to the field ; the usual round of disappoint-

ment, fatigue, and distress, awaits him; thus dragging through a wretched existence in the hope of soon arriving at that country where the weary shall be at rest. In time of war those who engage in the fishery are indiscriminately pressed without the smallest regard to causes or circumstances, however distressing to the unhappy victims and their starving families; while others, who travel from the most remote parts, without money or provisions, to earn thirty or forty shillings in the Lowlands, by harvest-work, are often decoyed into the army by stratagems which do no credit to the humanity of the age.

“ These virtuous but friendless men, while endeavouring by every means in their power, to support their wives, their children, their aged parents, and in all respects to act the part of honest inoffensive subjects, are dragged away they know not where, to fight the battles of nations, who are insensible of their merits, and to obtain victories of which others are to reap the imaginary benefits. The aged, the sick, and the helpless, look in vain for the return of their friends from the voyage or the

harvest. They are heard of no more ; lamentations, cries, and despair, pervade the village or the district. Thus deprived of their main support, the rent unpaid, the cattle sold or seized, whole families are reduced to the extremity of want, and turned out amidst all the inclemencies of winter, to relate their piteous tale, and to implore from the wretched but hospitable mountaineers, a little meal or milk to preserve their infants from perishing in their arms.

“ In this situation they wander towards the Lowlands, happy to find shelter at night, from the chilling winds, driving snow, or incessant rains, in some cavern or deserted cottage ; still more happy if chance hath provided their lodging with a little straw or heath, whereon to lay their almost lifeless infants, the constant objects of their first attention, amidst all the calamitous vicissitudes of life.

“ Such is the hard lot of the great body of the people who inhabit one fifth of our island. Neglected by government, forsaken or oppressed by the gentry, cut off during most part of the year by impassable



mountains and impracticable navigations from the seats of commerce, industry, and plenty, living at considerable distances from all human aid, without the necessaries of life, or any of those comforts which might soften the rigour of their calamities, and depending most generally for the bare means of subsistence, on the precarious appearance of a vessel freighted with meal or potatoes, to which with eagerness they resort, though often at the distance of fifty miles.

“ Upon the whole, the Highlands of Scotland, some few excepted, are the seats of oppression, poverty, famine, anguish, and wild despair, exciting the pity of every traveller, while the virtues of the inhabitants attract his admiration. The small portion of half-ripened oats and barley, which hath been secured from the autumnal rains, is immediately threshed out for the use of the family, but chiefly to pay the rents at the then market price. When the spring arrives, and no grain being left for seed, the farmer must raise money by every possible means to purchase that article; sometimes the individual grain

which he had sold a few months before, and which was stored for the purpose of selling it to the farmers at an advanced price, proportioned to the scarcity of the article when most wanted. His family also requires a fresh supply, which he buys at the same disadvantage ; and is thus kept, from year to year, at the sole mercy of a laird, steward, or jobber, for daily subsistence, at a price which he can ill afford to pay.

“ This is the general state of certain internal districts in what are called good seasons ; but when the crops fail through a long continuance of cold or wet weather, which generally happens every third or fourth year, the distress is beyond description.—Our lairds—said a venerable Highlander (bowed down with age and want) to me,—our lairds do nathing for us, and are ne’er satisfied till they have turned us out of doors without a bawbie in our pouches ; yet they are ay poor, and ay seeking mair siller for their lands. Gif they wad stay at hame, instead of dangling about the toon of London, where they are

nae mickle thought on, we wad fare better, and they ne'er a bit the warse."

The above account is written by a Scottish minister, who, I believe, was officially employed to traverse the Highlands, and to inspect the state of their inhabitants; and from the plain and artless manner in which it is written, without vehemence or any attempt at declamatory elevation, evidently shows that he has not overdrawn the picture; to the truth and justice of which, indeed, all who have examined the condition of these deserving and hardly-used people, can bear ample testimony.

Can it then be wondered at, that since such has been the systematic oppression and cruelty shown towards the deserving and unfortunate Highlanders, all those who can possibly escape from tyranny and starvation, fly to countries less rigidly brutal, and to less inhospitable climes? Accordingly, wherever we came, we found the recent marks of emigration, in the desertion of the huts and the lamentation of those that were left behind. It was no unusual thing for us to meet with whole families of these wretched beings on the

road towards some sea-port, going for the purpose of endeavouring to get a passage to America, where they hoped to be permitted to exist, by the exertions of their industry ; a boon which was denied them in their native country.

We saw them move forward in tribes : the men, whose strength had not yet failed them, bore the scanty bags of meal, their only means of subsistence ; the women carried their little infants in their arms ; and the feeble and the aged, together with the children that were able to walk, brought up the rear. In order to form some faint idea of the iniquity which compels these luckless beings to desert their home, we must recollect how strong and ardent is their affection for their natal soil ; an affection which, in the Highlander, grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength, which claims his last sigh, and leaves him only with his latest throb.

An attachment to the land of their birth is common to all men. And no wonder, since every object to which we have been accustomed in the hours of infancy is associated with images of delight. The



human mind, at its first entrance into this world, receives its ideas from the impressions which surrounding objects make upon the organs of sensation ; but these impressions are almost universally attended with pleasure, on account of their novelty exciting the mind to action, which, indeed, is the highest of all human enjoyments. Hence, every hill, and dale, and shrub, and plant, with which we have been familiar in our childhood, is connected in our association with an image of delight ; and all the scenes which our infancy has witnessed, are endeared to the soul as long as the mind continues to combine and to arrange its ideas, by those great moral laws with which the Almighty has seen fit to regulate the intellectual world.

But in addition to this stimulus to the patriotism of the soil, as lord Shaftesbury calls it, which the Highlander shares in common with all the human race, he possesses many other very strong incitements to this affection for the land on which he first drew breath. His domestic endearments, perhaps stronger than those of any other country, the indissoluble ties of son,

brother, husband, father, bind him to his native mountains with the unfading, amaranthine wreath of affection. The difficulty with which he earns his bread, also helps to endear his country to him, by calling forth the exertions of his wife and little ones, whence the links of mutual attachment are more intimately twisted round their hearts; and likewise because it knits more closely together separate families and communities for the sake of reciprocal assistance, whence the better feelings of the heart, those of philanthropy and benevolence, are exercised; and patriotism is always proportioned to the quantity of virtue resident in the bosoms of the inhabitants of a country.

The rude and mountainous nature of his country also greatly increases his love for his natal soil, because it presents those grand objects of nature to the senses, which, perhaps more than any thing else, give the mind an elevated and a dignified cast, expending and enlarging all her faculties; and because, by its difficulty of access, it generally baffles the attempts of invaders, and hence cherishes sentiments of national loftiness and independence in the inhabit-

ants : his isolated situation also strengthens the attachment to the natal soil, and the custom of combining in clans, which favour the propensity to family distinction and genealogical consequence. But this consequence can never be so great as among those who know and acknowledge its existence, and are acquainted with its claims, and are willing to allow them, inasmuch as they also require the same allowance for themselves. Among strangers and foreigners, however, such claims to importance would be urged without effect ; because they, not being anyways interested in their existence or growth, would treat them with indifference if not with contempt.

But, as Macnaughtan observed to us, men are generally apt to be delighted with the thought that their blood has flowed, pure and uncontaminated for many generations, in the veins of the upright and the honourable. Indeed, whatever has a tendency to give us respect in our own eyes and in the eyes of others, is cherished by us with great complacency and satisfaction ; for the esteem of others and of ourselves is

the great and general stimulus to human action. All these and many more ties bind the Highlander in the chains of willing affection to the land of his birth; and nothing but the extremest rigour of necessity, naught but the iron grasp of lawless cruelty, can ever compel him permanently to leave his native hills.

As this rod of oppression under which these noble and generous people are crushed and bruised, can only be broken in pieces by the benevolent interference of the government of Great Britain, I would wish, by every effort, to make the cries of injured humanity pierce even to the inmost recesses of the legislative and executive authority of this kingdom; for that authority alone, paramount to every other, can redress the evils which destroy the happiness of a people, whose exemplary virtues demand every attention that kindness and affection can bestow. I shall therefore borrow the aid of genius and of poetry, in order to make the stronger impression upon the minds of those who are mighty, if they were but willing, to save, that, if my feeble voice cannot be heard, yet that the elevated tone of great and en-



lightened minds may rouse indifference and neglect from her leaden couch of slumber and of sloth.

The following lines were written by the leader of the Scottish bar, the brother of that man who has now for many years ranked as the first in genius and in eloquence in the courts of English jurisprudence. They were occasioned by the very numerous emigrations from the Highlands some few years since, and allude to a transaction by no means fictitious.

“ Fast by the margin of a mossy rill,  
That wander’d gurgling down a heath-clad hill,  
An antient shepherd stood, oppress’d with woe,  
And ey’d the ocean’s flood that foam’d below,  
Where gently rocking on the rising tide  
A ship’s *unwonted* form was seen to ride;  
*Unwonted*, well I ween, for ne’er before  
Had touch’d one keel the solitary shore;  
Nor had the swain’s rude footsteps ever stray’d  
Beyond the shelter of his native shade.

“ His few remaining hairs were silver-grey,  
And his rough face *had seen a better day*.  
Around him bleating stray’d a scanty flock,  
And a few goats o’erhung the neighb’ring rock;  
One faithful dog his sorrows seem’d to share,  
And strove with many a trick to ease his care;

While o'er his furrow'd cheeks the salt drops ran,  
He ey'd his barren hills, and thus began:

“ Farewell, farewell, dear Caledonia's strand,  
Rough though thou art, yet still my native land;  
*Exiled from thee*, I seek a foreign shore,  
Friends, kindred, country, to behold no more;  
*By hard oppression driv'n*, my helpless age,  
That should e'er now have left life's bustling stage,  
Is forc'd to dare the ocean's boist'rous wave,  
In a far foreign land to *seek a grave*.

“ And must I leave thee, then, my little cot,  
Mine and my father's poor, but happy lot,  
Where I have pass'd in innocence away  
Year after year till age has turn'd me grey?

“ Thou dear companion of my happier life,  
Now to the grave gone down, my virtuous wife!  
'Twas here you rear'd, with fond maternal pride,  
Five comely sons, *three for their country died!*  
Two still remain, sad remnant of the wars,  
Without one mark of honour,—*save their scars*;  
Yet live to see their sire *denied a grave*  
*In lands his much lov'd children died to save.*  
Yet still in peace and safety did we live,  
In peace and safety, more than wealth can give.  
My two remaining boys, with sturdy hands,  
Rear'd the scant produce of our niggard lands;  
Scant as it was, no more our hearts desir'd,  
No more from us our generous lord requir'd.

“ But ah! sad change! those blessed days are o'er,  
And peace, content, and safety, charm no more;

Another lord now rules those wide domains,  
*The avaricious tyrant of the plains;*  
Far, far from hence, he revels life away  
In guilty pleasures our poor means must pay.  
The mossy plains, the mountain's barren brow,  
Must now be riven by the torturing plough;  
And, spite of nature, crops be taught to rise,  
Which to these northern climes wise Heaven denies.

In vain, with sweating brow and weary hands,  
We strive to earn the gold our lord demands,  
*While cold, and hunger, and the dungeon's gloom,*  
Await our failure as its certain doom.

“ To shun these ills that threat my hoary head,  
I seek in foreign lands precarious bread;  
Forc'd, tho' my helpless age from guilt be pure,  
*The pangs of banish'd felons to endure :*  
And all because these hands have vainly tried  
To force from art what nature has denied,  
Because my little all will not suffice  
To pay th' insatiate claims of avarice.

“ In vain of richer climates I am told,  
Whose hills are rich in gems, whose streams are  
gold;  
I am contented here; I ne'er have seen  
A vale more fertile, or a hill more green;  
Nor would I leave this sweet, this humble cot,  
To share the richest monarch's splendid lot.  
Oh! would to heaven th' alternative were mine,  
Abroad to thrive, *or here in want to pine,*  
*Soon would I choose;—*but ere to-morrow's sun

Has o'er my head his radiant journey run,  
 I shall be robb'd, by what *they justice* call,  
 By *legal ruffians*, of my little all.  
 Driv'n out to hunger, nakedness, and grief,  
 Without one pitying hand to bring relief.  
 Then come, oh sad alternative to choose !  
 Come banishment, I will no more refuse !  
 Go where I may, nor billows, rocks, nor wind,  
 Can add of horror to my suffering mind.  
 On whatsoever coast I may be thrown,  
*No lord can be severer than my own.*

“ For thee, insatiate chief, whose ruthless hand  
*For ever drives me from my native land,*  
 For thee I leave no greater curse behind;  
 Than the fell bodings of a guilty mind ;  
 Or what were harder to a soul like thine,  
 To find from avarice thy wealth decline.

“ For you, my friends and neighbours of the vale,  
 Who now with kindly tears my fate bewail,  
*Soon may the rulers of this mighty land*  
 To ease your sorrow stretch the helping hand ;  
 Else soon, too soon, your hapless fate shall be,  
 Like me to suffer, and to fly like me.

“ On you, dear native land, from whence I part,  
 Rest the best blessings of a broken heart.  
 If in some future hour the foe should land  
 His hostile legions on Britannia's strand,  
 May she not then th' alarum sound in vain,  
*Nor miss her banish'd thousands on the plain !!!*”



Is there in human form that bears a heart, who can view the following picture, and not heave the sigh of sorrow for the forlorn condition of the inestimable Highlander.

“ Good heav’n ! what sorrows gloom’d that parting day,

That call’d them from their *native hills* away ;  
When the poor exile, every pleasure past,  
*Hung round his hut, and fondly look’d his last ;*  
And took a long farewell, and wish’d in vain  
For seats like these beyond the western main ;  
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,  
Return’d and wept, and still return’d to weep.  
The good old sire, the first prepar’d to go  
To new-found worlds, and wept for other’s wo,  
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,  
*He only wish’d for worlds beyond the grave.*

“ His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,  
The fond companion of his helpless years,  
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,  
*And left a lover’s for a father’s arms.*  
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,  
And bless’d the cot where every pleasure rose,  
*And kiss’d her thoughtless babes with many a tear,*  
*And clasp’d them close in sorrow doubly dear,*  
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief  
In all the silent manliness of grief.

“ Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,  
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,

Downward they move, a melancholy band,  
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.  
Contented toil, and hospitable care,  
And kind connubial tenderness are there,  
And piety, with wishes plac'd above,  
*And steady loyalty, and faithful love."*

It were a consummation devoutly to be wished that statesmen would prevail on themselves to make an experiment of humanity, and alleviate the miseries of these unfortunate human beings. But, alas ! it is too true, that politicians are not very apt to have much intercourse with humanity, if it happens to lie out of their beat, does not come within the round of form and precedent. But though habit must always possess much influence on the art of government, as it does indeed upon every thing relating to man, yet it should not be all in all, it should not be paramount ; but yield, when reason, humanity, justice, religion, demand something new, something contrary to long established custom, to be done.

It were to be wished, therefore, that, although it has been the usage, for time immemorial, to oppress and to evil-intreat,

the honest Highlanders, now a new method may be tried, an innovation may be made upon these established forms of tyranny and wickedness, however sanctioned by age, and however matured by length of days. Although it is the fashion, the order of the day, to exclaim against all reforms and alterations, yet I would venture to recommend that a change might be made in the situation of the Scottish mountaineers, and that, for once, they might know the effects of mercy and of kindness in their superiors, since they have so long been made to drink the bitter cup of oppression, and to drain it even to the very dregs.

Time insensibly changes the genius and the manners of men, by discovering new truths and exploding old errors; why then should it not introduce occasional and salutary modifications in the laws of a kingdom? The continual revolutions which cause such variations in the face of civil society, afford sufficient reasons for producing alterations, which experience has deemed necessary in the mode of administering government. Cast your eye over the states of Europe, and say, is there not

sufficient need of such changes? If men were to continue from age to age, and from generation to generation, in one unvaried round of opinion and of sentiment, invariable laws might be established without fear of incurring the imputation of absurdity.

But the continued variations in the human mind, and its steady but progressive march towards a higher degree of knowledge and of virtue, demand that the system of government, by gradual and gentle changes, should adapt itself to the opinions which arise from the continued influx of new light on every subject and in every science which relates to the physical and moral regulation of man. Think you, that now, after the lapse of so many ages, the same laws and customs are calculated to bind the present race of Britons, as once slung the chain of slavery round the necks of their ancestors, under the haughty and relentless sway of the bastard of Normandy? A change, then, even in the mode of governing and ruling a people is sometimes necessary. And why not change the present iniquitous system of oppression which



breaks down the body, though it cannot debase the unbending and dignified soul, of the Highlander?

The statesman, who has not examined well the human heart by observing man on a large scale, but chiefly by looking into his own breast, and does not know that the mind of man takes its hue and colouring from surrounding objects, and is elevated or depressed as it is free and enlightened, or as it is in bondage and ignorant, can never build his policy upon any sure basis. He will be apt to adopt the pitiful measures of fraudulent and tricking expedient, in preference to the enlarged principles of benevolence and justice, and thus will always mistake the true interests of the people.

It would be well, if it were possible, (and with the parliament of Britain what is not possible?) to render the condition of the Highlander less wretched. The soil and climate, indeed, are sturdy obstacles to improvement; but kindness and attention may do much. At present the traveller wanders through a naked desert, cheered sometimes, but not often, by the sight of a

few cows and sheep; and now and then stumbles on a heap of loose stones and turf in a cavity between rocks, which is called a hut or house. In this miserable abode is a being, possessing all those sensations which cultivation softens and refines, and all those powers of imagination which exercise enlarges and strengthens beyond all power of count, a being destined to immortality, doomed to screen himself from the drifting of the snow, and to seek shelter from the inclemency of the blast.

There have been, and there are, many *soi-disant* philosophers, who have affected to assert, and have talked and have written that they might make others believe, this to be a happy state of existence. But they do not believe it even while they say it, neither did they ever produce conviction in the minds of others. For what of pleasure is to be derived from the privation of all that can gratify the senses of men; from the presence of all that can depress his soul into the gloominess of despair; from penury and from want; from pain, oppression, and anguish?

One observation on this subject from

S. Johnson, whose acuteness and sagacity have never been surpassed by any man, and I have done with it.

“ To hinder insurrection by driving away the people, and to govern peaceably by having no subjects, is an expedient that argues no great profundity of politics. To soften the obdurate, to convince the mistaken, to mollify the resentful, are worthy of a statesman; but it affords a legislator little self-applause to consider that where there was formerly an insurrection there is now a wilderness.”

When we had discoursed our fill upon other people, we began to direct our thoughts and eke to turn our tongues towards the consideration of ourselves. We found, upon an examination that was soon made, for it required no great minuteness of research, or perspicuity of attention, that our purse was almost empty, and menaced us with a plenitude of vacancy, as some philosopher hath it, so soon, that we should be prevented from reaching Inverary on our way to Ireland, where we intended to beat up the quarters of Andrew's rela-

tions and friends, and where I, with great glee, looked forward to reap an abundant harvest of characteristic traits, as perhaps, no people present more originality and greater variety of feature, than do our neighbours the Hibernians.

Our trowsers also were nearly worn out, and Cowan, who had no drawers, exhibited rather an awkward spectacle in the rear; and my shoe, late in the possession of our friend Macnaughtan, of ever-to-be revered memory, was well-nigh annihilated. We determined, however, on moving forward immediately; wherefore we discharged our bill, bought a piece of brown soap, took leave of our fair hostess, who courteously attended us to the door of her house, and kindly bade us farewell. We bent our way through the vale of Glendchart, which was lovely and beautiful, abounding in green and fertile pasture, filled with horned cattle of a much larger size than any which we had hitherto seen in the Highlands, and enriched and adorned by a river which rolled its fecundating stream along the whole extent of the valley.

The sweetness of this rural scene recalled



to my recollection the flowery fields and verdant meads where once my careless childhood strayed, a stranger yet to pain ; and my soul experienced all those mingled sensations of melancholy and regret, which, for the most part, accompany a retrospect of the days that are gone, of the hours which were passed in the morning of life, when gay hope was ours, when our slumbers were light, and no care tormented us beyond the day.

“ Oh, enviable early days !  
 When dancing thoughtless pleasure’s maze,  
 To care, to guilt, unknown !  
 How ill chang’d for riper times,  
 To feel the follies or the crimes,  
 Of others or *my own* !

Ye tiny elves, that guiltless sport,  
 Like linnets in the bush,  
 Ye little know the ills ye court,  
 When *manhood* is your wish !  
 The losses, the crosses,  
 That *active man* engage !  
 The fears all, the tears all,  
 Of *dim-declining age*.”

The mountains, which surrounded us on all sides, were sterile and bare. About eight o’clock in the evening we came to a

very decent newly-built house, and well furnished within. The hostess (a very cleanly nice woman, with a noble and an expressive countenance, rendered still more interesting by some deep lines of care and melancholy, of grief, and of hopeless sorrow) received us with every welcome of kindness, of courtesy, and of hospitality.

After we had enjoyed our accustomed evening bathe in the river, we sate down to tea in a very comfortable room up-stairs, and we prevailed on our hostess to partake of our beverage; for there was something about her countenance so lovely and so interesting, that we wished much to become acquainted with the cause which had darkened her features with the shades of anguish. After some desultory conversation, in which I detailed to her some incidents of our route, gave an account of America, &c. I contrived, by observing what lovely children those were that were playing in the yard just beneath our window, to lead her by degrees into her story; the material part of which I shall relate, that the petty tyrant of his domains may

know, that there yet exists a tribunal before which his iniquity may be blamed and arraigned, even the public contempt, and the public indignation.

This woman told us, that she was the mother of seven little bairns; that about two years since, she and her husband, together with their babes, came to this spot, and found the house in absolute ruins, with scarcely one stone heaped upon another. That they rented the estate of their landlord, who is a very great man, greater than all his tribe, the mightiest of his clan, upon a tack from year to year; and that, at their own labour and expence, they had made the house and its appurtenances what we now saw them, decent, substantial, and full of comfort as an habitation. That as soon as they had so done, their lord had sent his steward to triple their rent, I think, but am not quite certain; however, it was to raise it very considerably.

In vain they remonstrated upon the hardship of being screwed up so severely, when they had already expended nearly the whole of their little substance, and had bestowed much labour and time altogether for

the improvement of the premises, of which the chief advantage must ultimately accrue to the landlord. To all their pleas and to all their supplications for common justice, they asked not for mercy, for mercy was not in all the great man's thoughts; but for simple equity: this only answer was returned: that the house and its appendages were now worth such an advanced rent, and, if they did not choose to give it, they might turn out and seek an habitation elsewhere.

But who made the premises worth such an advanced rent? Was it not done solely by the toil and the money of the tenant? And is it consistent with common honesty for the landlord to take undue advantage of the industrious liberality of the poor labourer, and swallow up in the gulph of his own extortion the substance which belongs to another; the substance which was destined by productive industry to provide food and raiment for the mother and her helpless offspring? Are not, annually, many human beings turned over to the blood-hounds that growl in the kennels of the law, and hunted out of life for crimes



far less heinous in the sight of God, and far less oppressive to society, than this vile deed of one of the high and mighty lords of the creation?

“ Nam quod *turpe* bonis, Titio, Seioque, *decebat* Crispinum.”

“ For what, *by law*, the wretched peasant dies,  
The noble lord is lifted to the skies.”

Many poor men, younger brothers, &c. by reason of bad police and idle education, (for they are likely brought up in no calling, or can obtain no employment,) are compelled to beg or steal, and then hanged for theft; than which what can be more ignominious? *Non minus enim turpe principi multa supplicia, quam medico multa funera.*

“ When subjects die *in numbers* by the law,  
Tis not in *them*, but in the king, the flaw;  
Their murders brand with infamy *his* name,  
As sick men's frequent deaths the doctor blame,  
His knowledge damns, and puts his skill to shame.

’Tis the governor's fault: *Libentius mactant quam docent*: They rather seek to murder than instruct.

“ But in a great person, right worshipful sir, a right honourable grandy, 'tis not a venial sin, no not a peccadillo ; 'tis no offence at all ; a common and ordinary thing ; no man takes notice of it ; he justifies it in public, and peradventure brags of it.”

Wherefore, this afflicted woman and her husband were compelled to submit to these harsh and cruel terms ; because that, now nearly all their means were swallowed up in building upon and in improving their landlord's premises, they were unable to obtain an existence in another place, without money and without friends.—Indeed, —said she,—it is with much difficulty that we manage to exist now, in consequence of the high rent, and the scarcity and dear-ness of the necessaries of life, and the hardships which we have been so long made to endure. And by all this we are rendered incapable of assisting those very numerous companies, consisting of whole families of starving Highlanders, who have neither home, nor money, nor food, nor friend.

They pass by our door in flocks every day, the wife with the little ones first, then the bigger children, and lastly the father.

But we cannot help them, though their distress wrings our very soul, for we are often very destitute of food ourselves, and know not how to stop the cries of our own bairns when they are hungry and ask for bread.

All this made our hearts to sicken within us; but as we were altogether unable to remedy the evil, whose root lay much too deep for the feeble and helpless arm of two obscure and unknown individuals to eradicate and to destroy, we could only recommend to this afflicted and oppressed daughter of sorrow a patient resignation to the decrees of Providence, and a steady humble waiting for that day when the oppressor should be laid low, and the proud man humbled to the dust; when the cry of the orphan should be heard, and the wailing of the widow should be regarded.

“*Beata civitas, non ubi pauci beati, sed tota civitas beata.*”

That state is blessed, not where only a few individuals are great, but where the whole people are happy.

Thus saith Plato in his Republic, at

least his Latin translator says so. But what modern politician troubles his head about Plato or the happiness of the people?

Would to heaven that it might ever be in the power of our children, and of our children's children, to say with the poet,

“ *Oppression dies*: the tyrant falls:

The golden city bows her walls!

Jehovah breaks th’ avenger’s rod:

The son of wrath, whose ruthless hand

Hurl’d desolation o’er the land,

Has run his raging race, has clos’d the scene of blood.

Chiefs arm’d around behold their vanquish’d lord;

Nor spread the guardian shield, nor lift the loyal sword.

“ Shall frenzy and sophistry hope to prevail

When reason opposes her weight,

When the welfare of millions is hung in the scale,

And the balance *yet trembles* with fate.

“ Ah! who ’mid the darkness of night would abide

That can taste the sweet breezes of morn!

And who that has drank of the crystalline tide,

To the fæculent flood would return?

When the bosom of beauty the throbbing heart meets,



Ah! who would the transport decline?  
And who, that has tasted of liberty's sweets,  
The prize—*but with life—would resign?*

“ But 'tis over; high heaven the decision approves,  
*Oppression* has struggled in vain;  
To the hell she had formed, *superstition* removes,  
And *tyranny* gnaws her own chain.  
In the records of time a new æra unfolds,  
All nature exults in the birth,  
His creation, benign, the Creator beholds,  
*And gives a new charter to earth.*

“ Oh! catch its high import, ye winds as ye blow!  
O, bear it, ye waves as ye roll!  
From the nations that feel the sun's vertical glow,  
To the farthest extremes of the pole.  
*Equal rights, equal laws, to the nations around,*  
*Peace and friendship its precepts impart;*  
*And wherever the footsteps of man can be found,*  
*May he bind the decree on his heart!*

“ As spring to the fields or as dew to the flow'r,  
To the earth parch'd with heat as the soft-drop-  
ping show'r,  
As health to the wretch who lies languid and wan,  
Or as rest to the weary,—*is freedom to man.*  
Where freedom the light of her countenance gives,  
There only he revels, *there only he lives.*  
Seize then the glad moment, and hail the decree,  
*That bids millions rejoice, and the people be free.”*

Our bread, of which the good hostess

furnished us with a small portion, (however it was all that she had, as we did not relish the bannoc,) was brought from the town of Stirling, at the distance of about fifty miles. We slept in a spacious handsome bed, in clean and good linen. Indeed our accommodations here were much superior to any with which we had met since our departure from Edinburgh. About seven o'clock in the morning of the thirteenth of August we rose, and obtained water and a towel to wash with ; the first instance that had occurred to us on our tramp, of procuring a bason and water in our bed-room, but not soap, whose use seems not to be very generally known in Scotland.

At the moment of our departure we found that we had not silver enough left to discharge our reckoning. We offered a twenty shilling note which the landlady could not change, and bade us take again, and put in our pockets, declaring, with great cheerfulness and kindness, that we were heartily welcome to the entertainment which we had received, and that her only regret was, that she had not been able to provide better for us. We thanked her

sincerely for her hospitality and generous conduct, but said, that as in all probability we should never see that spot again, nor have an opportunity of evincing our gratitude for her kindness, we must beg leave to pay whatever was due.

At length, after some delay, change for this small note was procured, not without great difficulty, from a little huckster's shop, that was dignified by the title of a merchant's house; we then paid our bill, and departed, with many a benediction from our excellent hostess.

Surely this woman deserves a better fate than that of being systematically ground down to powder, by the iron hand of unrelenting oppression, and being compelled to see and to feel, that all her most unremitting industry and unwearied application could not prevent her little ones, her babes, the children of her love, from experiencing all the horrors of despair and of ghastly poverty! Why is the chill wind of famine suffered to nip her infant blossoms, and the canker-worm of sorrow to prey upon her little buds ere their buttons be unclosed? Why does the rough blast of

cruelty wither their slender stems in the morn and liquid dew of youth?

We travelled forward in silence, musing on the scene of distress which had hitherto awaited this excellent family, and darkly anticipating when the clouds of misery that hung over their devoted heads were to burst in thunder and in storm, overwhelming all in one rude crash of desolation. My mind was in a gloomy mood; nor did the face of the country present aught of cheerfulness to disperse the shades of heaviness which darkened all my soul, and made the current of life flow drearily in its channels. Every step we took, for many a weary mile onward, the surrounding scenery assumed a more and more naked appearance, and accelerated its strides towards the aching blank of steril deformity. Here and there a few miserable firs laboured against the inclemency of the sky and the infæcundity of the soil; but they laboured in vain, even to uplift their hardy heads to the sky; for they drooped in desponding lowness, and were shorn of their leafy honours. The vallies were bar-



ren, and the mountains desolate, not even clad with heath, but rough and rude, as if they were the skeleton of the creation, the bones of the world.

Our minds, however, were raised insensibly up to a forgetfulness of earth and all its sad realities, by listening to the loud tumbling of a torrent from a neighbouring hill. But we were dragged down from the height of some of the most sublime and heavenly sensations that the imagination can conceive, when in a state of wildest frenzy bordering on the indistinctness of delirium, to experience the vilest emotions of disgust, by the horrid scraping of a wretched fiddler, whose tones of diabolical discordance scared us from the spot, and added all the speed of offended and of irritated feelings to our march. This miserable scraper obtained a scanty and a precarious existence by annoying the peace, and by excruciating the ears, of all that were so unfortunate as to come within the sound of his barbarous dissonance. I know not that I ever in my life experienced such acute mental agony as when I was first awakened from my dream of elysium, as I

stood listening to the roar of the torrent, by the grating scream of this man's fiddle-stick, while he tortured the strings of his instrument.

I know not how it was, but as I walked onward to get beyond the reach of the tormenting musician's notes of horror, some of the finest lines of one of the sublimest of the songs of the chorus in that inimitable tragedy of Caractacus, rushed into my memory with an instantaneous flash of delight. How they should come there, when the elevating sensations which they produced were as opposite from the emotions excited by the fiddler's tones as heaven is from hell, I shall leave to deeper metaphysicians than I am to discover. But if they will afford the reader a thousandth part of the exquisite pleasure which they diffused through my soul, so as to charm my painful steps over the rough soil, and lap me again in Elysium, he will thank me for their insertion.

“ Hail thou harp of Phrygian frame !

    In years of yore that Camber bore ;

From Troy's sepulchral flame

    With antient *Brute* to Britain's shore

The mighty minstrel came;  
Sublime upon thy burnish'd prow  
He bade thy manly notes to flow;  
Britain heard the descant bold,  
She flung her white arms o'er the sea,  
Proud in her leafy bosom to unfold  
The freight of harmony.

“ Mute till then was every plain,  
Save where the flood o'er mountains rude  
Tumbled his tide amain,  
And echo from th' impending wood  
Resounded the hoarse strain;  
While from the North the sullen gale  
With hollow whistlings shook the vale;  
Dismal notes, and answer'd soon  
By savage howl the heaths among,  
What time the wolf doth bay the trembling  
moon,  
And thin the bleating throng.

“ Thou spak'st, imperial lyre,  
The rough roar ceas'd, and airs from high  
Rapt the land in ecstasy:  
*Fancy*, the fairy, with thee came,  
And *inspiration*, bright-ey'd dame,  
Oft at thy call, would leave her sapphire sky;  
And if not vain the verse presumes,  
E'en now some chaste divinity is near,  
For, lo! the sound of distant plumes  
Pants thro' the pathless desert of the air.  
'Tis not the flight of her,  
'Tis sleep her dewy harbinger.

Change my harp, change thy measures,  
 Call from thy mellifluous treasures  
   Notes that steal on even feet ;  
 Ever slow, yet never pausing,  
   Mix'd with many a warble sweet,  
 In a ling'ring cadence closing,  
 While the pleas'd power sinks gently down the  
   skies,  
 And seals with hand of down the druid's slum-  
   b'ring eyes.

“ Whence was that inward groan ?  
 Why bursts thro' closed lids the tear ?  
 Why uplifts the bristling hair,  
   Its white and venerable shade ?  
   Why down the consecrated head  
 Courses in chilly drops the dew of fear ?  
 All is not well ; the pale-ey'd moon  
 Curtains her head in clouds, the stars retire,  
   Save from the sultry South alone  
 The swart star flings his pestilential fire ;  
   E'en sleep herself will fly,  
   If not recall'd by harmony.  
 Wake, my lyre, thy softest numbers,  
 Such as nurse ecstatic slumbers,  
 Sweet as tranquil virtue feels  
   *When the toil of life is ending,*  
 While from the earth the spirit steals,  
   And on new-born plumes ascending,  
   Hastens to lave in the bright fount of day,  
 Till destiny prepare a shrine of purer clay.”

We proceeded, as was our general cus-



tom when the surrounding scenery was calculated to impress our souls strongly, in silence, and gave a full indulgence to all the feelings and emotions of our hearts; those emotions and feelings which scorn all the power of words, and mock all the vain attempts of language to express. As we travelled farther onward the country wore a milder and a softer aspect, for it here and there had put on the verdant livery of vegetation. We saw at a little distance from the road, on our right-hand, a lake with a small island in its centre, containing the ruins of some old building, apparently once a place of worship, and a few trees. We had no means of getting to the island unless we swam to it, and we neither of us thought our strength equal to such an undertaking. Near this lake, on the opposite side of the road, in a very retired spot, stood a lovely little dwelling, situated at the foot of a lofty mountain, whose height protected the mansion from the violence of the winter's wind and rain, and whose sides, nearly half-way up towards its summit, was clothed with firs; its head was bare and naked, sullenly

frowning over the vast tract of desert waste that on all sides surrounded it.

We now turned due west over the mountains, and after walking a few hundred paces, met some black-cattle drovers, from whom we inquired our way ; but, owing to their not being masters of much English, and our not being in possession of any Erse, we were very little the wiser for any information that we received of them. However, they shook us so violently by the hand that we were in danger of having a limb dislocated, and bade us farewell.

The rain now descended upon us for the first time since our setting out upon our expedition. We were thoroughly drenched in a few minutes, so as not to have a single dry thread about us, whence my diary again suffered, but not very materially, for when its leaves were afterwards dried I found that not a letter was rendered illegible. The country was quite desolate, the mountains were clearly perceptible at their base, their middle regions were wrapped in clouds, but their tops were free from all mist and obscurity. A little farther onward the country was less dreary and

wretched ; and a few straggling, solitary, scattered trees showed their blasted and diminutive forms ; on both sides rough ragged rocks were piled up in dreadful irregularity, and in diversified masses on each other, till they reached the sky.

All this while the rain continued. The heavens had been dark and gloomy for some time past, and presently the storm came lowering on upon a thick mass of clouds, till down it fell, and made the torrents tumble from a thousand hills, deafening us with their continued roar. The dead pause and the universal silence, a silence that made itself to be felt, just before the storm burst, was truly terrific.

“ 'Tis listening fear and dumb amazement all :  
When to the startled eye the sudden glance  
Appears far south, eruptive thro' the cloud,  
And following slower, in explosion vast,  
The thunder raises his tremendous voice.  
At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heav'n,  
The tempest growls ; but, as it nearer comes,  
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,  
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more  
The noise astounds, till overhead a sheet  
Of livid flame discloses wide, then shuts  
And opens wider ; shuts and opens still

Expansive, wrapping æther in a blaze ;  
Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,  
Enlarging, deep'ning, mingling peal on peal,  
Crush horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

“ Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,  
Or prone-descending rain. Wide rent the clouds  
Pour a whole flood, and yet its flame unquench'd,  
Th' unconquerable lightning struggles thro',  
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,  
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.”

I shall never forget the sensations of solemn awe and of terrible pleasure, which filled my soul when I saw the continued flashes of lightning wheel their vivid course through the divided clouds, and heard the thunder break in frequent peals over my head, and its deafening echoes reverberated from rock to rock. If ever the human heart is lifted up to its God in the fervour and in the purity of devotion, it is in such scenes as these, where it witnesses the mightiness of his power, and prostrates itself with all humility before the throne of Him that killeth and maketh alive, that abases the proud and exalteth the lowly !!!

“ ——— How oft amidst

Thick clouds and dark, doth heav'n's all-ruling  
Sire



Choose to reside, his glory unobscur'd,  
And with the majesty of darkness round  
Covers his throne, from whence deep thunders  
    roar

Must'ring their rage ! !"

At length the rain ceased, and we arrived at the brow of a mountain that commanded a most extensive view of country! The colours in the sky were so various and vivid, the clouds so streaked and tinged with mingling shades of azure, gold, and crimson, as to present a picture beyond all power of conception enchanting. It seemed as if we had been borne by a magic wand into a fairy land. A few moments before, and all around us, was dark and terrific; now we saw nothing but cheerfulness and delight, and the fair face of heaven was dressed in the most alluring smiles of loveliness and of gaiety.

“ As from the face of heaven the shattered clouds  
Tumultuous rove, th' interminable sky  
Sublimely swells, and o'er the world expands  
A purer azure. Thro' the lighten'd air  
A higher lustre and a clearer calm,  
Diffusive tremble, while, as if in sign  
Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,

Set off abundant by the yellow ray,  
Invests the fields, and nature smiles reviv'd."

We proceeded on our journey, and, when the enthusiasm of our minds had subsided, we found that we were wearied, faint, crippled, and heavy with the wet. We, therefore, sate down by the side of a rill, to allay our thirst and to rest our bodies. We had not long laid ourselves down before there came by a decent, though very poor woman, with two little half-naked children, who were more than three parts starved. They were not wet, for they had taken shelter under the out-jutting of a rock during the violence of the late storm. Her countenance was the countenance of one that had long since shaken hands with happiness; it was deeply marked with the lines of anguish and the furrows of despair. It had once been handsome, it now was haggared with grief and want. She appeared to be about forty, and was clad in many coloured rags, but those rags were so nicely joined that the garb made not an unseemly whole to the eye, even of the squeamish and fasti-

dious. We were neither one nor the other.

When she saw us reclining against the side of a hill which overhung a pure bubbling fountain of the clearest water, she expressed great compassion for our distress, by a look of sympathising tenderness, and in a softened tone of benevolence and goodness offered us some bannoc and some butter, which she took out of a broken bason that was wrapped up in an old rag. The bannoc was blacker than Cowan's hat, and about the size of a small plate; the butter was nearly as big as my thumb; it was all the provision the poor woman had; but she offered it *all* to her fellow-creatures in distress, although she and her babes were perishing, and knew not where to procure a morsel of food when that little all was consumed.

This stupendous effort of liberality in a poor creature, who was, together with her little babes, actually perishing by piecemeal from starvation, roused our curiosity to know something of her history. We, therefore, pleaded, as an excuse for not availing ourselves of her bounty, that, al-

though we were weary and exhausted, yet we were not hungry ; and desiring her to sit down by our sides, we began to amuse her with a long story of our being American sailors, who had gone through many a peril both by sea and land ; and many a marvellous adventure did we recount. All this had the desired effect ; the poor woman listened most attentively to our tale, which beguiled her of an abundance of artless tears and sobs, the offspring of her compassion for our supposed sufferings.

Our apparent frankness of communication entirely won her confidence, and she related to us her own little story, which was simply and briefly this :—That she was born in Glasgow, where she had married a weaver, and had always, during his life, punctually paid every one his due, and maintained herself and household decently and in comfort. That about three years since her husband died, from which fatal period she had gradually descended from a state of plenty and of contented happiness, to the very dregs of famine and of misery : that, by labouring in the fields for the farmers in the summer, and by spinning in



the winter, she had contrived to earn the bare means of existence for herself and her little ones, till all her household furniture was sold, and nearly all her clothes gone; when, about eleven months since, she was turned out of her house by the landlord, for a deficiency of rent-paying, and had now nowhere to lay her head.

For awhile she received soup from the public kitchens of Glasgow, which was a great relief to her; but being taken ill and unable to work, she was in danger of perishing from want, for she could obtain no means of support. And having, in Glasgow, her native city, (perhaps the wealthiest town in all Scotland,) solicited the cold hand of charity in vain, she, as soon as she could muster sufficient strength to crawl, and her babes, had set out for the Highlands, where they wandered from hut to hut, entirely dependent on the bounty of the Highlanders, whose goodness of heart and generosity of disposition were such, that, although they had only a very scanty pittance for themselves, they would never suffer a fellow-creature to go unre-

lieved from their door, while they had half a mouthful of provender left.

This was the poor woman's artless narrative, which she went through with much steadiness and composure till she cast a look of hopeless anguish on the emaciated pallid food-imploping countenances of her famished babes; and this was more than she could bear: her bosom heaved with convulsive throbs, and she burst into an agony of tears, which, however, she endeavoured to repress at the eager intreaty of her little children, who implored their mammy not to cry, and tried all in their power to comfort her, by taking hold of her gown, looking wistfully and affectionately into her face, and telling her, that God was good, and would help her.

Even my flint was softened at this pathetic scene, and albeit unused to the melting mood, I felt the scalding drops of brine burn upon my cheek, while Andrew mused in profoundest silence upon the passing picture of human misery. After a while, the woman grew more composed, and earnestly desired, that we would take

the bannoc and butter, because, as she said, we were in greater distress than she was, and that probably she should be able to procure a morsel of bread before sun-set, from some hospitable Highlander. We thanked her for her kindness, but declined the acceptance of her proffered food, telling her, that we were not a hungered, and could not then eat any thing.

We then offered her a shilling, which she positively refused to take, saying, that, if we had far to go, we should find the want of that shilling, (which, in the sequel, proved true enough, for we were nearly perishing before we reached home, through a total failure of cash,) and she should never forgive herself if she was the cause of any mischance befalling us, by her lessening our little stock of money. At length, we, with great difficulty, prevailed on her to believe that we did not want the shilling, and she took it, while the tears stood in her eyes; and she departed from us with a profusion of thanks, declaring, that she had not for many months been in possession of so large a sum.

We felt a sickness at the heart not to be

described, at our inability to relieve this poor creature in the extremity of her distress, to think that we could only give her one beggarly shilling, and even feel the want of that paltry sum so much, that, before we should travel another hundred miles, we had every reason to expect that we should suffer most severely, if not perish, through lack of money!!! This thought was madness.—But why did this poor woman stand in so much need of assistance? What crime had she committed that she should be starved to death? Is it thus, by destroying the poor, who are the main pillars and support of every nation, and by adding, for ever adding, to the already too great load of wealth of a very few individuals who are burdens and curses to the country, because their incomes arise solely from the produce of excessive taxation, from grievous imposts laid on productive industry, that politicians think to render a kingdom flourishing and prosperous?

“ ——— Bleed, bleed, poor country!  
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,



*For goodness dares not check thee! wear thou thy  
wrongs,*

*Thy title is affect'd."*

"*But, in the wane of empires, mark the hour!*

*Vice and the sword consolidate all pow'r;*

*Laws pass their bounds; few statesmen stand  
erect;*

*All in their country's name themselves protect;*

*The public hopes with public credit sink—*

*At such an hour, when men to madness think,*

*What is the bard, and what his loftiest strain?*

*Junius might probe a nation's wounds in vain."*

"*Mourn, helpless Caledonia, mourn,*

*Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!*

*Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,*

*Lie gasping on their native ground;*

*Thy hospitable roofs no more*

*Invite the stranger to the door;*

*In smoky ruins sunk they lie,*

*The monuments of cruelty.*

"*The wailing widow, doom'd to death,*

*Forsaken wanders o'er the heath,*

*The bleak wind whistles round her head,*

*Her helpless orphans cry for bread;*

*Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,*

*She views the shades of night descend;*

*And, stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,*

*Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies."*

But if it is vain to call upon the states-

man to feel for and to redress the wrongs of an injured and an oppressed people ; (upon the statesman, who thinks only of enriching and of aggrandizing himself, of swelling the coffers of his master till they burst ; of heaping titles, and places, and pensions, without number and without count, upon his friends and dependents, while he utterly overlooks and despises the poor, from whose vitals are drained the means which support all these pensions, and places, and titles, and treasures, and enormous exaltation of the few ;) will it be also in vain to appeal to the mercy and to the charity of those individuals who are blessed with wealth ? If ye have hitherto wasted your substance in all the round of fashionable folly, and of modish vice ; if ye have sought for happiness in the glittering of a midnight ball, or amidst the tawdry trappings of a court ; if ye have looked for her in the hurry and confusion of a rout, in the lengthened files of hired attendants, in the splendour of equipage, and in the ostentation of apparel, in the meanness and the profligacy of dicing depredation, in the seduction of injured and of unsuspecting

innocence, in the broad and shameless display of adulterous infamy; if in all these, and more than all these, pursuits, ye have followed after happiness, and she hath still eluded your grasp: breathe awhile from your debauch, awake from your sleep of death, and woo the approach of bliss by administering help and comfort to the sick and needy, by wiping away the tears of sorrow and of anguish from the eyes of the forsaken and the fatherless; and by causing the widow's heart to leap for joy, and her countenance to beam with the smiles of cheerfulness and of sweet content!!!

Listen to the strains of the bard, whose song breathes the sentiments of mercy and of benevolence, and while you listen learn, by doing good, to be happy; for the great Creator hath ordained that man shall find his way to the temple of felicity by no other path than that of imparting blessings and aid to his fellow-creatures!!!

“ Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,  
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence, surround;  
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,  
*And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;*  
Ah! little think they, while they *dance along,*

How many feel, this very moment, death,  
And all the sad variety of pain !  
How many *pine in want*, and *dungeon glooms*,  
Shut from the common air, and common use  
Of their own limbs ; how many drink the cup  
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread  
Of misery ! Sore pierc'd by wintry winds  
*How many shrink into the sordid hut*  
*Of cheerless poverty !* Did rich men think  
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills  
That one incessant struggle render life,  
One scene, of toil, of suffering, and of fate ;  
*Vice in his high career* would stand appal'd,  
And heedless *rambling impulse learn to think ;*  
The conscious heart of *charity* would warm,  
And her wide wish *benevolence* dilate ;  
The social tear would rise, the social sigh,  
*And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,*  
*Refining still, the social passions work !!*"

We now rose from our seat where we had listened to the tale of wo, which the poor woman had related to us, and proceeded on our journey. All around us was in unison with our feelings, for all around was gloomy and cheerless. The country was barren, rough, and rugged, and the sun in vain endeavoured to dispel the mountain mist, which hung in murky sullenness on the hills, and slowly floated on the vales beneath.



We inquired, but to no purpose, for an inn, both because the very few people that we met understood naught save the Gaelic tongue, and because the inns or public-houses have no signs to direct the traveller where he may hope to find refreshment, as is generally the custom in other countries. As we travelled onward the country became more beautiful, the vallies smiled with verdure, and the torrents tumbled down their tides from all the neighbouring hills. From the side of one rugged rock I counted thirteen torrents spouting down one above another, and all losing their united streams at the base of the mountain, in the channel of the rivulet, which wound its way along its stony bed throughout the course of the glen or deep valley beneath.

At length we saw a neat clean-looking mansion, whose tiling some workmen were repairing; of them we asked where an inn might be found, and received for answer, a sentence of unintelligible Erse, accompanied with a broad grin. While we were accosting these people, and receiving replies, all to no purpose, as we understood

not each other, out came a tall, powdered, pock-marked man, dressed in plaid, with a pair of spectacles on his nose, and a newspaper in his hand; at a little distance behind, in the passage near the threshold of the door, stood a short, pale, dismally-looking woman, arrayed in yellow. I immediately pulled off my cap, and made a gentle inclination of my body forward, which salutation the gentleman returned with a very stiff and sullen bow, and a most rigid, surly, repelling visage.

I then apologized for having been the occasion of putting him to the trouble of coming out of the house, and told him, that we were strangers travelling to see and to enjoy the beautiful scenery of the country, and having walked on nearly the whole of the day over a very rough and rugged road without any refreshment, we were faint and worn down, and not knowing where we were, or what course to steer, we had taken the liberty of asking his workmen where we might find an inn; but that, owing to our not understanding the Erse language, we were not the wiser for the question which we had put, or for the

answer which we had received. Our stately gentleman very graciously vouchsafed to tell us that there was a public-house about a mile farther onward, where perhaps we might be able to get some refreshment. Saying which he immediately turned his back upon us, marched into the house, shut the door, and went into a parlour, whose window looked into the yard where we were, and in which parlour we saw that the table was spread out all in order for dinner.

I stepped up to the window directly, pulled off my cap, made a very low bow, and thanked him for his great kindness and polite attention; I also made my obeisance to the good lady in yellow, his wife, who was sitting down at the table, and marched off.

This reception was so entirely consonant with the true principles of hospitality and politeness, so exactly what we might expect from a gentleman, that I cannot forbear from presenting this august personage as an exemplar worthy of being followed and copied by all those who wish to behave to strangers in the very best style of

urbanity and of kindness. This respectable and dignified member of the community was Campbell laird of Glenfarloch, the valley in which his house stood, and which we were then traversing; he had been an officer in the army, and had married an English woman.——

The treatment which we met with from this redoubtable hero recalled forcibly to my recollection a similar reception which I had once the honour of experiencing from the wife of Abernethy Drummond, one of the titular bishops of the episcopalian church in Scotland, at Hawthornden, the seat of the celebrated poet William Drummond, whom Ben Jonson, the author of the *Fox*, and the *Alchymist*, travelled on foot from England to visit. About twelvemonths since, soon after I first went to Scotland, a very intimate friend of mine and I went to survey the ruins of Rosseline Abbey, distant about seven or eight miles from Edinburgh. After viewing these noble remains of antient architecture with much satisfaction, we descended to the river at the foot of



the hill on which the abbey is situated, and determined to follow its winding track.

Accordingly we walked, or rather crept, on by the edge of the river, whose sides were steep and nearly perpendicular, and clothed with wood; but we were soon compelled to begin to wade in the water, because our path by the side now became altogether impervious. For two or three hours we amused ourselves most delectably, by sometimes advancing and sometimes stopping to contemplate the graceful foliage of a pendent willow, that drooped its head over the stream; the weeping of a silent rill from the rock; or the rude over-jutting of the fragment of a rifted hill.

After awhile, however, we became weary, and not very well satisfied, because we knew nothing of our way, or where we were going; add to this that the shades of night began to thicken around us, and to shroud all the objects of sight in the mistiness of obscurity. At length, when the darkness had thrown a broader browner horror on the surrounding scenery, we found ourselves at the foot of a most romantic building, situated on a lofty rock.

Opposite to the mansion, across the water, in which we were standing, rose an elevated ridge of hills, adorned with wood from the base to the summit.

We were not very willing to proceed any farther in the river, not only because we were cold, and wet, and weary, but because we should probably flounder into some deep hole in the river, and be drowned; that there were such holes in the river we knew, because we had managed to avoid three or four already in our passage, by the aid of the light; but now that it was too dark to see whether the water was deep or shallow, for half ten yards before us, we did not choose to hazard our carcasses by a more lengthened watery expedition, not to mention that we knew not where we were going, or in what direction the river ran, and how long we might be compelled to wade if we attempted to follow its course.

We, therefore, set up a loud shout, in order to obtain some assistance by which we might find our way out of the river. Presently appeared, upon the battlements above, some female forms, arrayed in white.

We ceased from farther vociferation, and stood awhile contemplating the pleasing effect which the white drapery had when seen at such a distance and by such an obscure light, and gave our imaginations full play and scope to decorate the wearers of these robes in all the beauty and loveliness of the angel's floating pomp, and seraph's glowing grace. We were roused from our reverie by the sudden appearance of a little ragged boy, who had come down a winding-path which led from the top of the rock to the water's side; this young gentleman bawled out to us in the broad Doric dialect,—And are ye wat?—When we had, with great truth, assured him that we were wet, he led us up to the house along the winding pathway. We saw on our arrival at the top of the rock, walking under the venerable avenue of trees before the mansion, an old lady dressed in black silk, and a gentlewoman in white, who was fat, fair, and forty.

My friend stepped up, and addressed the corpulent female, who was the heiress of Drummond, and had married Dr. Aber-

nethy, a bishop of the Lutheran church in Scotland; he told her that we were both English gentlemen, who had come out in the morning from Edinburgh, to see the abbey at Rosseline, and that we had wandered down the river till night-fall, when we found ourselves at the foot of the rock on which her mansion stood, and that we had taken the liberty to call out loudly for assistance, in order to be extricated from our unpleasant situation, and to be directed how to find our way to Edinburgh, as we were entire strangers to the country. —The good lady heard him out, and then very coolly told him, that if he would go directly up the avenue, and turn to the left, he could not mistake his way, as it was all turnpike road till he came to Edinburgh, which was rather more than eight miles distant from her house.

We bowed lowly, and thanked the good lady for her kindness, and made the best of our way home, for it was then nearly eleven o'clock at night. So much for the hospitality of Glenfarloch and Madam Drummond, whose souls, I presume, are cast in too fine a mould to be troubled



with any of the plebeian feelings of civility, of kindness, and of humanity. Otherwise, perhaps, they might have found it in their hearts to offer, at least, the semblance of compassion, and to do something towards alleviating the inconveniences under which two strangers laboured.——

After traversing a very long mile from Glenfarloch's house we came to a dreary vagabond inn without any sign, where we were nearly poisoned by heath-smoke and other filth. We were shown into a room, large, very dirty, with two unroofed beds in it, a wooden cieling, rough and unplastered, and some wooden stools and a table that appeared not to have undergone any washing since the days of Ossian and his father Fingal, for whom, by all accounts, such accommodations would have well suited. It was not without reason that Glenfarloch had said, that perhaps we might get some refreshment at this house, for when we asked the shoeless, stockingless, dirty, and middle-aged hostess, what we could have for dinner, we received a long catalogue of negatives as to the different kinds of food for which we inquired.

At length, she got for us something which she called hung mutton, fried, but it appeared, as to taste, and for any nutrition that it contained, to be merely thin slips of tough dried neat's-leather, most abundantly laden with salt. One mouthful of this delicious fare so effectually satisfied us, that I know not if actual starvation could have induced us to venture on a second; neither could we swallow the bannoc with any degree of *gout*, although we were nearly famished for want of food. By dint of long-continued solicitation we prevailed on her to provide us with a boiled egg apiece, and thus we made our dinner to be somewhat less of the starving order than it otherwise would have been.

We asked for some sweetmeats,—we might with equal propriety have asked for some ottah of roses,—the woman went out of the room immediately, saying she would fetch us some, and soon thereafter returned with a very small bowl of sour milk, telling us that we could not know what it was to have sweet milk in America. At this unseasonable mistake of the woman, Andrew, who, considering that he

is a philosopher, loves to indulge his palate as much as any man I know, was somewhat disconcerted. He had been anticipating, with no small glee, the pleasure of swallowing something nice; and when he saw the sour curdled milk, he grew very impatient, and, squeezing an unusual portion of acid into his visage, declared that this old hag had a design upon our lives by bringing us such filth.

In addition to the comforts of such a meal, we had also the supreme felicity of the company and conversation of our hostess during the greatest part of our stay at her house. She asked us many a sagacious question, of—who we were, whether we were married or not, what we did with our wives, and if we made good husbands, what calling we followed in America, to what clan we belonged, &c. &c. To all which she received appropriate answers. She then, in her turn, began to deal out an abundance of information to us. She told us that the English were a very fat big people, but *no* civil and polite as her countrymen; and that the Irish were a

sad, drunken, quarrelsome set, and no better than barbarians. She likewise said, that she did not know whether Glenfarloch was of the Argyll Campbells, but she was sure he was not of the duke's clan.

After having rested ourselves awhile, we departed from our tiresome talkative hostess, from whose conversation we could obtain nothing either instructive or amusing, it was all made up of the tedious gabble of childish curiosity and credulous ignorance. We walked for rather more than an hour, when we laid ourselves down upon a little low broken wall which stood over a glen, at whose foot the gentle murmuring of a rivulet lulled us to sleep. It was a sweet retired spot, far from any habitation of man, and embosomed in trees. We looked awhile at the stream that stole along its pebbly bed, and wound its way over, and by the side of the roots, which stretched their twisted fibres across the whole of the channel, and were often blended with those that spread from the opposite bank; and while we looked, the gentle influence of slumber diffused itself over all



our senses, and we lost all perception of our cares in the lap of oblivion.

“ This current that with gentle murmur glides,  
Thou know’st being stopp’d, impatiently doth rage;  
But when his fair course is not hindered,  
*He makes sweet music with th’ enamell’d stones,*  
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge  
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;  
And so by many winding nooks he strays,  
With willing sport to the wild ocean.  
*Thus let me go, and hinder not my course;*  
I’ll be as patient as a gentle stream,  
And make a pastime of each weary step,  
Till the last step has brought me to my home;  
And there I’ll rest, as after much turmoil,  
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.”

We awoke from our slumber refreshed and cheerful, and had not travelled on far before we obtained a view of Loch-Lomond, which presented a much more varied scenery, from its number of little tufted islands, than did Loch-Tay; it showed less of art and more of nature. At Loch-Tay Breadalbane’s hand was visible (in more ways than one); here we recognised, at every glance, the bold magnificence of that plastic power by which all things were created. The torrents were gushing

from all the hills that reared their bare and perpendicular and rugged heads into the clouds, their tops ascended the sky; the banks of the lake were a little fringed with wood; the road, as it wound itself among the hills, now discovered a small portion of the loch; then suffered a broad expanse of waters to burst upon our enraptured sight, and anon hid all the beauties of this enchanting stream from our inquiring eyes: the mist, that hung around the summits of the mountains on which it floated in all the majesty of darkness, heightened the pleasing and soul-exalting effect of the prospect.

As we approached Tarbut, there appeared some marks of cultivation, and more of wood was seen, and the scenery was more exquisitely vivid. We plucked some fine and fragrant honey-suckles by the side of the loch, on whose banks we pursued our journey.

Cowan wished much to witness an Irish scene; and, although born in Ireland himself, insisted, that I, who never was in the country in my life, should undertake to give the brogue at the next inn where

we were to stop, while he, according to custom, remained altogether taciturn. In vain I objected to this absurd proposal, and represented to him, that neither the Irish nor the English were much liked by the Scots, who, indeed, generally despised them both as little better than ignorant and illiterate barbarians. I told him, that we should be treated better as Americans, because they were favourites with the Scottish nation; and, what was of much more consequence, be able to see more of the distinguishing traits and feature of the people, who would flock round us to ask and to tell all that they knew and wanted to know. All this sapient sagacity of mine was thrown away upon philosopher Cowan, who, with the most perseverous obstinacy, persisted in his first scheme, wherefore I submitted.

“ Ego, ut contendere durum est

Cum victore, sequor.

—— Parere necesse est;

Nam quid agas, cum te furiosus cogat, et idem  
Fortior?”

“ I, when my friend is obstinately bent

On his own way, to follow am content.

For what remains, when Andrew's *lack of wit*  
Scorns to hear reason's voice,—but to submit.”

Accordingly to Tarbut, as two vagabond Irishmen, we came; and, entering a very spacious and commodious inn, I stepped up to the landlady, a decent woman, whom I met in the passage, and, with a tone and manner as of one lately dipped in the Shannon stream, addressed her with,—*Arrah, Madam, and can I be after taking a little bit of a slape with you to-night?*—The woman stared, as well she might, and, turning away, deigned not to make any reply; her husband answered very drily, that we might have beds in his house if we meant to pay for them. We assured him that we did, and ordered tea to be gotten ready, while we went down to bathe in the loch.

The consequence of our being Hibernians was exactly what I had foretold. For the people, instead of crowding round us, as usual, to ask questions, and to tell us all that they knew, suffered us to talk Irish to ourselves all the evening, without the least interruption, so that we had but a blank



night of it. Andrew fell asleep in his chair, and snored for my amusement, while I wrote in my diary, and read a few pages in a little pocket Terence that had accompanied me throughout my journey, but had lain unheeded in my knapsack ever since our night at Dundee, when we were interrupted in the middle of a long criticism on him and on Plautus, by the unseasonable entrance of the justices. Not a single human being entered our room save the girl, who got us our tea and breakfast, and made our beds; for here, for the first time, we had a bed a-piece.

Our accommodations were very good, and we had abundance of every thing that we wanted; our room was neat and well furnished, and the windows ran upon pulleys, a thing which we had not seen before since the commencement of our journey. The charge, however, was just double of what we had hitherto paid for an abode of the same length of time, which to us was an evil of no small moment in the waning state of our finances. But we could not complain, as the entertainment was excellent, and as the place was situated in the

vicinage of the Lowlands, where every article of convenience or of necessity is dearer than in the mountainous up-lands.

We are both fully satisfied with this specimen of Iricism, and are determined not to be Hibernians any more, but to continue Americans till we get back to Edinburgh; particularly as the town of Dunbarton, which lies directly in our road, is full of soldiers, and our unhappy twang and dialect may cause us to be suspected as Wexford rebels, and occasion us much trouble in our present state of distress, from bodily exhaustion, and an almost evanescent purse.

The view from the windows towards the loch was beautiful. We stayed a few hours later than we had intended on the morning of the 14th, till the rain, which had poured down in sheets nearly all the night, was abated; and then we sheered off to the great apparent joy of the host and hostess, who regarded us with looks of no little unkindness and suspicion, never once bidding us farewell, or expressing the least interest in our welfare.

We walked on utterly forgetful of the

host and hostess, and every other reality of life; we were totally absorbed in the contemplation of the unutterable beauties of the surrounding scenery. The mountains on our right hand were rugged, barren, unclouded by any obscurity, and pouring down their torrents from innumerable rifts in their time-worn sides; on our left, the hills were clothed, nearly to their base, in mist. As we pursued our march through a winding road overshadowed by trees, the loch presented new beauties at every step, and at length blest our eyes with a prospect sublimely grand. A vast expanse of water, calm and unruffled, stretched far beyond the reach of our ken, and rolled its mild, benignant streams round numberless little islands,

“ ————— Whose verdure clad  
Their tufted sides with ever-pleasant green,  
And herbs of every leaf that sudden flower'd,  
Opening their various colours, and made gay  
Their bosoms smelling sweet;”

and, far beyond all, arrayed in mist, the lofty mountains reared their bleak majestic heads.

“ What various scenes thy wandering waves behold,  
As bursting from their hundred springs they stray;  
And down the vales, in sounding torrents roll'd,  
Seek to old Ocean's bed their mazy way!

“ Here dusky alders, leaning from the cliff,  
Dip their long arms, and wave their branches wide;  
There, as the loose rocks thwart my bounding skiff,  
White moon-beams tremble on thy foaming tide.

“ Flow on, ye waves, where Nature's wildest child,  
Frowning incumbent o'er the darken'd floods,  
Rock rear'd on rock, on mountain mountain pil'd,  
Ben Lomond sits, and shakes his crown of woods.”

We bathed in the loch, and found the water, although not deep, extremely buoyant, fully as much so as the waves of the sea. We now began to find that we were leaving the land of kilt, and entering upon a country of breeches, not so much by casting our eye upon the men *à posteriori*, but from the very different mode of reception which we experienced. The Highlanders, for the most part, had been open, unsuspecting, kind, and hospitable; but in general the Low-landers received us with coldness and suspicion, hesitatingly, and often unkindly.

We came to the inn at Lush, where we



were put into a good room, carpeted, and tolerably furnished, commanding a most delicious view of a well-wooded spot, through whose interstices, at several openings, peeped a portion of the lake, and here and there uprose the spire of some building, among which that of the church, and the top of the neat little parsonage, particularly attracted our notice and admiration; and, beyond all, a chain of irregularly high mountains terminated our prospect.

We found our bowels so dolefully twisted and tormented by the sorry and uncertain diet on which we had fed, that I told Cowan we were now in a proper state to become the disciples of that great father of the church, St. Jerom, who strenuously recommends abstinence, both as to food and liquor, and gives this remarkable reason for it.

*“Non quod Deus intestinorum nostrorum rugitu delectetur, sed quod aliter pudicitia tuta esse non potest.”*

“It is not that God is particularly delighted to hear *the rumbling of our intestines*, but that chastity cannot otherwise be safe.”

Andrew, who cares not a pinch of snuff

for the fathers of the church, nor the sons either, very devoutly damned poor St. Jerom for a blockhead, and expressed a most unfeigned desire for some food, wherewith to appease the cravings of his stomach, and to silence the murmurs of his belly. After some little discourse on the subject we came to a full determination that we would never again travel in this manner without a large wadding of solid opium in our pockets, the want of which we sorely rued, as we sat writhing our bodies, and making divers hideous contortions of countenance, and ghastly grinnings at each other.

A sad noisy, strapping, blustering wench waited upon us, and (after banging the door every time she went out of the room, with a noise resembling thunder, and by an unlucky bounce of by far the largest member of her body, upsetting me and beating Cowan out of his chair) brought us some excellent tart and mutton, which should have been eaten, could it ever have been swallowed, at least a week before we had the misfortune to have more than one sense disgusted by its presence; vile, filthy water, tolerable porter, good butter and cheese,

and the dirtiest table-cloth that ever mortal eyes beheld.

We dined, and marched on; our host was very civil and directed us on our road. We lost the loch awhile, but soon saw it again; the country became less hilly, more cultivated, and somewhat thickly studded with gentlemen's seats and villas, and the loch abounded in islands. As we passed on we saw a very neat but not a large house, in which the celebrated Smollet was born. As Smollet is a writer from whom I have received much delight, and some mischief, I shall, as concisely as may be, offer a few remarks on him.

Smollet's genius was undoubtedly of the highest cast, and of the most extensive comprehension. As an historian, a novelist, and a poet, he ranks among the foremost sons of fame. All his productions bear the stamp of a mighty mind. His history, though a mere bookseller's job, and written, as indeed were most of his works; carelessly and in haste, evinces the hand of a master. The style is flowing, easy, and not deficient in strength; his characters are

well drawn, and his observations acute and shrewd. It is to be lamented that his powerful mind was bent down and warped by an attachment to party; because this unlucky bias has induced him to view men and things, with regard to politics, not through the telescope of truth, but through the spectacles of prejudice.

His Ode to Independence breathes the true spirit of poetry, and causes us to regret that he did not pay more attention to the muses, since they were so propitious to his suit whenever he deigned to implore their aid. But in his novels he has shown forth his greatest strength; they abound with wit and humour, and pourtray his accurate and extensive knowledge of mankind and of the human heart. In some few places he is pathetic, beyond all writers that I know; and it is much to be wished that he had exercised this invaluable talent of softening and refining the heart more frequently. Such scenes as that where he describes the agony of the young German's soul at the thought of losing Monimia in Count Fathom, and the Monument scene, and some others, are infinitely to be pre-



ferred to all the coarseness of his humour, when he descends into the dirt of mortality, and rakes the very kennels for filth, because they mend the morals while they touch the heart.

He certainly wanted that vigour of mind that is the parent of prudence and discretion, and without which, talents, however splendid, and acquirements, however great, serve only to render the possessor miserable, to raise the compassion of the benevolent, and to excite the malignant triumph of fools, who very charitably and exultingly impute those failings to the possession of a superior understanding, which always originate from deficiency of intellect in some material point.

Hence, with abilities that might have performed any thing within the grasp of human capacity, that might have led armies to victory, might have shaken a guilty senate with the thunder of impassioned and energetic eloquence, or instructed mankind in the great moral and religious duties, he passed his life in continual alternations of abundance and of poverty; one while scattering his wealth with the most heed-

less profusion, and contemptibly indiscriminating prodigality; at another time, struggling against all the accumulated miseries of penury and want, of fierce and lacerated pride, of neglect, of disease, of anguish, and of despair; he ended a life of wretchedness by a death of woe, and left his widow a beggar among aliens and strangers.

A most amusing and instructive life of Smollet might be written, if a man of enlarged and comprehensive views, one who had investigated the human mind, and kept his eye steadily bent on the means of promoting the virtue and happiness of mankind, would undertake the task. No species of writing is better calculated to render the most essential benefit to the human race than well-directed biography, containing a developement of the heart, and philosophical inquiries founded on the broad and durable basis of reason and of truth. But where is such biography to be found? Excepting Samuel Johnson, Roscoe, and Currie of Liverpool, I recollect not any biographers in the English language who have done justice to this kind of writing. They, for the most part, present us with a string of

anecdotes, from which little or nothing of the individual's heart can be discovered. We are not carried into his closet and his chamber to see how he discharges his domestic duties, by what means he improves and strengthens his mind, and what were the causes which promoted or retarded his progress in virtue. Things that are the most interesting and most necessary to be known, because they afford the means of increasing the power of diffusing more widely knowledge among mankind, by setting people to think, by rousing their intellects into action, and calling into play those faculties of the mind, on the right exercise of which depends all the happiness of man here and hereafter.

But I have a still stronger objection to make against this amazingly transcendent and abundantly endowed writer. His works surely seem not to be written for the sole purpose of promoting truth and the improvement of mankind; of showing that ignorance is vice, and vice is misery; that knowledge is virtue, and virtue happiness. He represents characters of immorality and of dissipation without teaching us to abhor

them; he bestows upon them all the allurements of wit and the splendour of genius; he gives them the loftiness of courage and the irresistible attractions of mildness and benevolence.

But every writer, particularly every writer such as Smollet, whose works are so replete with excellencies, that they will be always universally read, should remember that he does an injury to mankind if he brands not vice with infamy, and arrays not virtue in all her native loveliness; that he then becomes a pander to lewdness, and propagates all the horrors of the dæmon of lust.

Let these memorable words of the great moralist, whose only aim was to give ardour to virtue and confidence to truth, never be forgotten.

“ In narratives, where historical veracity has no place, I cannot discover why there should not be exhibited the most perfect idea of virtue; of virtue not angelical, nor above probability, for what we cannot credit we shall never imitate; but the highest and purest that humanity can reach; which, exercised in such trials as the various



revolutions of things shall bring upon it, may, by conquering some calamities and enduring others, teach us what we may hope, and what we can perform. Vice, for vice is necessary to be shown, should always disgust; nor should the graces of gaiety, or the dignity of courage, be so united with it, as to reconcile it to the mind. Wherever it appears, it should raise hatred by the malignity of its practices, and contempt by the meanness of its stratagems: for, while it is supported by either parts or spirit, it will be seldom heartily abhorred. The Roman tyrant was content to be hated if he was but feared; and there are thousands of the readers of romances and novels willing to be thought wicked if they may be allowed to be wits.

“ It is therefore to be steadily inculcated that virtue is the highest proof of understanding, and the only solid basis of greatness; and that vice is the natural consequence of narrow thoughts; that it begins in mistake and ends in ignominy.”

A little before us on the road we saw a volunteer officer, dressed in his full military suit, walking on leisurely, and with many

an affected gesticulation, holding a parasol in his hand to shade his dear face from the sun, which, to be sure, was then somewhat powerful. As this hero appeared to be an egregious coxcomb, and moreover a little fellow, not stout enough to thrash us in case of any quarrel, we determined to have some banter with him. We, therefore, quickened our pace, and soon came up with him. A stronger contrast, as to externals, could not easily be devised than was our shabby, tattered, beggarly appearance to this be-powdered, be-essenced, and spruce little gentleman. The whiffs of lavender-water and burgamot came floating towards us, upon the gales that blew, in great abundance from his white handkerchief, which ever and anon he gave his nose, while his head was held fantastically on one side as if reclining on his left shoulder.

When we limped by him we bowed bare-headed to the very ground, almost to prostration, before this small self-idolater. This manoeuvre had the desired effect, it puffed him up still more if possible than usual, with the notion of his own fancied

importance, and he called out in an insolent tone,—Fellows, what are ye? what do ye here, and whither are ye going?—We are poor lame American sailors, your honour, going to Glasgow, and please your reverence; we came from Tarbut, your honour's worship.—This thrusting in of absurd titles, as if in admiration of his superior rank and consequence, touched his very soul, and his sides were ready to burst with imagined greatness, and an attempt to assume dignified haughtiness. Wherefore he called out loudly and sharply, giving his parasol a flourish while he spoke, and looking wondrous big and marvellously wise—That will not do for me; you are a couple of lying rascals, I see it in your countenances, particularly you impudent fellow in the hairy cap; I have the honour of being an officer in —— regiment of volunteers, commanded by Colonel ——, and know you to be spies and traitors, and will have ye hanged up at the next town.

—May it please your honour's sweet worship, we are not spies, if you please, nor rascals, but only poor crippled travellers, that have been seeing part of the beautiful country of the Highlands.—Oh, ho! I have

caught you, have I? and what do poor sailors want to see in a country? I am myself a gentleman, and descended from a good family, and yet I never wanted to go and see a beautiful country. If you are not spies, what the devil are ye? answer me that. Aye, aye, I see guilt in that red face of your's, Mr. Hairy-Cap; and I will have you two beggarly scoundrels trussed up directly for having given a false account of yourselves.

Here he applauded his own wit with an enormous grin, and proceeded to ask us if we were very poor.—Yes, sir,—we replied,—we have not had a full meal of meat these many days.—Nor do you deserve it; what should such bloody-minded spies do with a belly full of victuals, when you do not deserve to live? What have you got in your knapsacks? But you need not untie them; I shall not condescend to look into them; I suppose they are stuffed with broken victuals that you have stolen. Get you both gone for two impudent rascals, in daring to speak to a gentleman like me; you may think yourselves well off that I do not have ye both hanged at the next town.

Saying which he was going off from us,



down a green lane, away from the road ; but we thought it was proper to give him an item that his behaviour to us, however poor and wretched we appeared, was not consistent with the character of a gentleman, nor becoming one who wore a human shape ; we, therefore, said, and, at the same time we spoke, assumed a very different aspect from that which we had hitherto worn ; an aspect which caused his visage to put on the mingled appearance of astonishment and of fear.

Sir, although your conduct to us has not been such as to deserve any kindness, yet we cannot think of leaving you till we have endeavoured to teach you a lesson which might be of service to you as long as you live. We are men, your fellow-creatures, and, therefore, entitled to your civility, at least till we forfeit that title by our own ill behaviour : as strangers, we have a double claim upon you ; and as strangers in distress, a still farther demand upon your compassion. But you have treated us in a manner so brutal, that an untaught Indian would be ashamed to use it towards his dog.

Sir, it becomes you to learn, that it is the duty of a soldier to be the ornament of his country in peace, as well as her bulwark in time of war. We deem you rather as an object of pity than of indignation and contempt, because we perceive, by the heavy vacancy of your countenance, that you are deplorably stupid and ignorant. This little advice, however, you would do well to treasure up in your memory, and attempt to square your actions by it in future ; namely, that nothing becomes an officer in the army so much as gentleness and mildness of carriage towards those with whom he is not fighting. A piece of advice, sir, which, if you had ever learned, you would not now have experienced the mortification of being thus rebuked by two poor shabby beggars, nor have given us the trouble of attempting to teach you how you ought to behave.

We see, sir, very well, by that bridle and toss of your head, and that uneasy fidget of your body, together with the ghastly contortions of your countenance, that you fancy yourself hurt at the freedom of our language, and wish to appear indignant at our presumption in thus

addressing one who gives himself credit for being greatly our superior. But you need not give yourself any airs, sir, because we well know, that all who evil-intreat the poor and helpless are cowards also as well as villains. You had better, therefore, be quiet and rest contented, or we shall be under the necessity of throwing you into the river that flows hard by this spot; an operation which will discompose the order and oeconomy of your pulverized locks, dirty your fine glossy regimentals, and give such a shock to your nerves, as will disqualify you from holding that pretty parasol in your hand to prevent the sun-beams from tanning your delicate complexion.

Or, perhaps, in order to complete what you have begun, and to show that your understanding is equal to your humanity, you would do well to go to Dunbarton, the next town, and inform the magistrates, that two bloody-minded French spies, with broken victuals in their knapsacks, are on their way to set fire to the town, and carry off the castle and all its curiosities in our waistcoat pockets. By which means we shall be secured before we can commit any

mischief, and you will be applauded as the diligent and sagacious servant of a wise and a benevolent government, whose machinery cannot fail of moving regularly and well while it has such wheels as you to keep it in action.

Saying this we left him to reflect at leisure upon the scene which he had witnessed, and made on for Dunbarton.

Loch-Lomond now ended, and the river Leven began. As we wandered along its banks we could not but remember the sweet lines of its bard, who was born upon the margin of its stream.

“ No torrents stain thy limpid source,  
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,  
That sweetly warbles o’er its bed,  
With white, round, polish’d pebbles spread;  
While, lightly pois’d, the scaly brood  
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood;  
The springing trout in speckled pride,  
The salmon, monarch of the tide,  
The ruthless pike, intent on war,  
The silver eel, and mottled par.  
Dévolving from thy *parent lake* \*,  
A charming maze thy waters make,  
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,  
And edges flower’d with eglantine.

\* Loch-Lomond.



“ Still on thy banks, so gaily green,  
May numerous herds and flocks be seen,  
And lasses chaunting o’er the pail,  
And shepherds piping in the dale,  
And antient faith that knows no guile,  
And industry embrown’d with toil,  
*And hearts resolv’d, and hands prepar’d,*  
*The blessings they enjoy to guard.”*

The scenery was lovely beyond all description ; the country around us was well cultivated, and the banks of the Leven were ornamented with neat houses and little gardens, blooming in all the luxuriance of vegetation. It put me very much in mind, only it is on a much smaller scale, of the Thames, and its adorned banks at Richmond and at Twickenham. We saw Smollet’s monument, whose inscription some barbarians had defaced ; it is in Latin and in English, and to be found in a number of books. As I am no great admirer of epitaphs in general, I should not insert it in my diary even if I could read the whole of it on the obelisk, which I cannot.

The sun was setting, and the shades of night began to render us desirous of a place

of rest; yet it was a lovely scene to see the appearance of the country, now at the approach of evening, after a very hot and sultry day.

“ As on we move, near down th’ ethereal steep  
The lamp of day hangs hovering o’er the deep.  
Dun shades, in rocky shapes, up ether roll’d,  
*Project long shaggy points, deep ting’d with gold;*  
Others take faint th’ unripen’d cherry’s dye,  
And paint amusing landscapes on the eye.  
There blue-veil’d yellow, thro’ a sky serene,  
In swelling mixture forms a floating green.  
Streak’d thro’ white clouds a mild vermilion shines,  
And the breeze freshens as the heat declines.”

We followed the road which led to Dunbarton, where we arrived when it was sufficiently dark to render objects indistinct. In the street we saw a labouring man, of whom we desired a direction to some inn. The fellow asked us who we were, and received for answer, that we were Americans. He then told us, that he would show us an inn if we would give him a bottle of ale. This trading and sale of the very lowest offices of humanity and civility, gave us no very exalted opinion of our guide; however, as any trait of cha-

racter is worth, at least, three-pence, we agreed to give him the ale. Accordingly, he led us to a house kept by an acquaintance of his, as beastly a place as ever a pig would wish to be lodged in.

As soon as we entered, and had made known our wants, the hostess, who was ruddy, comely, talkative, and dirty, told us, at once, and roundly, that she had no bed in the house. The host, who was, in every sense of the word, a beast, both in look and behaviour, said to our guide,—John, where did you pick up these two shabby fellows, and what have thy got to say for themselves?—The cicerone took the landlord into the kitchen to tell him all that he knew about us. And while they were thus engaged, I fairly bothered the woman into letting us have a room; not indeed without difficulty, as she stoutly persisted for a long time, in declaring, that she had not a single spare bed in the house.

We followed our hostess from the passage in which we had hitherto been kept standing, into the apartment destined for our use; it was as replete with nastiness

and filth as could be imagined. Our guide was preparing to accompany us, and had actually put one foot into the room for that purpose, when I objected to the manoeuvre, and desired the host to let him have his stipulated portion of ale in the kitchen. The landlady, however, we could by no means prevent from honouring us with her presence. She asked us a great multitude of questions, and received such answers as we deemed it proper to return. She then detailed to us all that she knew, and more than we wanted to hear. Among much other edifying and important information, she told us, that many very genteel, large, fat men, sometimes came from England, and slept at her house.

Upon further inquiry, we found that these fat, large, and genteel men, were drovers and graziers, who came to buy the little black cattle of the Highlands, which they put into pastures on the south side of the Tweed.

This account, as it served to denote her sentiments on the score of gentility, amused us; because every thing relating to cha-



racteristic traits is interesting, and excites the mind to speculate upon the influence which different modes of education exercise on the human mind. But we were not amused when she told us, that lately a few days since, sixty Highlanders, men, women, and children, with all their little property, consisting of a few bags of oatmeal, had come to the town of Dunbarton on their way to America, whither they were about to emigrate, because they were literally starved out of their own country.

At length we exchanged the conversation of our landlady for that of a barber, who came to shave Cowan. This fellow was the very pattern of all shavers; he began to harangue from his first moment of lathering the face, and continued his alarum to the last twist which he gave Andrew's nose in finishing the operation. He told us, that lord Nelson had performed greater wonders than ever, in his attack upon Boulogne, for which the king was going to make him a duke; that he himself (the barber) had always supported the present family on the throne, and that it should never be hurt while *he* lived, and

had strength to carry a musket ; an exercise to which he had been accustomed, as a member of a volunteer corps now nearly eight years, ever since the present just and necessary war had been entered into.

He also told us, that although he was not acquainted with Mr. Pitt, and could not be his personal friend, since he had laid on the powder tax, which was so very detrimental to gentlemen of his (the barber's) profession ; yet he wished well to that minister, who, in other respects, seemed to consult the best interests of the country ; and he could not imagine how that great statesman could be so far misled and mistaken as to lay on a tax so injurious to the welfare of Great Britain. But, for his part, he (the barber) scorned all mercenary views, and was a patriot from principle.

I then asked him if he would not have lost all his business, as a barber, unless he had entered into some corps, owing to the gentlemen who were loyal, withdrawing their custom from him. No doubt,—replied Don Whiskerandos,—no doubt I should, and have been left with my family

to starve, and therefore I became a volunteer.

A good definition of a volunteer, this, thought I to myself;—a volunteer, then, is a man who is starved into being a soldier.

Cowan, however, soon put an end to my reveries, and the abundant discourse of this flaming loyalist, by giving him sixpence, which was five-pence more than he had ever before received for simply shaving a man's beard. At this the conscientious hero, who was above all mercenary views, and a patriot from principle, murmured aloud, that no one ever paid less than a shilling for being shaved; and if he had known how shabbily he was to be treated, he would not have condescended to come out of his house to wait upon people who were not gentlemen. Whereat Cowan very quietly bade him leave the room, and drily observed, that he ought to be contented with a sum of money much greater than he would ever obtain by shaving two dozen of his brother volunteers.

The knight of the suds, seeing that there was no remedy, followed Andrew's

advice, and left the room, very audibly damning us for a couple of dirty rascals that knew not how to behave to gentlemen. And in the passage he encountered the hostess, who had been listening at the door, with her ear applied close to the key-hole, in order to know what we were saying. To her the barber made heavy complaints of our not being gentlemen, to which she replied, even while he held the door in his hand, so that we could hear every word that was uttered, that she was sure we were two beggarly Americans, without any money in our pockets, because we were so civil to every body; but that she intended to keep a sharp eye upon us, and would take very good care to be paid somehow or other before we left the house.

Our landlady's method of measuring the wealth and the consequence of people by their want of kindness and civility, made us smile, though it gave us no very favourable opinion of her own amiable qualities, and the virtues of those with whom she had been in the habits of intercourse. For our refreshment we had some tea and



bread, very dirty butter, and a greasy fried fish, which set us both a cascading with the utmost vehemence, and nearly extinguished our lives on the spot.

For our entertainment the hostess demanded payment directly, before she went to bed, and then, as she graciously observed, we might leave her house as soon as we pleased the next morning. We discharged our bill, and this fascinating woman withdrew. We then examined our linen, and found that, to all appearance, the sheets had been more frequently used since their last washing than those with which the venerable dame Pennycook had accommodated us. It was absurd to think of depositing our carcasses in contact with such filth, and we threw ourselves, without taking off our clothes, on the bed, where, however, we got not a wink of sleep; for, during the space of more than three hours, we lay in a most miserable state, till the nastiness all around us, and the pent up stagnant vapour of the room, very nearly put us to death by sickness and suffocation. Our sensations were now intolerable, and, actually gasping for breath in

this unrespirable air, we endeavoured to prevent immediate *deliquium* by lifting up the window ; but the window was not to be lifted up by any efforts of ours ; and we crawled forthwith out of the house, more dead than alive, at about four o'clock on the morning of the 16th.

We left the town without seeing any of the curiosities contained in the castle, such as the old rusty carving-knife and brass spurs of William Wallace, the celebrated hero of Caledonia ; the heel of the shoe of another great man who never had any shoes to wear ; the breeches of some Scottish king who never wore breeches ; with many other wonderments equally curious and equally important.

The castle itself is an object worthy of admiration, both on account of the building, and the almost perpendicular rock on which it is situated ; although it attracted our attention less forcibly than it would have done had we never seen the castle of Edinburgh, which surpasses every thing of the kind I ever beheld ; the large and massy edifice which seems to defy the ravages of time, and to laugh to scorn all

the idle vanity of mortal force to assail its impregnable strength ; and the bold, lofty, bleak, sullen, bare, and inaccessible rock which frowns in horrid majesty, as if indignantly submitting to bear the load of building, that the audacious hand of man had presumed to lay upon its venerable shoulders, serve to inspire the beholder with that awful terror and sublimity of delight that never fail to elevate the soul and to expand all the powers of the understanding.

We marched on, and now saw that the river Leven ended its course, and the Clyde began to assume the office of ministering to the pleasures and the wants of the inhabitants of that tract of the country which we were about to traverse. The scenery around was pleasant ; it had dropped the rough and rugged form to which we had been for some time past accustomed, and had assumed a softer and a milder aspect. The hills were no longer lost in the clouds, nor were their summits destitute of verdure ; the plains were cultivated and adorned with many an elegant

mansion; the ground was sufficiently wooded, and the Clyde rolled along its gentle and beneficial stream, on whose calm and unruffled surface glided numerous vessels, freighted with the productions of trade and the conveniences of commerce, and on its banks stood many a fair and noble building.

Our pleasure, derived from contemplating the face of the country, was continually interrupted by the questions and remarks which were put to us by the people whom we met on the road. All that they asked, and all that they said, no doubt, was dictated by artless simplicity blended with blameless curiosity; but the frequent attacks of these good people were excessively troublesome. We, therefore, left the road for awhile, and crept down to a lovely, little, limpid rill, where we washed ourselves thoroughly, and soaped our feet, which were now nearly one continued series of blisters, rendering the act of walking a perpetual source of pain and anguish.

At nine o'clock in the morning we came to an inn, and were shown into a room not very clean to be sure; for the floor



was of soft dirt, which stuck to our shoes, the ceiling was boarded and plentifully hung with cobwebs ; the chairs, table, and window, not too much accustomed to the pail and cloth. However, they got us an abundant breakfast of tea, eggs, milk, and bread, all very good of their kind. During our repast we were amused by hearing the people of the house, in the next room, singing psalms and reading portions of the scripture. Some of the tones indeed were not very melodious, but there seemed to be a sincerity and an earnestness of devotion in their manner that surpass all the efforts of art. I was particularly delighted to find that the Sunday morning, before the places of worship were opened, was passed in a way so calculated to keep up and to increase that noble spirit of religion and of morality among the Scottish people, which has so long made them loved at home and revered abroad. I could not but call to mind these exquisite lines of Burns in his *Cotter's Saturday Night* :

“ They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;  
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim ;

Perhaps *Dundee's* wild-warbling measures rise,  
Or plaintive *martyrs*, worthy of the name.  
Or noble *Elgin* beets the heav'n-ward flame,  
The sweetest far of *Scotia's* holy lays :  
Compar'd with these *Italian* trills are tame,  
The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise,  
*Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise."*

As soon as we had breakfasted, and a pause in their devotion allowed us an opportunity, we payed our bill, which was more moderate than any charge that had hitherto been made upon us, and departed. The scenery continued the same, only we lost sight of the Clyde as we travelled onward along the road. We marched into Glasgow about one o'clock in the afternoon, when all the people were issuing out from the different kirks, externally, very finely dressed, particularly the women, whose white drapery presented a notable contrast to the filthy appearance of the streets, (all those who have ever been in Scotland on a Sunday will understand my meaning; it is sufficient to say, that the people do not suffer their streets to be cleaned on the sabbath,) and to our deplorably vagrant condition. Cowan was

literally a *sans-culotte*, for his trowsers were défalcated of their posterior department, and he had no drawers, and his miserable Russian-grey jacket did not reach lower than his middle, so that at every step which he took appeared an amazing exhibition.

His rusty hat was terribly battered and weather-beaten, and his countenance fairly rendered haggard by long fatigue, pain, and scanty precarious food; his face was pale, dreary, and wo-begone. Round his body, towards the middle of his black waistcoat, he wore his black silk neck-handkerchief, tied in a bow, while his check shirt collar was unbuttoned, and left his neck bare; his black gaters on his striped trowsers served to keep his shoes on his feet, and to give the last finish to his person and to his habiliments. Add to all this, that he was fearful of being recognised by any of his acquaintance, of whom there were several in this town, who knew him while he was studying medicine at the university about two years since. So that he slunk along the streets somewhat in the style of a crab, occa-

sionally showing that part of his body to the people that passed by, which he deemed to be less liable to be known than his face.

I was somewhat better off as to my trousers, which were not so ragged as Andrew's, and I had also a good sound pair of elastic knit drawers on, though my feet were worse; as the Blair Athol shoe had now fairly worn itself into my right foot, whence I suffered much more than the pillory or the picquet could inflict at every step I trod. My hairy cap had suffered from hard service, and could scarcely retain in their place my green spectacles, whose springs were loosened. My face was burnt and blistered by the sun, and in some places the skin was peeled off in large patches; the collar of my check shirt just peered above the black silk stock which imbedded my chin.

Two more wretched dismally-looking ragamuffins were never discharged from the hulks. I asked a decently-dressed elderly man to tell us where we could obtain a lodging. He looked at me for half a minute, and without altering a single



muscle of his countenance, with much civil gravity directed us to a goodly-looking house in —— street. We stopped awhile at the door, and listened to a psalm which was sung by a clear and well-toned male voice. We were much pleased at this; and I congratulated Cowan and myself on our good fortune in meeting with such a place, where we should have no riotous doings, nor be molested by boisterous company. Andrew heard my exclamations with great indifference, and then very drily observed, that he did not much like these superstitious psalm-singing people.

At the door, however, I knocked, and a venerable matron presently appeared, and showed us into a tolerably-furnished room. She immediately left us without speaking a single word; during her absence we could hear very distinctly, the same psalm-singing voice pray, and read portions of the scripture aloud. We wondered what all this might be, and hoped that we had not made some grievous mistake, and blundered into a mad-house. Presently came into us a young damsel, ruddy and plump,

with yellow locks, and rather a dirty face, and not dressed altogether so decently as modesty requires; in good truth, she was but very slenderly clad, and looked full wantonly withal.

We were not very long at a loss to discover the meaning of all this manœuvring, for the lady soon gave us to understand, that we had staggered into a *bagnio*, and she was ready to amuse us. I stared and Andrew laughed; but as this was an entertainment which we neither expected nor desired after the fatigues of such a difficult peregrination, we sheered out of the house with all due precipitation and velocity, the wench damning us for a couple of pitiful sneaking rascals, that had no spirit; and the holy man of the house still continuing his devotions with a very audible voice, so that it was a strange contrast, caused by his praying and singing psalms, and the drab's swearing and cursing, sinking and blaspheming.

This seemed to us so marvellous an occurrence, that we did not leave Glasgow before we had inquired into the history of this devout and pious male bawd, which

we learned to be shortly this: Early in life he had been a farmer in the west of Scotland, but not liking that kind of life he soon went to Edinburgh, and there set up a *bagnio*, by which laudable employment, he, in a few years, amassed a considerable sum of money. With these wages of iniquity he again stocked a farm in the country, upon which he lived, and was reckoned a thriving prudent man for some years, but at length grew tired of rural occupations, and betook himself once more to his coupling vocation at Glasgow, where he now resides.

His manner of spending the day is this: When he rises in the morning he bawls out prayers and reads the scriptures aloud in his room, and repeats the same exercise of his lungs in the evening. The remainder of the twenty-four hours is spent in eating and drinking, in sleeping and superintending his domestic economy. The same routine is run on a Sunday, only then the prayers, psalm-singsings, and portions of scripture-reading are repeated four times in the day. Whenever a person visits his house during the time of his devotions,

the old matron goes in and tells him, that such a one, describing him accurately and fully, is in such a room; whereupon, this hoary sage ceases awhile from prayer and thanksgiving, orders some particular wench to be sent in to the gentleman, and then forthwith resumes his pious office of presenting his adorations at the throne of God.

This man is a character of great notoriety, and has carried on his trade for several years in Glasgow. Are not the laws deficient if they cannot punish such a pest of society, who not only promotes the progress of profligacy by his vocation, but renders a material and manifest disservice to religion, by giving unbelievers an opportunity of mocking and scoffing, and blending maliciously together the sincerity of pure devotion with the unhallowed cant of hypocritical falsehood?

We now determined not to ask any other person for a direction to a lodging, but, in spite of our appearance, went directly to an inn on the quay, kept by an old acquaintance of Andrew's, an elderly Irishman, whose



Scottish, large, fat, busy, bustling, civil wife, received us with vehement exclamations of surprise at our exhibition, particularly fixing her eyes upon Cowan's tattered trowsers; but she welcomed us very heartily. She soon got us a plentiful dinner; after which we crawled round the town to see the lions. The streets are, in general, wide, spacious, and airy, and the buildings very regularly situated, and the whole displays a pleasing and a noble appearance, showing the industry and the opulence of its inhabitants.

The new bridge is a very elegant piece of architecture; the college looks dreary and gloomy, resembling a prison, but it has a good walk and garden annexed to it. The hospital or infirmary is externally neat and handsome, the inside we were not permitted to see. The high kirk is the only entire building of the kind, which John Knox, in his zeal for reformation, spared from destruction; for he showed forth his attachment to God by tumbling down ecclesiastical buildings, and making them a heap of ruins. It is long, large, lofty, and of Gothic structure; it is a venerable edi-

fice, but defaced by a tower of more modern erection. Its inside is divided into four places of religious worship, where four congregations are all joining together, at the same time, in singing, and preaching, and praying, for the honour of the Lord, under one roof, which appeared to me to be likely to create confusion; at least, as I stood in the aisle, the different sounds issuing from the different pastors and their flocks did not convey any very distinct and clear notions of what they were saying. Doubtless, however, no material inconvenience arises from this multiplicity of worshippers on one spot, because all the four meetings are constantly crowded, and each is conducted with that decency and decorum so peculiar to the Scottish people.

From the kirk we adjourned to an apothecary's shop, in order to purchase some solid opium; we were waited on by a female, sister to the knight of the pestle and mortar, who was a thin sharp-faced woman, very dirty both in person and dress; but that we cared nothing about, as we could reckon ourselves on a par with

most people, as to shabbiness of habiliment and person, although we were vexed to see that she knew nothing about the business which she was commissioned to undertake, because very many fatal consequences might arise from her ignorance in giving wrong medicines, &c. She actually offered us several drugs, among the rest inspissated juice of hemloc instead of opium; but as we knew opium when we saw it, we were prevented from being poisoned by this female disciple of Æsculapius. We purchased each a large lump of the extract of opium, put it into our pockets, and marched off.

From hence we went to call upon Mr. R——e, a well-known character in Glasgow, and supposed to be one of the best Grecian scholars in Scotland; Cowan had once been his pupil, and been instructed by him in the Greek language. We went down a very dirty little *wynd* or alley, at the end of which, on the left hand, stood his room, for he has but one. We mounted up some craggy wooden steps, and gained admittance into his apartment,

which is in the shape of a Greek delta, thus,  $\Delta$ , so that you can only stand upright in the middle of it. It contains some very valuable classical books, and a small table, together with a broken chair; but every thing was so covered with dirt and dust, that even we, immersed in so much nastiness as we had been of late, were almost poisoned.

The learned Grecian's bed was a small hole in a recess at one corner; it did not appear to be three feet in length, so that he must curl himself up as a dog doth, when he lieth down; it surpasses all the powers of language to do justice to it in description; Swift himself could not have found words to pourtray the beastliness of this couch of erudition. Suffice it to say, that I have never yet been acquainted with any pig so nasty, that he would venture to deposit his carcase in such a sink of all filth and uncleanness.

The master of this delectable apartment is somewhat short and thickly set, his countenance hard, rugged, ill-favoured, deeply scarred with the small-pox, and all the seams filled up with dirt and snuff, for



no rabid creature ever laboured under a greater degree of hydrophobia than doth this learned *animal bipes et implume*. His neckcloth was, perhaps, once white; it is now black, saving and except some streaks of damp snuff, which serve to variegate its appearance. Shirt, at first, I thought he had none, for none was to be seen at his wrists or his neck, which was securely grasped by a close black brown waistcoat. At length, however, for I scrutinized him strictly while he was descanting on the merits of Warton's Theocritus, which he held in his hand, and whose critical notes he highly praised, I espied a long corner stick out behind his neck over the coat-collar; and such an exhibition it presented as I shall not easily forget. It was so be-tanned, and begrimed, and bedirtied, that it should seem not improbable to suppose that if it ever was clean, it had not been so at least for some years; indeed a gentleman to whom I mentioned the circumstance afterwards, told me, that R——e's shirt was now just eight months filthier than when he was last at Glasgow, in the December of 1800.

I have been informed that it is customary with the Austrian soldiers to dip each man his new canvass shirt in oil, put it on, and never take it off again till time and age have worn it piccemeal from their bodies; whence the great terror of their attack, if the wind is full in the teeth of their enemies. Perhaps our great Grecian hath adopted this Austrian custom; his coat, waistcoat, small-clothes, stockings, and shoes, were all once, peradventure, black, though not so now.

In a single apartment, adjoining to his own room, and which completes the whole house, if a hut consisting of two little cabins might be so called, lives his sister, a poor widow woman with four children. This apartment was much cleaner than that of her brother, though by no means such as to render existence tolerable. After some little time spent in chat, we engaged this profound scholar to come and spend the evening with us at our inn on the Quay, and bade him adieu for the present.

Cowan is deplorably down, dreary, and out of heart, and I cannot prevail on him to go to his friend ——, a respectable mer-

chant in Glasgow, to get some money to carry us over to Ireland, so that I suppose we must steer for Edinburgh to-morrow, although it is much more than probable that our purse will not hold out till we reach home. We returned to our inn, where we waited till R——e came to us in the evening. We had a very great abundance of conversation, and he displayed a large quantity of erudition, particularly an intimate acquaintance with the Greek language; but I must confess, that I thought him more of a verbalist, a *word digger*, well acquainted with moods and tenses, various readings, and different editions, than one who entered at once into the whole spirit and meaning of an author. He quoted long passages, but it was only to settle the text, or descant on some little vile particle, not to explore its elegance, beauty, or sublimity.

While I was listening to this profound scholar, I could not but reflect upon these words of a late very justly celebrated physician, who says “ Erudition, considered by itself, is a mixture of good and bad things, often contradictory to each other, and badly

digested, which burden the memory at the expence of common sense, and render the simply lettered man rich in provisions that are useless, and poor in ideas ; great in minute things, and very little in great ones. One of these lettered men fancies himself of vast importance to society when he has retained the divisions and chapters of all antient works, and can tell how many times a word is to be met with in them, although he has neglected to inquire whether the sense of the word is of any utility to the physical or moral man.

“ These people, forgetting that man was destined to think, collect together passages without ever knowing the purport of them. They are like some persons who keep together the ruins of a building without reflecting that the materials may form a regular edifice. If a word or a quotation follows in due order, they are very careless either of the choice or the order of the connexion. They are satisfied with the page when it is well filled, and they conceive the mind to be sufficiently ornamented when they are able to repeat thirty or forty words to explain one.



“ Happily for the present age the rage for philology is, in a great measure, passed away. We now require words, but, in matters of science, only such as are useful. I do not mean to blame philology itself, only to ridicule the absurd custom of commenting on the words and ideas of others, without ever thinking ourselves. This vain collection of borrowed ideas keeps the mind in a state of vile servitude. A man will never know the powers of his capacity, till he tries what he can do.”

It was, however, an exquisite gratification to us to enjoy some literary discussion, after so long an absence from all that savoured of the Lyceum or of the Academic grove. R——e was pretty decisive in his strictures on men, particularly as to their knowledge of Greek, on which ground he deemed *himself*, as I could easily perceive, the lord paramount over all other mortals. He roundly asserted that Blair, and Robertson, and Macpherson, and Hume, and Gibbon, and Reid, knew nothing about Greek, but were pretty well acquainted with the Latin tongue.

I smiled inwardly at this declaration, for

I knew full well that most of these men, whom R——c had so contemptuously pronounced as ignorant of Greek, had displayed in their writings a knowledge of this department in literature, which would remain a monument to their fame, when their accuser's name was forgotten among the inhabitants of the earth. I then asked him concerning the knowledge and the learning of Professor Dalzell and Mr. Christison, and received for answer, what, indeed, I well knew before, from a personal acquaintance with these two gentlemen, that Mr. Dalzell was one of the greatest Greek scholars in the kingdom, and also a profound mathematician; and that Mr. Christison was one of the most universally able men existing in Europe; that he alike excelled in the profound investigations of science, and in all the wide and extended range of literature.

In the heat and ardour of conversation we became so loudly enthusiastic in praise of one author and another, particular passages of which we repeated in no very low key, that we alarmed the good people of the house; and (while I was in the very

middle of bawling out some favourite lines from the first Philippic of Demosthenes, in the fury occasioned by which, I had knocked my fist on the table and overturned a glass, three parts full of scalding hot gin and water, upon R——e's breeches, which burnt him so dreadfully, that he grinned like a mad-dog, and roared out, *Ω μοι αναίδειν επιειμενε*, which, being interpreted, is,—You d—d rascal, what do you mean by scalding me in this manner?) the door of our room opened, and presented to our view the fat landlady, filling up and closely wedged into the door-way; behind her, actually, half upon her back, her husband; and, at his rear, riding on the skirts of his coat, a lusty, strapping servant-maid in her shift sleeves, without her gown; all wearing visages most strongly evincing astonishment and dismay, and with mouths very widely-gaping.

At this unlooked-for exhibition R——e ceased to grin and swear in Greek; Andrew retained the same expression of countenance, which he had put on during the whole of the great Grecian's and my vociferation, namely, that of silent contempt;

and I stared with amazement. At length, the hostess, first, by an agile shake of her —, dislodging her husband from his seat, was delivered of the following speech, whose utterance cost her many a rueful look, and ghastly contortion of countenance.

“*Wae’s my heart*, why do ye make such a terrible crying? we are all sober people here, and serve the Lord faithfully: our neighbours will think that we are wicked sinners and unbelievers for making such ungodly noises of a sabbath night.”

As I well knew that our noises had been rather ungodly, I pacified the good woman, by assuring her that we would be very quiet for the future, and behave as became sober christians on a sabbath night; and she departed. R——c, who still felt the effects of the gin and water which had gone the wrong way, after he had thrust a large quantity of snuff up his nose, and spate all over the floor, and partly upon Cowan who sate near him, while I kept at a very respectful distance, assumed a look of great sagacity and self-importance, and said,—I am wise, you are young and fool-



ish; I could make much more noise than you have done, (directing his discourse to me)—but the people in this town are very religious, and think that all noises except what they themselves stir up by psalm-singing and-praying, are very atheistical; wherefore, I shall go home directly, and read prayers to my sister and her family.

Saying which, he would not listen to my request that we might be favoured with his company a little longer, but shook Cowan by the hand and departed; fortunately, he was rather offended with me for burning him with the gin and water, and therefore did not offer to touch me.

Of course it is needless to mention, that Andrew, in consequence of sitting so close to this profound scholar, caught the itch, to his great discomfiture and annoyance.

I attended upon R——e down stairs, in order to make my peace with him after my unlucky movement on the table, that had so much deranged the economy of the Grecian's feelings, and walked some part of the way home with him, after which I took my leave. As I returned towards

the inn my ears were assailed by vehement and reiterated shouts vociferated by a very drunken voice. I shortened sail, and presently came along side me a decently-dressed middle-aged man, most wofully inebriated, who, reeling to and fro, with great efforts and seemingly painful exertions, informed me, that it was a *finish night*, to which I assented.—The conversation being thus begun, he proceeded to question me pretty abundantly.—What do you do with a bludgeon in your hand, if you please?—Knock vagabonds on the head.—There are no vagabonds in all Scotland. And what may your calling be?—That of a gentleman.—A gentleman! and what besides?—A doctor of medicine.—And what do you do?—Go about doing good, in imitation of our Saviour.—What countryman are you?—An American.

Now, I perceive,—said he, taking hold of my middle jacket button with the forefinger and thumb of his right hand,—that you are a *joker and a blasphemer*, for you talked about our Saviour, when you only look after the bodies, and not the souls of men.—I am not joking, my good friend,

but in earnest.—It is no such thing, and you are no American, for you are a very young man ; why I do not think that you are forty. Now, in Scotland, we attend to religion, because we are bred up and born in our infancy ; but you Americans are not, and therefore know nothing of God and his ways. Now, I tell you what, I never saw you before in all my life, and I shall be very glad to see you again ; *will you go halves in a pint of porter with me now ?*

I could not help smiling to see that, even although he was so very tipsey as to be unable to associate his ideas with any tolerable regularity, yet his systematic prudence had not forsaken him, for he proposed to go shares with me in a pint of porter ; a drunken English or Irish peasant would have offered to treat me with the liquor. I wished now to get rid of him, for his eye became more glossy, his countenance more maudling, and assuming the idiotic cast so peculiar to a certain state of intoxication, and his tongue so very much beset with titubation, that his words were no longer articulate or distinguishable. I, therefore, with some difficulty, disen-

gaged myself from his grasp, for he had seized my left hand also, in addition to the jacket button, both which he held resolutely and firmly, and wishing him a good night, proceeded to my quarters, where Cowan and I, finding ourselves not much disposed to retire to rest, immediately entered into a grave and serious discussion upon the merits of the Scottish universities, as far as related to medicine, for of the other departments of study we deemed ourselves not qualified to judge. The result of our opinions I shall throw together as concisely as possible, into the narrative form.

It might not be altogether improper first to offer a few general remarks on the tendency of established universities to promote or to retard the progress of knowledge, and then apply them more particularly to those of Scotland.

In every human calling the exertion of those who follow that calling is always directly proportioned to the necessity of making that exertion. This maxim holds good throughout all the departments



of mortal pursuit. If a man has no other means of subsistence than what his profession brings him, he must endeavour to acquit himself skilfully in his profession, or, where the competition is not crippled, he will starve for want of employment. If a man undertakes to teach the mathematics or a language, and has no other source of revenue except that derived from teaching, it is evident that his success must depend upon his industry and ability.

But the endowments of public seminaries of education, whether schools or colleges, diminish or destroy the necessity of attention on the part of the teacher. He receives his salary whether he lectures well or ill. Hence, in proportion as a tutor's salary is large, or small, or nothing, will his pupils be likely to receive no, a little, or great, benefit from his instructions. I might easily illustrate these simple principles, and extend my remarks to a whole volume, by particularizing instances taken from the state of established institutions; but as I hereafter intend to devote some time and attention to this subject, I shall not enter into detail here; any one who

thinks and reasons will readily draw the proper conclusions for himself.

Thus much I shall observe now, that the established discipline of most colleges is calculated to promote the *ease* of the masters, not the *improvement* of the students. Whether the teacher performs his duty or not, the pupils are equally required to treat him with all deference ; that is, in other words, the master is presumed to be a model of wisdom, and the student a mere machine. If a teacher receives no other income than what his lectures can procure by the fees of those who attend upon his instructions, he must exert himself to give good lectures ; for no one, without compulsion, and voluntarily, ever wishes to hear a drone and a blockhead deliver his drowsy hum a second time.

Those parts of education which do not depend upon public endowments and institutions are generally best taught. Reading, writing, and arithmetic, are generally learned at private schools, and very seldom is any one of the pupils found, who is altogether deficient in these essential requisites of literary instruction. Can the same

be said of those who are supposed to be taught the sciences and general literature at universities? The reason of the success in one, and of the deficiency in the other, is, that the private teacher knows full well, that if he neglects his scholars, his credit as a preceptor will fail, his boys will leave him, and he must starve; hence necessity stimulates him to exertion. But the university professor knows, that whether he teaches his pupils or not, his salary remains the same, that neither his industry will augment, nor his negligence diminish his income.

Whence, of course, his scholars are neglected; for it is certainly the interest (or what is almost universally deemed to be the interest, it is the great desire) of every man to live as much at his ease as he can; and if his revenue is not augmented or diminished, whether he exerts himself or not, in the discharge of any laborious office, what is to stimulate him to exertion? If some constituted authority prevents him from the ostensible and avowed neglect of his duty, yet what is to prevent him from discharging it carelessly and with indiffe-

rence? If he is inclined to indolence, will he not indulge it, since the stimulus of necessity is withdrawn? Or if he be inclined to activity, will he not rather direct his industry to some pursuit from whence advantage may be derived, than to the discharge of his duty, which will yield him no benefit?

Let these remarks be applied to the Scottish universities, and we shall easily discover the reason why they have flourished so highly, particularly in the medical department. The salaries of the professors (where there are any salaries) are very small; I wish they were much smaller; whence these gentlemen are obliged to exert their industry and ability in order to procure a decent income from the fees which each pupil pays for permission to attend a course of lectures, and which fees will be abundant or scanty in number according as their instructions are worthy of being heard or shunned; I mean, when there is no absolute compulsion by the discipline of the college, owing to forms, and degrees, and graduations, all which act as so many wheels in favour of the teacher's



pocket, but as so many clogs in the way of the pupil's improvement.

Possessing this and many other advantages, the Caledonian universities are well calculated to lay the foundation and to promote the advancement of science and of literature. The students are not marked and harassed by any invidious and unnecessary badge of slavery, as to dress; by any foolish and formal routine of prayers and of meals; by the bondage of extorted oaths, whereby God's holy name is prostituted and made a pander to the petty interests of narrow-minded bigots; by confinement within the walls of a dismal and a dreary dungeon, from whence to escape is punishment, and in which to abide is death.

It is in their power, whenever they choose, to enter the groves of Academus, and receive instruction from the hallowed lips of the sages of science, whose precepts and whose sentiments would have done honour to the Portico and the Lyceum. And those hours in which the professors are silent, may be spent at their own apartments in forwarding their intellectual pursuits, uninterrupted by the impertinence

of a stipendized tutor, and unmolested by the arbitrary frown of an appointed master. And surely not to be estimated as the least in the scale of benefit, is the liberal communication of that improvement which is to be derived from extensive and judiciously selected and arranged repositories of books.

The length of the session also, from October to July, during the whole of which time the classes sit, is a great advantage to the pupils, whose minds are less distracted by one annual vacation, than if they were continually experiencing the alternations of confinement and of freedom from all study.

One inconvenience, however, I must note, which is, that, in consequence of the Scottish boys generally going at so early an age as twelve or thirteen to the university, they do not conduct themselves with that decency and decorum which ought always to be found within the precincts of a literary seminary. I particularly allude to the very improper custom of clapping, and hissing, and beating with sticks, and kicking with the feet, whenever a person enters the class-room, nay, at the entrance

of the professor, and at his exit, or when he happens to please the pupils by any remark, or lucky experiment in chemistry, mechanical philosophy, &c. all which levels the teacher to the degrading situation of a strolling player, or a mountebank doctor, whose rant and whose grimaces are always welcomed with loud shouts of applause by the mob.

Neither do these noisy salutations always produce the most pleasant consequences; for, not to mention how disgusting and distressing they must be to the professor, if he happens to be a man of feeling and of refined manners; sometimes the students themselves are very indignant at being so announced upon their entrance into the lecture-room; whence many squabbles and boxings arise, rendering the place more like a bear-garden than a hall of instruction. I remember that last winter a very stout young gentleman of Ireland was so enraged because he was never suffered to put his foot into the anatomical professor's class-room at Edinburgh, without being annoyed by the barbarous clamour of claps, hisses, kickings, and shouts,

that he (to use his own expression) was determined *to be after breaking the faces* of several of the students.

Accordingly he broke some half dozen human faces that morning; and the next day was hissed and clapped, and clapped and hissed again; whereupon he proceeded to break some more faces: but a Scottish lad, whose visage was not yet mended from yesterday's fracture, objected to this method of proceeding, and drew a pistol from his pocket, swearing stoutly that he would shoot the Hibernian immediately if he did not desist from farther manual arguments. The Irishman, nothing daunted, knocked down the pistol-presenter in a trice, and pummelled him without mercy. All the theatre now was in an uproar, the Irish students formed in a body to assist their countryman, the Scottish pupils ran to the aid of the fallen Caledonian, and kicks, and cuffs, and bruises, of all sorts and sizes, black eyes, bloody noses, broken shins, &c. &c. &c. were given and received with such mutual good will, and such perseverous obstinacy, that young Dr. Monro, when he came to lecture



found his class-room in one universal scuffle, and grew frightened, and waxed pale.

Soon after, however, the venerable father of the medical department at Edinburgh, the elder Monro, came, and, by his presence, stilled the tumult. A *Senatus Academicus* was called, the pistol-presenter was expelled from the university, and the breaker of faces publicly reprimanded. But would it not be better to teach the children to behave with a little decency and civility, than to incur the risque of so much trouble and vexation, as that of witnessing all these barbarous uproars, and, then, being obliged to have recourse to punishment; all which might be prevented by a little attention on the part of the professors?

It is to be hoped, that the very coarse and disgusting behaviour, which has so long disgraced the students of the Scottish universities, will give place to a conduct more becoming, and better calculated to denote civilized and polished human beings.

Such is the view, which, on a general and cursory inspection, Caledonian universities present; such beneficial consequences

are their foundation-principles calculated to produce; and, how far, at present, they contribute towards these desirable ends, will best be seen by entering more into detail, and descending to a minuter investigation, that we may be able to appreciate at its true value the merit of each school of education.

At St. Andrew's, the barbarous restrictions laid on the inestimable privilege of having access to a spacious and a well-furnished library, we must be allowed to deplore and condemn. No student, as I was informed by a pupil who studied there, is permitted to receive a book, unless some professor sends to the librarian a note expressing the title of the volume, and his approbation of, and leave granted, that such book shall be perused. Will not this refinement on tyranny, this mental despotism, confine and enervate the efforts and the energies of ingenuous youth? Many and many an author, from whom amusement is to be derived, and instruction is to be reaped, may be denied to the importunities of the student, because the tutor, through impenetrable dullness, a mistaken zeal, or

capricious severity, or all these deformities combined and blended together, may not vouchsafe to grant the request.

Why are the avenues leading to the temple of knowledge obstructed? Why are her portals barred against the entrance of aspiring enterprize? Why is a mill-stone slung round the pinions of an eagle?

I pass over the extreme care which is taken to make the divinity-students dextrous conveyancers, particularly in the article of turkeys; an especial instance of which we heard from the mouth of our good landlord, of drunken memory, at the Cardinal's town, because I suppose,—“that these true disciples, for recreation's sake, proved false thieves, seeing that the poor abuses of the time wanted countenance.”—Besides,—“it was their vocation, and it is no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Add to this, that even those brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding their honour in their necessity, are fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch.”—

But I cannot pass, in silence, over any conduct, which is the result of bigotry and

the offspring of persecution. The following fact will need no comment, it speaks for itself.

Lately, on a sunday morning, a gentleman from England, one of the protestant dissenters, preached at St. Andrew's, in the open air, to a numerous audience. His sermon being ended, he returned to his lodgings, where he was greeted with this message, from the principal of the university, that, unless he immediately decamped from the town, he should be laid by the heels, and put into prison. The gentleman returned for answer, that he was licensed to exercise the spiritual function, and that, confiding in the protection of the law of the land, he intended to preach in the evening, in a certain field, where he should be happy to see the worthy principal. The evening came, a great crowd assembled, the minister began his exhortation:

“ ————— When, behold,

Not distant far, with heavy pace, the foe  
Approaching gross and huge, in hollow cube  
Training his devilish enginry, impal'd,  
On every side, with shadowing squadrons deep,  
To hide the fraud;



that is to say, the pious principal, well knowing, that his was the church militant here on earth, marched at the head of a party of soldiers, with colours flying, drums beating, and bagpipes snuffling through the audience collected together to hear the gospel expounded. The preacher, who was not a man to be frightened at a little smoke, and a flash in the pan, said, that if these military gentlemen wished to play a tune, he would stop until they had done, and then finish his discourse. They, accordingly, played many a military march suitable to the occasion, and, when they were heartily tired, ceased. The clergyman then proceeded to finish his sermon, utterly regardless of

“ St. Andrew’s chief, who with full twenty men  
March’d to the field, and then march’d back again.

As to physic, no great proficiency in the medical profession can be expected, where lectures are indeed read, but neither hospital nor patients are to be found; where anatomy is descanted on, but no subjects for dissection are to be obtained. Hence,

as may well be supposed, since neither anatomy nor the practice of physic can be taught at this university, many students do not resort hither for that instruction which they will not find. And hence, scarcely a human being goes abroad into the world, disgraced or adorned, by a medical licence from St. Andrew's, excepting, that now and then, indeed, a solitary diploma is sold for fourteen pounds and ten shillings, and sent by the waggon, or coach, or peradventure by a fishing-smack, to some battered apothecary, who wishes to mount into a doctor and a gentleman; or a decayed barber, to whom the craft of shaving hath become tedious and irksome withal; or to some gentleman's cast-off valet de chambre, who hath picked up a little money by dusting his master's coat; or to other mortals, equally deserving of, and equally entitled to, the distinguished and enviable appellation of doctor of medicine.

At Glasgow, I am sorry to say, that, in one respect, they have improved upon the barbarism of St. Andrew's; for there, they absolutely prohibit (as Cowan informed me, and he ought to know, for he stu-

died at that university two years) the students from reaping any benefit from the library, until the third year's residence; till which period, no book is granted for perusal to any of the pupils. This is an instance of folly, of ignorance, and of profligate oppression, not to be paralleled, I hope, for the honour of human nature, in any other seminary of education. They have also stamped the young men with the brand of servitude; they have arrayed them in a monastic uniform, a barbarous red garb; a petty device, which we might have imagined could not have withstood, until the nineteenth century, the combined powers of reason and of ridicule. But so it is; and, in order to complete the odious system of unnecessary restraint, they have only to immure their disciples within the precincts of their gloomy and cheerless college.

There is one other material defect in the system of instruction at Glasgow, which occurs in the medical department; I mean, the neglect of making anatomy, which is the foundation of all medical knowledge, easy to the students. Pupils,

during the first year of attendance at the class, are not allowed access to the dissecting rooms; which is an absurd and foolish restriction; for no one can ever learn anatomy, merely by hearing lectures, unless he is also permitted to inspect, to handle, and to carve dead bodies himself. The young men are so sensible of the cruelty and injustice of this custom, that, some little time since, they sent a petition, couched in decent and respectful terms, to the anatomical professor, requesting, that they might be permitted to attend the dissecting rooms, in order to become acquainted with the human frame, on the knowledge of which is built all physical skill, and all surgical dexterity.

To this very reasonable request no answer was vouchsafed. And, here, it may not be amiss to observe, that the medical teachers of this university are, in general, very apt to conduct themselves distantly and haughtily towards their pupils. This shameful and unmanly behaviour, though inexcusable, can readily be accounted for, from the pitiful cowardice and abject timidity of the students themselves; for



those only can be trodden on who crawl upon the ground.

Excepting these errors, which it is to be hoped the good sense of the heads of the university will speedily remove, perhaps no seminary of education, at this day, exists in Europe, better calculated to answer its intended purpose, than is Glasgow. It is, by far, the greatest school in the British empire, for the rearing of students to the Calvinist ministry. Multitudes of young men flock annually to Glasgow, from Ireland, chiefly; many from all parts of Scotland; some from England; and a few from foreign countries, for the purpose of being trained in the Calvinistic doctrine. The still increasing numbers of ecclesiastical students, plainly proves, that the system of theology taught at this university is generally approved of.

But it is of medicine that I wish chiefly to speak, because I do not deem myself qualified to judge so well of any other department of study. Dr. Jeffray, the present professor of Anatomy and Botany, for he monopolizes both these chairs, and fills that of botany by deputy, possesses a range

of ability, an extent of knowledge, and a vigilance of activity, that all men would do well to endeavour to emulate, but I know not who could equal. I wish that his exertions were backed by able colleagues: as it is, however, Glasgow bids fair, under his auspices, to become one of the first and best medical schools in Europe. The hospital is happily situated, liberally supported, and well attended. The college has also lately received a most valuable acquisition to its treasures in the museum of the late celebrated William Hunter, for whose arrangement apartments are now building, on a most judicious and enlarged plan, under the immediate inspection and superintendence of Dr. Jeffray.

In addition to the great advantages to be derived from the instructions of the college, the opulent and thriving town of Glasgow possesses another invaluable mean of education in Anderson's institution. The late Dr. Anderson left, by will, his philosophical apparatus, his library, and fortune, to found and to support an institution bearing his name, which comprehends and teaches every branch of useful

science and art. This school is open to every one, females as well as men, desirous of improvement. That it is well attended, I can bear witness from ocular experience; and was much pleased to see the benches of the lecture-room crowded with men and women attentively listening to the precepts of instruction: it was a sight that reflected immortal honour on the laudable desire of knowledge in the inhabitants of Glasgow.

By the zealous assiduity and indefatigable exertions of Dr. Garnet, afterwards lecturer at the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street, London; and, then, of the present very acute and extensively-informed teacher, Dr. Birbeck, this seminary has rapidly increased in utility and in honour. It may justly be deemed a national blessing; a rich source of instruction, diffusing the streams of knowledge throughout the land, to render the people more powerful, more virtuous, and more happy.

Of Aberdeen I can say nothing, for I know nothing: indeed, I inquired concerning its merit, as a university, and received for answer,—that the town itself,

and the country round about, sent to the Edinburgh market the best fresh and salt butter of any place in all Scotland.

With melancholy thought, and with a sorrowing heart, we turned a look of pity towards Edinburgh, and sighed over the fallen condition, and lamented the decaying state of her medical school. We lamented it the more poignantly, because her institutions, were they not perverted, are such, as to make her, what indeed she once was, the unrivalled instructress in that profession, whose object it is to soothe the cares, and to alleviate the miseries of mortality. Her chemical lectures, in themselves, calculated, at once, to teach the pupil how to distinguish, and how to cure diseases; her facilities of obtaining anatomical instruction; and, above all, a most ample and judiciously chosen library, which is open to all the students, without any crippling restriction, without any rigid restraint, without any barbarous incumbrance; are all admirably fitted to pronounce her the unequalled mistress, paramount to all the *Æsculapian* academies on the earth.



And, here, it would be unpardonable not to mention, as deserving of the highest praise and commendation that gratitude can bestow, the care and attention, with which all the bibliothecal department is conducted by the excellent librarian, Mr. Dalzell, the Greek professor, so well known, and so deservedly esteemed in the literary world: "the very stream of whose life, and the business he hath helmed, must, upon a warranted need, give him an excellent proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear, even to the envious, a scholar and a gentleman."

That Dr. Gregory, the professor of the practice of physic, is a man of ability and of information, no one, who knows any thing of him, can for a moment doubt: and no one, who is capable of forming any judgment worthy of being listened to, can be so hardy as to assert, that he properly and adequately discharges the high and responsible office which he holds. There is, certainly, some good practical knowledge in his lectures, which, if delivered plainly and simply, and by itself, would be

of great service in instructing the students. But he contrives almost to defeat the benefit, which these practical remarks might produce, by burying them in a rude mass of observations on the exploded theories of the ancient medical schools; all which, though it afford the doctor full opportunity to display his wit, miserably wastes time and distracts the attention. It is the pupil's business to learn what is right, not to be detained day after day, and week after week, upon the nonsensical hypotheses of former ages, which it is beneath any man of common understanding even to notice. I allude to the doctor's long, very long comments on the doctrine of *error loci*, the *humoral pathology*, and many other fooleries which have had their day, and should now be suffered quietly to sleep, the sleep of death.

I object, also, to the doctor's mode of bringing a parcel of old medical authors in Latin, and reading long passages from them, and then translating these passages into English, merely for the purpose of showing how very foolish these writers were, and how much wiser he is. This

is only so much of life consumed in idleness and vanity ; it does not, one jot, forward the progress of medicine ; and is, in fact, defrauding the pupils of the instruction due to them. The doctor talks loudly and fast, it is true, and laughs abundantly, but, meanwhile, the hungry sheep (the students) look up, and are not fed, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw. Neither do the numberless tales and little stories which he continually recites, for the purpose of making his hearers laugh, and of showing that he considers all medicine as a farce and a cheat put upon the public, tend to instruct them in the very serious and important calling which he professes to teach them. I am rather inclined to believe that Dr. Gregory has paid more attention, than he ought, to the following advice of one of the greatest philosophers which the world ever saw.

“ If the teacher happens to be a man of sense, it must be an unpleasant thing to him to be conscious, while he is lecturing his students, that he is either speaking or reading nonsense, or what is very little better than nonsense. It must, too, be

unpleasant to him to observe, that the greater part of his students desert his lectures; or, perhaps, attend upon them with plain enough marks of contempt, neglect, and derision. If he is obliged, therefore, to give a certain number of lectures, these motives alone, without any other interest, might dispose him to take pains to give tolerably good ones. Several different expedients, however, may be fallen upon, which will effectually blunt the edge of all those incitements to diligence. The teacher, instead of explaining to his pupils himself, the science in which he proposes to instruct them, may read some book upon it; and if this book is written in a foreign, or dead language, by interpreting it to them in their own, and by now and then making an occasional remark upon it, he may flatter himself that he is giving a lecture.

“ The slightest degree of knowledge and application will enable him to do this, without exposing himself to contempt or derision, or saying any thing that is very absurd, foolish, or ridiculous. The discipline of the college, at the same time, may enable



him to force all his pupils to the most regular attendance upon this sham-lecture, and to maintain the most decent and respectful behaviour during the whole time of the performance.

Dr. Gregory is, certainly, a man of sense, and of extensive acquirements; whence it is to be hoped, that he will in future, exert himself really and truly to instruct his pupils in the practical knowledge of medicine. At present, it is most notorious that his lectures are calculated for very little else than to mislead, and to perplex the dull and the ignorant, and to render the able and the educated disgusted with the study of physic. His chief ambition seems to be, to say something smart against his own profession, which he, by voice, by writing, and by deed, always attempts to turn into ridicule, and to put his hearers upon the broad grin.

Besides, his method of stringing together a parcel of unconnected and often contradictory instances, which he calls facts, without arranging them under any general head, or leading his pupils up to any great simple principle, by which their know-

ledge might be made portable to themselves, and beneficial to others, renders his instructions little better than a huge, misshapen mass of chaotic jumble, from which neither amusement is to be obtained, nor improvement to be reaped. Surely, the doctor forgets, that students of medicine leave their homes, expend their money, consume their time, and wish to apply their talents for some other purpose than that of laughing with or at their lecturer.

Is all medicine a farce; or, is there something serious in endeavouring, and in being often able to remove the languor of sickness, to soothe the pangs of agony and of pain, and to alleviate the numberless miseries and ills under which our fellow-creatures groan and are afflicted? The answer is so very obvious, that it must strike upon the sense of the most hebetated and ignorant.

Perhaps, also, the doctor is not aware, that, by this unseemly conduct, he indirectly libels his own integrity; because he professes to instruct others in an art, which he takes every opportunity of re-

presenting as an imposition on the public, a hum put upon the people, to use his own phrase. Not to mention that his mode of lecturing perverts and leads astray many very well-meaning, but ignorant and slow youths, who annually resort to this university, and receive all his words as the sayings of an oracle, and, most religiously, commit them to writing; I have witnessed more than a hundred pens moving at once to embody upon paper the doctor's well-known facetious story of the chicken that had neither tails nor rumps.

But the lectures, which he at present delivers, will no more teach a man to become a physician, than it will to instruct him how to become a christian. Whoever imagines that he can learn much concerning medical science from the prelections of Dr. Gregory, may as well endeavour—"by striking the oar to hasten the cataract, and by waving with a fan to add speed to the winds."

Dr. Hope, the chemical professor, delivers, as full and instructive a course of lectures on chemistry, as, perhaps, any man in Great Britain. But, even his ad-

mirers, and I am sure that I am disposed to admire him, as having received more chemical information from him than from any one else, probably, would be better pleased if he did not dwell so long and so very minutely on the question, how the earth was formed, whether by water or by fire? A question, which, neither he, nor any man else, will ever solve; and therefore is, at best, only trifling away time. But it is productive of worse consequences than this; it involves some theories of a sceptical tendency, which are very prejudicial to the doctor's auditors, the major part of whom are young, and, by no means, either from instruction or from habit, fitted to examine the nature of evidence, and think it very pretty to prattle atheistical nonsense and blasphemy; thus adding to the disgrace already attached to Edinburgh, as encouraging and promoting scepticism and infidelity.

A very respectable gentlewoman, at Edinburgh, told me, with marks of sorrow very legibly impressed on her countenance, that a relation of her's, a baronet, a young gentleman of no unpromising



abilities, had commenced unbeliever, and strutted about the house, uttering weak ribaldry and cant against Moses and his account of the Creation, ever since he first heard Dr. Hope's lectures on geology; and from which lectures he continually quotes what he deems irrefragable arguments against poor Moses, but at which his good aunt is very much hurt and shocked, although she is neither able to refute, nor, indeed, does she understand them.

I do not mean to cast the least imputation on Dr. Hope, or to say aught about his belief, or his unbelief; I only wish to point out the ill effects which result from discussing such needless questions before an audience, whose heads are not sufficiently enlightened to perceive the folly and the fallacy of all arguments drawn from mere conjecture and fanciful hypothesis.

Of the name of Monro, to whose exertions the very birth and existence of the medical school at Edinburgh are owing, it is difficult to speak in terms of sufficient commendation. The present elder Dr. Monro has, for full half a century past,

delivered ample and accurate instructions in anatomy and in surgery to a numerous and an admiring audience. To enter minutely into the merits of his lectures would be useless; it is sufficient, generally, to observe, that the experience of half a century hath stamped upon them the seal of approbation and of honour.

But I must, most unequivocally, and with the most marked disapprobation, enter my caveat against his frequent and needless cruelty, in wantonly tormenting living creatures. Surely, his pupils are not likely to be very well instructed in the great duties of humanity and of tenderness, by seeing him continually cut up, and mangle, and mutilate, and torture, in his class-room, harmless and unoffending animals. Let it never be forgotten, that

“ The eye, which will not weep another’s pain  
Should boast no milder brightness than the glare  
That reddens in the eye-ball of the wolf.”

“ All that breathe, and feel, and enjoy  
the gift of life from their Creator, are  
entitled to protection from man, under  
those limits and degrees which an honest  
and upright mind knows without being

told. Surely, to sit calmly, and to watch, with an impure, inhuman, and unhallowed-curiosity, the progress of the desires, and the extinction of the natural passions in devoted animals, after such mutilations and experiments, is a practice useless, wicked, foolish, degrading, and barbarous. There is no justification to be offered. When an experiment, for any purpose useful to millions of our fellow-creatures, has been once made upon an animal, it should be finally recorded by men of science and veracity, as authentic and satisfactory, not to be repeated.

“ Among the inferior professors of medical knowledge, is a race of wretches, whose lives are only varied by varieties of cruelty; whose favourite amusement is to nail dogs to tables, and open them alive; to try how long life may be continued in various degrees of mutilation, or with the excision or laceration of the vital parts; to examine whether burning irons are felt more acutely by the bone or tendon; or whether the more lasting agonies are produced by poison forced into the mouth, or injected into the veins.

“ Mead has invidiously remarked of Woodward, that he gathered shells and stones, and would pass for a philosopher. With pretensions much less reasonable, the anatomical butcher tears out the living bowels of an animal, and styles himself a physician; prepares himself by familiar cruelty for that profession, which he is to exercise upon the tender and the helpless, upon feeble bodies and broken minds, and by which he has opportunities to extend his arts of torture, and continue those experiments upon infancy and age, which he has hitherto tried upon cats and dogs.

“ What is alleged in defence of this hateful practice every one knows; but the truth is, that, by knives, fire, and poison, knowledge is not always sought, and is very seldom obtained. The experiments that have been tried, are tried again; he that burned an animal with irons yesterday, will be willing to amuse himself with burning another to-morrow. I know not, that by living dissections any discovery has been made, by which a single malady is more easily cured. And if the knowledge of physiology has been somewhat increased,



he surely buys knowledge dear, who learns the use of the lacteals at the expence of his humanity. It is time, that universal resentment should arise against these horrid operations, which tend to harden the heart, to extinguish those sensations, which give man confidence in man, and make the physician more dreadful than the gout or stone."

And yet in this our day, in the nineteenth century, so prevalent is this diabolical custom of mangling and mutilating living animals, that an Italian professor of medicine, I forget the rascal's name, says, in one of his publications,—“*præ iniquitate temporum, &c. &c.*—that is,—“ through the iniquity of the times, we are prevented from dissecting living men, and are, therefore, obliged to be contented with cutting up living greyhounds. Hear what the sensible and judicious Celsus says, in answer to those who applaud, and wish to follow the example of Herophilus and Erasistratus, two physicians, that were in the habit of cutting up live men, in Alexandria.

“*Id vero, quod restat, etiam crudele; vivorum hominum alvum atque præcordia in-*

*cidi*; et salutis humanæ præsidem artem, non solum *pestem* alicui, sed hanc etiam *atrocissimam* inferre: cum, præsertim ex his, quæ tantâ violentiâ quærantur, alia non possint omnino cognosci, alia possint etiam *sine scelere*. Nam colorem, lævorem, molitiem, duritiem, similiaque omnia non esse talia, *inciso corpore*, qualia integro fuerint. Tum quia, corporibus inviolatis, hæc tamen, metu, dolore, inediâ, cruditate, lassitudine, et mille aliis mediocribus affectibus, sæpe mutantur. Unde multo magis verisimile, interiora, quibus major molities, et lux ipsa nova est, *sub gravissimis vulneribus et ipsâ trucidatione mutari*.

“ Neque quicquam esse stultius, quam quale quid vivo homine est, tale existimare esse moriente, imo jam mortuo. Nam ne uterum, ut nihilominus aerem contineat, spirantem hominem diduci; simulatque vero ferrum ad præcordia accessit, et discissum transversum septum est, quod membranâ quâdam superiores partes ab inferioribus diducit, diaphragma Græci vocant, hominem protinus animam amittere: itaque demum mortui præcordia et viscus omne in conspectum *latrocinantis medici* dari: quod ne-

cesse sit tale esse, quale mortui sit, non quale vivi fuit. *Itaque, consequi medicum, ut hominem crudeliter jugulet: non ut sciat qualia vivi viscera habeamus.*"

I must relieve my reader and myself from the disgust occasioned by the contemplation of these horrid monsters in human shape, and direct our attention to the benevolent sentiments of the incomparable sir William Jones, on this subject. He says, in his tenth Anniversary Discourse on Asiatic History Civil and Natural,

" Could the figure, instincts, and qualities of birds, beasts, insects, reptiles, and fish, be ascertained, either on the plan of Buffon, or on that of Linnæus, without giving pain to the objects of our examination, few studies would afford us more solid instruction or more exquisite delight: but I never could learn by what right, nor conceive with what feelings, a naturalist can occasion the misery of an innocent bird, and leave its young, perhaps, to perish in a cold nest, because it has gay plumage, and has never been accurately delineated; or deprive even a butterfly of its natural enjoyments, because it has the misfortune to

be rare or beautiful ; nor shall I ever forget the couplet of Fridausi, for which Sadi, who cites it with applause, pours blessings on his departed spirit.

“ Ah ! spare yon emmet, rich in hoarded grain ;  
He lives with pleasure, and he dies with pain.”

“ This may be only a confession of weakness, and it certainly is not meant as a boast of peculiar sensibility ; but whatever name may be given to my opinion, it has such an effect upon my conduct, that I never would suffer the Cócila, whose wild native wood-notes announce the approach of spring, to be caught in my garden, for the sake of comparing it with Buffon’s description ; though I have often examined the domestic and engaging Mayanà, which bids us good-morrow at our windows, and expects, as its reward, little more than security : even when a fine young Manis or Pangolin was brought me, against my wish, from the mountains, I solicited his restoration to his beloved rocks, because I found it impossible to preserve him in comfort at a distance from them.



There are several treatises on animals in Arabick, and very particular accounts of them in Chinese, with elegant outlines of their external appearance; but I have met with nothing valuable concerning them in Persian, except what may be gleaned from the medical dictionaries; nor have I yet seen a book in Sanscrit, that expressly treats of them. On the whole, though rare animals may be found in all Asia, yet I can only recommend an examination of them, with this condition, that they be left, as much as possible, in a state of natural freedom, or made as happy as possible, if it be necessary to keep them confined."

Who, that reads these heavenly sentiments, will refuse to pour blessings on the departed spirit of Jones?

The elder Dr. Monro has also done a deed, which shows, that the private interest of his family is, at least, as great an object with him, as the desire of promoting the public welfare of the university. I allude to his foisting his son, quite a boy, into the anatomical chair. It would be invidious to dwell minutely upon a circumstance, which every one, that knows it,

cries out against. It may, however, be said, without the least breach of candour or of charity, that the younger Monro is neither qualified by capacity or by knowledge to fill that seat, which has been so ably occupied, for nearly a century past, by his father and his grandfather. A strong proof of the opinion, which the students entertain of this young gentleman's merit is, that the benches of the anatomical theatre are nearly empty when he lectures, and that they are crowded and thronged whenever his venerable father delivers a prælection.

But there is another objection against this measure of making the professorships hereditary ; it strikes directly at the root of the existence of Edinburgh as a medical school. It is the great cause which has made its fame decline, and its utility decrease. There is but one medical chair at this day in Edinburgh, which is not filled up, like an estate, that descends from father to son ; the folly and the injustice of such a measure must be apparent to every one. Because the father is a cobbler of notoriety, does it necessarily follow that the son must

also mend a shoe well, although he be not taught to strike upon the last? In this kingdom, for the most part, we think and act more conformably to reason; and if we wish a person to excel in any calling, we train him up to that calling; indeed, (excepting in the business of legislation and of professorship-making, where we deem that hereditary descent is necessary, and firmly believing in the existence of innate ideas, are convinced, that a man may be born a professor or a law-maker,) I know no pursuit, in which something like capacity and knowledge, something more than mere birth, is not required.

But to return; is it likely, that the practice of hereditary professorship-making, which hath already overthrown the credit, and nearly annihilated the fame, of the universities on the continent, will cause this at Edinburgh to gain strength and to flourish? Among learned men, what competition can exist, when literary honours and rewards, its very sinews and life's-blood, are cut away?

“ — Quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipsam,  
*Præmia si tollas?* ”

“ Who shall be found fair virtue to regard,  
*If you destroy the honour and reward ?*”

Will any man of transcendent ability and high acquirement; any man who feels within himself, and is conscious of possessing, the splendour of genius and the potentiality of a mighty mind; who is able to diffuse light from his single orb, whether steady and temperate in the horizon, or blazing in the meridian; will such a man remain at a university, whose utility he may uphold, and whose fame he may increase, when he sees all the avenues to literary eminence and honour closed upon him for ever; when he sees that all his labours are nothing worth, and that the chair, which was once, and should always be, the meed of excellence, is filled by a beardless child, whose only merit is the having been spawned by some quondam professor?

And it requires no great profundity of penetration to discover, that, when the præceptorial seats of a university are filled unworthily, that they will soon become merely *nominis umbra, the shadow of a*



*name*; for who, in his senses, will repair to such a place, when it affords neither instruction nor pleasure; and there can be found in existence any other spot, that possesses the irresistible inducement of combining both delight and improvement in its system of teaching and of study?

Dr. Home, the professor of *Materia Medica*, is able, and well-informed;—and if he will but learn to speak so that he can be heard, his lectures will prove a valuable acquisition to all that attend at his class.

Doctor Andrew Duncan senior, is a gentleman long noted for his indefatigable industry and attention in the pursuit of his profession. His *Medical Annals*, *Lustra*, and *Decads*, in some twenty or thirty octavo volumes, show, that he, at least, labours diligently in his vocation; neither can it be denied, that, although these books lay no claim to originality of genius, they are useful compilations, and contain a collection of medical facts, from which a reasoning and a thinking head may derive much benefit. My business is with the public, not with the private character of the professor; yet, I cannot forbear

from mentioning, that I always heard the poor both in the Infirmary, and in the city of Edinburgh, speak in terms of the greatest gratitude and affection of Dr. Duncan, as one, whose humanity and benevolence to them were ever active and unlimited, shrinking from no toil and no expence, so that those, who were in affliction and in distress, might be relieved and comforted.

And it is well known, that when he was a private lecturer in the town, and instructed some young gentlemen, as pupils, under his own roof, that his behaviour and conduct were uniformly such, as entirely to win the esteem and affection of his students, who never, to this day, mention his name without reverence and honour; and many of whom have left behind them tokens of their regard, which will always redound to the honour of the doctor's merit, and their gratitude.

How can I criticise the lectures of such a man? and yet, if I mean to do justice, I must forget Dr. Duncan of Adam's Square, in Dr. Duncan the professor of the Theory and Institutes of Medicine. It

seems, at best, but a needless division to separate the theory from the practice of physic; they are so intimately blended together, that no man can know one without being acquainted with the other also. To be sure, it makes an additional chair in the university, and thus enhances the number of fees, and augments the price necessary to buy a doctor's degree. But this does not promote the advancement of medical knowledge. To theorize is, in fact, to think; and no man can practise medicine, safely or properly, without thinking. As theory is only a rational explanation of facts, it is the duty of the medical teacher to inculcate the theory of a disease, at the same time that he shows its symptoms and its method of cure; otherwise, if it is taught as a thing separate from, and independent of practice, the pupils will only be bewildered and led astray; which is, certainly, needless, as any one will allow who knows of what materials the heads of the generality of Edinburgh medical students are formed, and how they are furnished.

It cannot, then, be expected, that lec-

tures on the mere theory of medicine, torn and disjoined from practice, will be very interesting or instructive; nor is Dr. Duncan's manner or matter calculated to set them off to the best advantage. He favours his auditors with all the tedious disgusting nonsense of long exploded theories, which serve, indeed, to protract the course through the winter session, which otherwise could not be done, but are a deplorable murdering of time; and, then, comments, at length, upon their absurdity, when both the text and the commentary should never have been brought to light. And all this is delivered in broad Scotch, with such a wearisome uniformity of drawl, that it requires no very nice musical ear to be actually tortured and agonized at the doctor's tones.

I will say no more upon this head; but only observe, that I cannot wish a greater kindness to the university of Edinburgh, than the total abolition of this theoretic chair; and that either Dr. Gregory should give some lectures on the practice of medicine worth hearing, or that Dr. Duncan should be put in his place; for Dr. Dun-



can's clinical lectures pronounce him well qualified to discharge the duties of such a station.

It now remains to speak of the graduation, and the mode of preparing for that honour. The examination is professed to be held in Latin; not very Ciceronic, as may be easily imagined from men, who speak in the Roman tongue but twice in the year, and from those boys who never speak it at all, during the whole course of their lives. Perhaps, it might be deemed invidious to animadvert strictly upon the purity and classical exactness of the language, even of the professors, much more of the students; I shall, therefore, pass it over, only by giving it as my opinion, that it be no longer disguised under the appellation of Latin, but called, as in truth it is, *jargon*, for the sounds are neither English, Latin, Greek, French, Italian, Portuguese, Swedish, or High-dutch, but they are

“ A Babylonish dialect,  
Which booby pedants most affect;  
It is a party-coloured dress  
Of patch'd and pye-ball'd languages.  
*'Tis English cut on Greek and Latin,  
Like fustian heretofore on sattin;*

It has an odd promiscuous tone,  
As if they talk'd three parts in one.  
Which makes some think, when these men  
                gabble,  
They hear three labourers of Babel,  
Or, Cerberus, himself, pronounce  
*A leash of languages at once."*

The questions, which are asked, are many of them very fair and useful; some, to be sure, are sufficiently trifling and absurd: but the examination is certainly not so conducted, but what it suffers a vast number of ignorant, dull, unworthy candidates to be bouted through the sieve into the diploma-tub, and come up doctors of medicine; which is, not only a disgrace to the credit of the university, but a very serious evil to the world, by letting loose licensed murderers upon mankind. Indeed, unless a thorough reformation is introduced into the mode of medical study, at present adopted by, or rather forced upon, the students at Edinburgh, it cannot be laid to the charge of the young men if they become dull and ignorant; if their views are narrowed, and their understandings clouded.

As there is no dictionary, nor any book by which the jargon may be learned, the candidate for a diploma must be taught to jargonize by an animal called a *grinder*, whose business it is, to drill into the head of his pupil, at a certain and stated price, the questions and answers, which will pass and re-pass in the examining-rooms during the time of jargonization. The grinders are very numerous in Edinburgh; and, in the printed papers and advertisements which they stick up against the streets and houses, style themselves teachers of medical Latin, and state their terms, which are rated according to the celebrity of the grinder, as one, two, three, four, or more guineas a month.

Now the public is given to understand, by the terms of every doctor's diploma, that he, the diplomatized being, is qualified to practise and to teach the medical art; or, as it runs in the language of the doctor-makers,—*Eique potestatem damus plenissimam legendi, docendi, consultandi, scribendi, et disputandi in Cathedram Doctoralem ascendendi, &c. &c. &c.*

How far the merely passing the trial of jargonization, which procures him this diploma, qualifies a man to discharge the high, and respectable, and important, and responsible, and arduous duties of a physician, let all those, who are unprejudiced and unbiassed, and capable of putting two ideas together, look round upon their medical acquaintance, and judge.

The grinder, for the most part, also, sells a thesis, or inaugural dissertation, which every jargonized student is required to produce, on some medical or philosophical subject, to the candidate for a medical degree. The price of a whole thesis is ten guineas; of half a thesis, that is, when the student finds the English and the grinder does it into Latin, or jargon, seven guineas and a half. Thus, with the grinder at his back, is many an unworthy wretch smuggled into that department, that rank, that station in the scale of civilized and cultivated society, which can boast of having been adorned and dignified by the names of an Hippocrates, a Celsus, a Linacre, a Sydenham, an Arbuthnot, a Fothergill, a Brown, a Haller, a Zimmerman, a Dar-



win, a Rutherford, and a thousand other benefactors of the human race!

But, as some excuse for this flagitious conduct, the young men allege, that of two evils they must choose the least. Unless we go, say they, to a grinder, we shall, in all probability, not obtain a jargonization; it is pretty well if we can contrive to drill into our craniums by rote all Cullen's Nosology, which, at four diseases a day, according to his classification, cannot be done in less than the space of twelve months; besides, the endless labour of turning over other books of the same sort, in which we are examined, is more than can be endured. Not to mention, that we cannot arrive exactly at the yell, or dialect, or, whatever it may be called, the jargon, and in which we are expected to make our responses, any other way than by applying to some being, who can *viva voce* train us to imitate the said yell.

Hence, by a grinder's help, we escape very much of misfortune and vexation; he tells us the questions which will be asked, and the answers which will be expected; and as to the thesis, which, except-

ing the mere technical terms, is sometimes composed in Latin, and not jargon, how is it to be supposed that we can write in the Roman tongue, when all our time has been taken up in attending to other things; besides, at the age of nineteen or twenty, at a period at which many of us are jargonized, that is, done into doctors; it cannot be expected, considering our numerous avocations, and our previous want of education, that we should be capable of writing even correct and grammatical, much less flowing and elegant, Latin.

All this may be very fine; but, upon my word, it is very dishonourable, and goes directly to degrade the medical profession itself, by enrolling under its banners unqualified and unfit men. Do we wonder that such a mockery of all education, since ignorance uniformly begets impudence, produces many a modern like Thessalus, of whom take the following account from an author of no little celebrity and renown?—

“ Thessalus lived in the reign of Nero; his father was a workman in marble, and, in vain, tried to give his son some idea of what was great and beautiful. Without

the least tincture of letters or philosophy, Thessalus chose to commence physician; but he soon perceived himself deficient in many points of knowledge, and in the qualities which are capable of leading on a man with credit in his profession. He still preserved the tone, the manners, and the language of the man of trade, and it was easy to distinguish in him the carder of wool (the calling which he followed before he turned doctor, and after his father found that he was too dull to be made a sculptor). He began, therefore, to win upon his patients, not by prescribing them proper remedies, but by flattering their hopes, and sacrificing to their vanity.

“ In spite of his natural severity of temper, he moulded himself, occasionally, to the will of his patients, when he saw that his low complaisance would turn to good account. But with all this suppleness to those whose favour he had gained, or wished to gain, he showed the greatest impudence and temerity towards all regular practitioners; and he had no sooner succeeded at Rome by this meanness, (for the Romans were an enlightened people,) than

he exclaimed, without reserve, against all physicians, and asserted that he only deserved this title.

“ But true genius will never be met with in a physician, who gives marks of duplicity or meanness of spirit; who is capable of pocketing affronts, and is ready to laugh with the idle and the foolish, or to sacrifice to every idol. Will not such beings consider the fine arts and philosophy as very useless branches of a physician's knowledge, when the business can be done so much more easily by attending in the morning at the toilet, and making court to the ladies, and, at night, being of the most sumptuous parties? Can we then wonder that ignorant mechanics should quit their trades for the sake of practising physic; or, that persons, who have learned only the art of preparing medicines, should have the boldness to consider themselves as physicians, and undertake the treatment of diseases? Pliny says, that he who has impudence may very easily pass for a physician. How far the saying of Pliny will apply to modern times, I leave others to judge.



“ It is certainly much easier to gain, by a servile complaisance, the vile applauses of the people, or to procure praise and protection from friends who have been won by flattery, or to rob the man of true merit of his reputation, by circulating idle reports to his disadvantage, than to rise by ability, knowledge, and virtue. The physicians in Chili blow around the beds of their patients to drive away diseases. The people there think physic consists wholly in this wind; and their doctors would take it very ill of any body, who should attempt to make the method of cure more difficult. They think they know enough, when they know how to blow.”——

But why all this declamation? why not point out a remedy, if a remedy is to be found? Softly, my dear Sir: first, let us shew forth a few of the faults of this system, and, when the cause of the evil is discovered, the cure, perhaps, may be found.—This jargonizing is a blind routine, confined to a certain circle of actions, and the reiteration of certain positions, undirected by the light of reason and of truth. Indeed, the basis of medical education is,

for the most part, founded on routine; the evils of which must be obvious to all who think. Instead of fixing the attention of the pupils on the surrounding objects, whence alone they can learn aught, for all human knowledge is derived from experience, their teacher tries to fill their minds with ten thousand speculative ideas of an abstract nature, which neither he, nor they, nor any one else, ever did, can, or will comprehend; and all this is so wrapped up in unintelligible cant, consisting of words partly Anglicised, partly Latinized, partly Gallicised, partly Græcised; in short, jargonized, that no interpreter on earth could ever decypher their meaning. I defy any man, whatever may be his ability and his knowledge, to affix a definite idea to half the words employed in the generality of medical lectures, and of medical books.

Hence, with all these stumbling-blocks in the way, we are not to wonder if many Solomons are not found among the students, when their understandings are narrowed by a continued round of servile imitation. But this is an evil of no slight

magnitude; because it for ever cuts off from the community all the advantages which might be derived from so much human ability, had it been properly directed, instead of being perverted. Men, so trained, can never become acquainted with the physical and moral nature of man; and without this knowledge, what is a physician? When we consider how very much influence the passions have in creating or removing disease, we shall see the necessity of a physician's studying the philosophy of the mind, and of the human heart. But what jargonized doctor does this? Three short years, from seventeen till twenty, spent under the tuition of a grinder, will hardly enable a boy to investigate these very interesting, but very difficult studies, very accurately, or very extensively.

All ignorant people approve of routine. Indeed, what absurdity and what mischief is there, which ignorance does not cherish and applaud? Those who never think, must condemn all the efforts of reason, for it is a maxim, founded on the philosophy of the human mind, that no one

can really esteem that which he does not know. Where routine reigns in power, art, science, learning, humanity, justice, virtue, all, either disappear entirely, or are kept very much in the back ground. The capacity of Newton and the virtues of an Angel cannot prevail over stupidity and ignorance, if the one belongs to a youth, and the other to a veteran, in the eyes of almost all mankind. To appreciate knowledge and virtue in others, we must ourselves possess these qualities.

Hence arises another great obstacle in the way of medical improvement; for a young man, seeing that his brilliancy of understanding so far from accelerating rather retards his career, is induced to say, if it befalleth me as it happeneth unto fools, why should I labour to be more wise? For instance, at Edinburgh, in the very bosom of jargonizing, while all the other students are in the very act of being drilled by a grinder; in the midst of all this confusion and chaotic mass of absurdity, what young man will possess hardihood enough to stand alone, and isolated from the rest, to devote his early life to



study and fatigue, to triumph over ignorance, and wrest the leaden sceptre from the hand of stupidity, at the almost inevitable certainty of being hated and persecuted by the jargonized, and rejected with contumely and scorn by the jargonizers?

So circumstanced, a lad of sensibility, and desirous of attaining knowledge, is either thrown back into the ranks of mediocrity, or becomes thoroughly a slave to the very routine, whose fetters he had in vain attempted to snap asunder. Some instances of which I have seen, and which may be thus accounted for. Their minds being active, and not able to rise to higher pursuits, on account of the surrounding impediments, followed with ardour any pursuit, rather than endure the torments of listlessness and vacancy. And jargonizing being the only pursuit offered to them, they embraced it. So much influence has the situation in giving the tone and direction to the human mind. I have been personally acquainted with some young gentlemen at Edinburgh, whose abilities were such, that by an extended education they might have been fitted to lead armies

to victory ; to shake a venal senate with the thunder of their eloquence ; or to have enlarged the boundaries of science ; whereas, now, their heads are altogether and entirely filled with vain and idle notions upon questions that can never be discovered by human power ; such as, the matter of life, the varieties and the causes of sympathy, the matter of heat, the plastic power, the inherent force of muscles, and much other frivolous absurdity of the same kind. When I think of these things I am vexed that so much industry and ingenuity should be wasted to no purpose.

In answer to these objections I have been told, it is true, all these inquiries are only so much waste of time, but practice and experience will rectify all that is amiss. —Experience ! What is experience ? It cannot exist without the previous power of minute attention, and accurate and enlarged observation, that is, without a mind previously strengthened and expanded by general culture. A completely jargonized being could never learn experience if he was to live a thousand years ; because he has never been taught how to apply to the

sources of knowledge from which experience is derived.

Experience is generally supposed to be the necessary attendant upon length of life, but it is the offspring of a vigorous, an enlightened, and an attentive mind. It is not acquired by the mere frequently repeated intuition of the same subject. If so, he who has travelled oftenest to France must know most about that country; that is, the carrier of the packet from Dover to Calais must know more of the situation, the means of defence, the capabilities of productive industry of that town, than does the statesman who never saw Calais in his life. A weaver at the loom, or a peasant who reaps corn, would know more about the general principles, and the proper political regulations of the corn-laws and the woollen trade, than Adam Smith, because this immortal and patriotic philosopher had not seen corn so often as the rustic, nor looked at a loom so frequently as had the weaver. An old corporal would know more about the art of war than Bonapartè, because he had seen more battles. An old nurse would know

more of medicine than Boerhaave, because she had looked oftener at sick people; and the physician, who has seen the greatest number of patients, will be the most instructed, merely because he has seen them.

The absurdity of all this is sufficiently apparent; and yet so ignorant are the generality of mankind that they do not perceive it, but couple experience and age together as necessary companions, and pay that deference to the old woman and the old doctor which is only due to knowledge and true experience. The question in general, is not, Has a man learning, penetration, and genius, but, Is he old? If he has grey hairs he is supposed to have more experience, because he has seen more than a young man; but has he thought more; for experience is the daughter of reflection, not of mere simple perception? No doubt, age affords us an opportunity of enlarging our understandings, and of increasing our knowledge; but the question is, Whether we have availed ourselves of that opportunity; if not, we have gained no experience.



Can seventy or eighty years of dulness and ignorance give a man experience? Experience implies the capability of observing and distinguishing an object in all its bearings and relations; it implies an acquaintance with all the history of the object, the power of reflecting, of simplifying and reducing to a few general heads a number of analogous or similar circumstances, of reasoning closely, and of taking a broad and ample survey of nature and her works, of art and her operations. Whence the necessity of extensive reading, which gives us historical knowledge, strengthens our capacity for observation, and affords the materials by which the mind is invigorated and expanded in all her faculties.

But the system of jargonizing not only precludes the possibility of general and extensive reading, but produces such an unfortunate attachment to routine and system, and vain nugatory pursuits, that the beings who are infected with this malady, entertain an aversion and an abhorrence from men of erudition and extended knowledge. Let a man endeavour to lead them up from their degra-

dation to the elevated height of intellectual expansion, and they will hate and curse him, as the Irish in former times did the English, because they were prohibited from harnessing their horses by the tails, according to long-established custom.

They decry all erudition as useless, because they do not know it; and because the public, as they think, respects them more than it does learned men. But this is no cause of rejoicing; for the public does not respect them but its own ignorant prejudices, which it sees adopted by them; and they mistake, as did the ass in the fable, who attributed the homage of the mob to his own merits, whereas it was paid to the statue of Isis, that he carried upon his back. A jargonized being does not want sound reasoning and extensive learning in a book, but a quantity of unmeaning unintelligible terms, which puzzle the ignorant and make them stare, while they serve to raise the compassion or the contempt of all those who are apt to think and to reflect. Incapable of generalising on any subject, their inquiries must be bounded to minute and particular details;

every disease will be deemed *sui juris*, and to require a specific remedy.

Such men will never read, but they will rail (for it is easier to rail than to read) at a writer, who, studying medicine as a science, collects diseases, (differing only in a few external and non-essential symptoms, but requiring the same remedy, and originating from the same cause,) and arranges them under one head. But he who seldom or never reads, sees naught but himself on the theatre of existence; not being acquainted with what others have said, he imagines all his own notions to be replete with wisdom, and of the utmost consequence. Erudition alone will enable such a mistaken creature to enlarge the narrow circle of his understanding, and to expand the powers of his mind. The magnitude of importance which our natal spot assumes in our eyes, shades away into annihilation at the moment in which we contemplate the totality of the globe.

But still, my friend, what remedy do you propose for this inconvenience? We have heard enough about the evil consequences of the jargonizing system; pray,

now tell us how these evils are to be removed or prevented.—This can only be done, I imagine, by at once sweeping away into evanescence the jargonization, and resuming the good old custom of lecturing in the Latin language; the discontinuing of which custom, from whatever cause it might have happened, has enabled such a dreadful swarm of unqualified human beings to steal into the medical profession. Or, if the lecturing in Latin be deemed inconvenient and improper, still let the grinding, the jargonizing, be done away; and such an examination, general, accurate, and extensive, given in the vernacular idiom, as shall prevent any one from passing through the fiery ordeal to the temple of honour, excepting those whose education, intellect, and acquirements, shall entitle them to receive so respectable a distinction.

Let this dignified tribunal be once erected, and those animals, who now look forward with the presumptuous hope of creeping into the profession in spite of dullness and ignorance, will betake themselves to those employments to which their



genius is adapted, and for which their knowledge fits them; whether it be to mend a kettle, to sweep a chimney, to snip a yard of cloth, to gauge a beer-barrel, to weigh a pound of tallow-candles, to mend an old shoe, or to compound and vend drugs.

Hear the progress of the generality of the medical students at Edinburgh, and then judge whether it is possible that they should be qualified, at the period of jargonization, to enter upon the high, and important, and responsible function of a physician. For the most part, at the age of nineteen or twenty, come down raw, ignorant, and awkward lads, just escaped from behind the counter of an apothecary, a place where the very vestiges of understanding are obliterated; where boys are brutified by immoderate and unremitting labour. Their hearts are hardened and their spirits broken by all that they see, all that they hear, all that they feel, and all that they look forward to. The habitation of an apothecary is the great slaughter-house of genius and of mind; it is the unrelenting murderer of hope and of gaiety,

of the love of reflection, and of the love of life.

From such an abode of darkness and of despair do very many come to Edinburgh, with heads containing little or nothing else than the knowledge of mixing a draught, of rolling a pill, or of compounding a drench. Without literature and without science, is it to be expected that, in the course of three years, at the expiration of which period they are allowed to jargonize, with no better an assistant than a grinder, they shall be capable of fulfilling the duties of a physician?

But some few, and only a few, (for this pernicious custom of destroying all virtue and all intellect by apothecarizing young men in order to fit them for physicians, is very prevalent) have never been brutalized in the shop of a pharmacopolist. True, and so far they possess an incalculable advantage over their less fortunate companions. But still they labour under many disadvantages; for they generally come from a country school where very little literature is learned, and no science is taught, at the tender age of fifteen or

sixteen, before the mind is capable of sufficient strength of attention and depth of reflection, to receive and to profit by the objects which solicit the senses of a student at a medical school; and they are done into doctors at eighteen or nineteen!!! Boys, before they are twenty, are licensed, by a diploma, to teach and to practise medicine!!!

I have been told, and am willing to believe, that some of the forwardest and the brightest of these suckling philosophers have so vigorously prosecuted their studies before they came to Edinburgh, that even a three years residence at this university has not entirely obliterated their erudition, and that, upon a pinch, they can stagger through a page of Erasmus, or do into English two verses of the Latin Testament. That this may be the case as to some few of the most erudite among the medical students I do not wish to deny; but it is not so with the generality of them, who are very far from any acquaintance with Latin, or even English, in any shape of correctness or of purity.

It is really shocking for a man who has

been only moderately instructed, to witness the total defiance of all grammar and of all sense in their conversation, and more particularly, in their writings; all which surely evinces the necessity of some stop being speedily put to this inundation of ignorance, that threatens to sweep away and to annihilate the credit of a most useful and honourable profession. I will not insult the patience of the reader by a tedious enumeration of the elegant phrases and sterling weight of sentiment to be found in their theses, whenever they are so bold as to venture upon manufacturing an inaugural dissertation, without the boughten aid of a grinder. One only shall suffice :—A student, who is now jargonized, came to me, and desired that I would look over his thesis. This was a business that I would most willingly have declined, because few things are more disagreeable than reading nonsense in manuscript.

However, as I knew something of him, and he had applied to me expressly, I did not like to refuse peremptorily; I therefore cast my eye over the title page, which ran



thus:—De . . . . . inauguralis dissertationis, *Auctore Jacobus* . . . . .

I represented to him that this was wrong, that it should be *auctore Jacobo*, and endeavoured to make him understand why it should be altered; but all in vain, for when he had heard me to an end, he replied,—No, I assure you it is right, for James is my name, upon my word.—I laboured for nearly an hour to convince him of his error; but all to no purpose, for at every pause which I made, he uniformly and stoutly answered,—*and upon my word, then, my name is really James.*

I now gave the matter up, and looking hastily through the thesis, I saw such phrases as these: *mulier doctus putant*;—*celeberrima Monro affirmavere*;—*reverenda Duncannus sunt maxime sapientes*, &c. &c. I then returned his manuscript, telling him, that it was very clever, but wanted a few corrections, as it seemed to have been written in haste, and advised him to get some friend to look it over; saying which I bade him good morning, telling him that I was engaged. What became of the thesis I know not; but within four months

from the day that I first saw it, he was made into a doctor of medicine by the professors at Edinburgh, and is now licensed, by diploma, to teach and to practise medicine!!!

I cannot refrain from relating a little anecdote of this very Jacobus, merely to relieve the tedious uniformity of the subject. He was a young gentleman of Ireland, not over-abounding in linen, of which indeed he had no change, consequently he slept in buff. The morning in which he was to be jargonized, on waking, he found that his only shirt was missing; upon which he turned hastily round to his particular friend and bedfellow, and exclaimed,—Arrah! you rascal! and you have stolen my shirt; and that's a broad hint for ye.—It was so in fact; his friend had intended to appropriate Jacobus' shirt to his own use, but restored it on receiving the above broad hint. Jacobus then dressed himself, and was done into a physician, that same morning at eleven o'clock.

Are we astonished that such young men as these receive with implicit confidence any thing, however trifling or absurd,

which their teachers vouchsafe to tell them, without examining into or reasoning upon it; that they are contented with words instead of things; that they are prevailed upon to pursue the shadow and let slip the substance; that they are minute, petty, peeping, contracted, frivolously and uselessly employed, instead of being bold, daring, ample, vast, towering, and aspiring in their researches and investigations? So circumstanced, it must be expected that their understandings would be narrowed by having their minds directed to little, nugatory, speculative pursuits, not one whit better or wiser than the employments which Aristophanes attributes to Socrates and his pupils, namely, measuring how many of its own lengths a flea leaps at one skip?—whether the hum of a gnat proceeds from before or behind? &c. &c.

Such beings can never see far, or comprehend a whole; they view only its minutest parts, and consequently never form a right judgment; they are like the working mechanic, who seldom sees farther than the ends of his fingers and his tools. How can such creatures grasp the whole

of an object? With them would not Raffaele be a very pretty painter; Haller a nice botanist; and Pope a smooth versifyer? Could they sufficiently enlarge their mental vision to appretiate and to feel the loftiness of the poet's genius; the wide and extended range of the philosophic physician's researches; and the sublimity, the dignified simplicity, of the divine painter?

These jargonized men march forward boldly, loaded with written recipes and lectures, and content themselves with saying,—Why Dr. Timetrimmer, who is now a baronet, knew no more than I do, and see how he has got on.—And their reasoning upon disease is equally wise, and reaches no farther. The chief duty of a physician is to endeavour to improve the art of medicine by enlarging the boundaries of knowledge; it ought to be quite a secondary thing with him how to get on; but it seems that a doctor's merit is generally measured by the number of guineas which he pockets, not by the extent of his learning, and the skilfulness of his practice. Looking up, therefore, towards



that wealth and that title which sir Timothy Timetrimmer has obtained, as is generally known, without education and without capacity, save that of bowing well, our jargonizee trusts to his formulæ and traditional prescriptions.

A girl comes to him with chlorosis ; and he, finding some slight sympathetic fever, which would vanish when the cause of the disease, the general debility and the obstruction, was removed, gives her some cooling draught to allay the febrile heat ; and ten to one if she does not die under his hands. A pregnant woman complains of retention of urine, and our *Æsculapius* looks into his book of knowledge, and copies out a formula for a diuretic ; whereas he ought to know, that the foetus presses upon the neck of the bladder, and that a diuretic may be fatal. These people are incapable of perceiving the chain of circumstances that connects together the symptoms of a disease, and only attend to one of its links, whence, were not nature vigilant in preserving her children in spite of the doctor's blunders, the regions

below would be peopled in much greater numbers than they are even now.

Since such are the medical conservators of our bodies, was Adrian to be blamed for ordering this inscription to be placed on his tomb? "It was the great number of physicians that killed the emperor."

And three years, with the help of a grinder, are sufficient to enable a man to become a physician!!! Is it likely that a man, who begins life with a lie, shall end it with integrity? But every student who is ground, and buys a thesis, acts a lie in the face of the world. Waving, however, all considerations of morality,

"Cujus apud bardos minima est jactura,

I would earnestly desire the young students themselves to recollect, or, if they never knew, to learn, that the intellect cannot be expanded, nor the mind invigorated, nor the judgment matured, by plunging at once, and early in life, into the technical jargon and mechanical minutiae of the trading part of physic. Let a general

foundation of literature and of knowledge be first laid, and then you will be able to discriminate between what is worthy of being received, and what is worth forgetting, of the various mass of misshapen matter which is offered to your choice by teachers and by books.

It were a consummation devoutly to be wished, that all young students, for whatever profession designed, be it medical or not, would listen to, and profit by, the following earnest and impassioned exhortation of one of the greatest and most distinguished writers of the present day.

“ I would call the rising youth of this country to the intense, and fervent, and unremitting study of the antient classical writers as their primary choice; particularly in the Greek tongue, in which every subject in philosophy, in history, in oratory, and in poetry, whatever can dignify or embellish human society, in its most cultivated state, has found the highest authors; in which the principles of composition are better taught and more fully exemplified than in any other language. The Greek writers are the universal legislators in taste,

criticism, and just composition, from whom there is no appeal, and who will be found unerring directors. I call upon them to have the courage to be ignorant of many subjects at their inestimable age.

“ I exhort them affectionately, as a matter of the most serious importance, never to pretend to study, in their first academical years, what they design as the ultimate end of their labours, I mean their profession. Their whole business is to lay the foundation of knowledge, original, sound, and strong. In particular, the study of the law, as such, should never be entered upon, even *in limine*, before the first degree in arts is obtained. The specific study of the law, at that early age, confines and cripples the faculties. Such a student may arrive at mere knowledge, as a special pleader, but he will never be illustrious or ornamental in his profession. I wish to observe, with particular emphasis, that when a man has once entered upon any profession whatever, his education has in fact ceased. They who, by a patient continuance and undiverted attention to academical studies alone, have



sought for the original materials of science and of solid fame, have seldom failed in their great pursuit."

And are three years sufficient to do all this, and qualify a man to become a physician, in whom should be concentrated, as in one focus, the united beams of literature and of science? Was it in such a school that a Haller, a Zimmerman, and a Darwin, were enabled to display such gigantic powers, and stupendous attainments? But I have been told more than once, this erudition about which you make such a route is of no consequence; doctors can get on better in their own native language of Great Britain than in Greek; a smooth smiling countenance, a supple posture, and a bent body, will get more fees than all the science and learning in the world.

But this is not a fair mode of arguing; because I am not considering how a physician may contrive to procure the greatest number of guineas, but how the medical art may be improved for the benefit of the whole human race, and how the profession might be rendered respectable and useful by the virtue and the knowledge of

its members. I do not look upon a physician as a mere scavenger of guineas, an animal that only crawls through this stage of existence picking the pockets of the credulous and of the foolish, but as a being in training for immortality ; a being, who, by his skill and integrity, may be the minister of health, of blessings and of ease to countless thousands of the sons and daughters of affliction ; a being who passes through life with honour, blessing and being blessed, and, full of years and full of glory, exchanges, at his appointed hour, his present existence for that state of happiness where he shall receive the reward of all his good deeds from that Master whom he hath faithfully served.

What can this world give of delight equal to the exquisite sensations that pervade and swell the soul of that benevolent physician, to whom these lines may, with truth and justice, be applied ?

“ When fainting nature call’d for aid,  
 And hovering death prepar’d the blow,  
 His vigorous remedy display’d  
*The power of art without the show.*

“ In misery’s darkest cavern known,  
His useful care was ever nigh,  
*Where hopeless anguish pour’d his groan,*  
*And lonely want retir’d to die.*

“ No summons mock’d by chill delay,  
No petty gain disdain’d by pride ;  
The modest wants of every day,  
The toil of every day supplied.”

I have been often asked by one of these jargonized doctors, in a triumphant tone, and with a contemptuous sneer—And what will all this learning do for a man? Depend upon it, a knowledge of the world will enable me to ride in a carriage, while your learned men are fain to walk on foot.—This is true enough ; for their knowledge of the world consists of the most base and dishonourable adulation, the everlasting bow, the indefatigable smile, the prudent, discreet, and dexterous adoption of the opinion of every one from whom they hope to procure a guinea, or a recommendation to one who will give them a guinea. In the present state of society such men will carry away all the practice from one, whose mind is too pure and too elevated to stoop

to such unworthy means; and it ever will be so, till a greater portion of knowledge is diffused throughout the human race, for men always love that best which bears the greatest conformity to their own minds; whence the rapid rise to wealth and to fame, of those doctors, who

“ With softer souls and subtler art,  
 Can sap the principles, and taint the heart,  
 With more address a lover’s note convey,  
 Or bribe a virgin’s innocence away.  
 Well may they rise, while I, whose rustic tongue  
 Ne’er knew to puzzle right, nor varnish wrong;  
 Spurn’d as a beggar, dreaded as a spy,  
 Live unregarded, unlamented die.  
 All sciences a fawning doctor knows,  
*And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes;*  
 Studious to please, and ready to submit,  
 The supple wretch becomes a parasite.  
 Still to his interest true, where’er he goes,  
 Wit, bravery, worth, his lavish tongue bestows.  
 In every face a thousand graces shine,  
 From every tongue flows harmony divine.  
 Practis’d his patient’s notice to embrace,  
*Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face,*  
 With every wild absurdity comply,  
 And view each object with another’s eye.  
*To shake with laughter ere the jest he hears,*  
 To pour at will the counterfeited tears;  
 And, as *his grace* shall hint the cold or heat,



To shake in dog-days, or December sweat.  
How, when competitors like these contend,  
*Can surly Virtue hope to find a friend ?”*

If we suffer ourselves to be led away by these examples of profligate success, and do not elevate our views above this perishable scene of confusion, we must even adopt the same means, and, following the example of those who have been by merit raised to that bad eminence, look forward with hope to the same successful termination of our labours. For this is certain, that if a man only takes this world into the account, he is a fool to waste his time in enlarging his mind and in purifying his heart, which, indeed, fit him for a state of eternal happiness hereafter, but rather prevent his mounting up in the scale of worldly honour and emolument.

“ Deign on the passing world to turn your eyes,  
And pause awhile from letters, *to be wise*,  
There mark what ills the scholar’s life assail,  
*Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.*  
See nations slowly wise and meanly just,  
*To buried merit raise the tardy bust !*  
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,  
*Hear Lydia’s fate, and Galileo’s end.”*

“ Frange miser calamos, vigilataque prælia delc,  
*Qui facis in parvâ sublima carmina cellâ*  
*Ut dignus venias hederis, et imagine macrâ.*  
 Spes nulla ulterior, didicit jam dives avarus  
 Tantùm admirari, tantùm laudare desertos,  
 Ut pueri Junonis avem : sed defluit ætas,  
 Et pelagi patiens, et cassidis, atque ligonis :  
 Tædia tunc subeunt animos, tunc seque suamque  
 Terpischoren odit *facunda et nuda senectus.*”

“ Let flames on your unlucky papers prey,  
 Or moths through written pages eat their way,  
 Your wars, your loves, your praises, be forgot,  
 And make of all one universal blot.  
*The muses' ground is barren desert all,*  
*If no support from Cæsar's bounty fall ;*  
*The rest is empty praise, and ivy crown,*  
*Or the lean statue of a starv'd renown.*

“ For now the *cunning patron* never pays,  
 But thinks he gives enough in giving praise ;  
 Extols the poem, and the poet's vein,  
 As boys admire the peacock's gaudy train.  
 Meanwhile thy manhood, fit for toils and wars,  
 Patient of seas, and storms, and household cares,  
 Ebbs out apace, and all thy strength impairs.  
 Old age, with silent pace, comes creeping on,  
 Nauseates the praise, which in her youth she won,  
 And hates the muse by which she was undone,  
*Since all the race of life has been in beggary*  
*run.”*

And yet those who are capable of understanding man's high and ultimate destination, and of appreciating their own true interest, would rather endeavour to become an instrument of comfort and of aid to the miseries of afflicted and of suffering humanity, by enlarging their minds, and amending their hearts, than to mount to the highest elevation, which meanness and iniquity can reach. Let me beseech all, whose youth is yet untainted, to pause ere they submit to degrade and to contaminate, to tarnish and to wither, the purity of their principles by a participation in such dishonourable and contemptible want of all principle and of all integrity.

“ ——— Tanti tibi non sit opaci  
Omnis arena Tagi, quodque in mare volvitur aurum,  
Ut somno careas, ponendaque præmia sumas  
Tristis, et a magno semper sperneris amico.”

“ But let not all the gold which Tagus hides,  
And pays the sea in tributary tides,  
Be bribe sufficient to corrupt thy breast,  
Or violate with dreams thy peaceful rest.  
Great men with jealous eyes their friend behold,  
Whose secrecy they purchase with their gold.”

In addition to a more enlarged and liberal system of education, the students of Edinburgh would do well to study the principles of medicine which the immortal Brown has left as an invaluable legacy to mankind. While he lived, his indiscretions were such, and his personal conduct so offensive to the professors at Edinburgh, that I do not wonder at their obstinately rejecting his doctrine. But, now that he is dead, and his ashes are cold, it would be more manly and more just to open their eyes to the light of his precepts, than wilfully to remain in the thick mist and darkness of their incomprehensible jargon.

“ He lives no more, be to his memory just,  
 For British vengeance wars not with the dust ;  
 A generous foe regards with pitying eye  
 The man whom fate has laid where all must lie.”

I shall not say at present aught farther on this subject, than to observe, that, while other universities, by adopting this system, are reducing the study of medicine to a philosophical science, this school at Edinburgh, by pertinaciously rejecting it, and treading in the eternal and endless round



of nonsense and of nosology, is degrading it to a mechanical and a dirty trade.

It is impossible that the consideration of the persecution of departed genius should not lead us to remark on the neglect of living merit. At this moment, in the university of Edinburgh, is seated in the lowest medical chair, both as to emolument and to honour, a man whose ability and acquirements would adorn and dignify any station to which human nature can aspire to reach. I mean Dr. Rutherford; a gentleman whose chemical knowledge was displayed very early in life, even when he wrote his thesis for graduation; he is the discoverer of azotic gas. His scientific knowledge and his literary accomplishments are acknowledged and revered by all who prize whatever is excellent. His manners have been fashioned and polished by foreign travel, his integrity is unimpeached, and his professional skill undoubted.

Dr. Rutherford is the professor of Botany. I do not mean to insinuate aught disrespectful of Botany as a study; but only to observe upon the injustice of giving that

professional chair, which is confessedly the least in emolument and in rank, to one of the ablest and most extensively informed men in Europe. There is no medical chair which Dr. Rutherford is not qualified to fill with dignity to himself and with incalculable benefit to the students. A strong proof of the high opinion which all the pupils entertain of this gentleman's professional abilities, is, the eagerness with which they throng to his clinical lectures, whenever he can be prevailed upon to deliver a course of such prælections.

Nor is this preposterous mode of filling the medical chairs to be wondered at, when we consider that the professors are elected by the town council of Edinburgh, which is composed mostly of tradesmen, whose minds, being constantly employed in their own business, cannot be expected to be qualified to judge of the merit of those that step forward as candidates for the reward of literature and the meed of science. Hence, are laid open the avenues of intrigue, and canvassing, and undue influence, as plainly appears from the professorships generally descending from father

to son, and the consequent inability and negligence of the teachers.

But all these obstacles and impediments prevent the improvement of the medical art; because, as are the teachers so will be the pupils in every department of civilized society; so true is that celebrated saying of Christina the queen of Sweden,—*Sous un Monarque stupide toute sa cour ou l'est ou le devient*. Dependants, and those in inferior situations, always acquire a similarity of sentiment and of inclination to that of their superiors and directors. Hence, while the system of jargonizing remains at Edinburgh, the pupils must continue to be believers and bigots in medicine, crippled by a blind attachment and a passive obedience to systems unsupported by reasoning drawn from experience and fact.

Medicine halts in her progress, owing to the frequent births of vain and speculative hypotheses and fanciful conjectures, which are conceived and engendered in the brains of men, for whom close reasoning and sober truth have no charms. Witness the Boerhavian nonsense, and Cullen's trumpery about spasm, and a multitude of other

opinions, all of the same sort and tendency. Add to this, the miserable consumption of time, and waste of human intellect, in pursuing minute and useless inquiries, that cannot one jot enlarge the boundaries of medical knowledge ; I mean, attempts to discover the number of coats in an intestine ; to find out the constituent parts of the semen, and the shape of the globules of the blood ; the immediate and proximate cause of the impregnation of the uterus, &c. &c. &c. all which, to a man of plain understanding, appears very absurd ; but in which medical bigots are so deeply interested that they quarrel, and scold, and, if occasion need, are ready to fight, in support of their opinions. They will seriously contend, with all the ardour of enthusiasm, that an intestine has three or four coats,—that a globule of blood is oblong or spherical,—that the uterus itself receives, or does not receive, the semen ; according to the side of the question which they happen to embrace !!!

Such investigations and discussions might be well suited to the capacity of Sancho Panza, or to squire Ralpho, the



attendant upon Hudibras; but they will never forward the progress of medical knowledge, nor lead to the discovery of any truth beneficial to mankind. And yet so delighted are the students of Edinburgh with these childish performances, that they, sometimes, bruise one another, and give and receive black eyes and bloody noses in defence of their favourite theories, which they wish to beat into each others heads, by weighty and striking arguments. Nay, it has been known, in some few instances, that they have gone out and pistolled each other into a belief of the doctrine of spasm, or of *error loci*; of the colour of the animal spirits; of the shape and seat of the soul, &c. &c. But this shooting has not been so frequent, because it has been found more inconvenient than boxing and fisticuffs.

The only true and legitimate end of studying medicine is, to extend the limits of its knowledge for the purpose of alleviating the miseries of mankind. But this end is quite forgotten amidst these nugatory inquiries. All the sciences, to which Bacon's mode of philosophising by induc-

tion has not been applied, are full of hypothesis and system ; which is exactly the state of medicine ; whence its foolish theories, and the doubtful nature of its facts and cases ; the uncertainty of its evidence, the absurdity and inaccuracy of its nosological arrangements, and the unsoundness and the fallacy of its inferences and conclusions, drawn as they are from partial and ill-founded premises. Its systems of nosology rest upon a very slender foundation, for they class diseases according to their symptoms ; but no certainty can be obtained by the abstract attention to symptoms independent of those causes, which excite or remove disease ; and diseases, the most opposite to each other in their nature and their indications of cure, are attended with a similarity in point of symptoms. Besides, a disease is never stationary ; it is continually moving, and consequently altering its symptoms. We can class and arrange stones and minerals, which are in their nature fixed ; but at what precise moment are we to fix upon the symptoms of a disease for its nosological definition ?

Suppose the precise moment to be fixed ;

in the next hour the symptoms will vary ; (this is particularly the case in *hydrocephalus internus*, which differs much in its symptoms in its different stages of progression ; ) and in what class will the nosologist then place it ? Would it not be better carefully to note the aberrations from health, and endeavour to remove the offending cause, and to remedy its evil effects, than wander about in the trackless and bewildered region of nosology, which indeed, enables a man to talk a great deal about diseases, but does not enable him to cure them, nor does it advance, but truly retards, the improvement of medicine, by directing that attention to mere words, which ought to be employed about things ?

Medicine has been particularly impeded in its progress : First, by a propensity to systematize, and an unwillingness to endure the toil, and trouble, and length of time necessary to study and to investigate particular facts ; from the accurate and correct accumulation of which alone any general and beneficial principle can be arrived at : secondly, by a desire to account for ultimate facts, beyond which human reason

cannot reach: thirdly, affecting to show why causes operate, and not how they act: fourthly, the almost total neglect of physicians to make philosophical analyses, to attend to the principles of induction, of clear and simple arrangement, of strong and satisfactory evidence: fifthly, the desire of doctors to establish their own, or their teacher's, respective hypotheses and phantasies, rather than to enlarge the boundaries of medical knowledge: sixthly, blending the hypotheses of philosophy with the dogmas of physicians.

The only effectual method of correcting and removing the evils arising from these causes of error is, to study natural philosophy, which discovers the laws and explains the phenomena of the sensible motions of the insensible assemblages of inanimate matter; after which the human mind will be so strengthened and chastened by a long and steady pursuit of clear, unsophisticated truth, that it may then devote itself to the specific study of medicine without any fear of deviating into wild, absurd, and senseless reveries, whims, visions, and mere uselessly speculative in-



quiries. But not only is it impossible for students at Edinburgh, while its present mode of medical instruction exists, to become acquainted with natural philosophy; but, also, it does not appear likely, that it would be very generally studied, even by those physicians who have the opportunity of receiving a much more liberal and extensive education, than falls to the lot of the Scottish students, I mean those at Cambridge, at Oxford, and at Dublin.

For, in all ages, have men been shy of this study, which is, in fact, the mother of all sciences, and without whose fostering aid the rest can only be vamped up for use, but they cannot grow to any maturity of size or strength. While this pursuit is neglected, and while general literature is disregarded by the medical students at Edinburgh, the art of medicine cannot be improved, nor can the profession fail to receive disgrace and detriment from the continued accession of such jargonized doctors. I shall close this long string of remarks upon the medical department of the Caledonian metropolis, in the memorable words of the immortal Bacon, as

applicable, indeed, to all universities, but particularly to the medical department at Edinburgh.

“ In the customs and institutions of schools and universities, and the like conventions, destined for the seats of learned men, and the promotion of knowledge, all things are found opposite to the advancement of the sciences; for the readings and exercises are here so managed, that it cannot easily come into any one’s mind to think of things out of the common road. Or, if one, here and there, should venture to use a liberty of judging, he can only impose the task upon himself, without obtaining assistance from his fellows; and if he could dispense with this, he will find his industry and resolution a great hindrance to the rising of his fortune.

“ For the study of men, in such places, is confined and pinned down to the writings of certain authors, from which, if any man happens to differ, he is presently reprehended as a disturber and an innovator. But there is, surely, a great difference between arts and civil affairs; for the danger

is not the same from new light, as from new commotions. In civil affairs, it is true, a change for the better is suspected, through fear of disturbance, because these affairs depend upon authority, consent, reputation, and opinion, and not upon demonstration; but arts and sciences should be like mines, resounding on all sides with new works, and further progress. And this it ought to be, according to right reason; but the case, in fact, is quite otherwise; for the above-mentioned administration and policy of schools and universities, generally opposes, and greatly prevents, the improvements of the sciences."

I had intended to examine the present state of medicine in Great Britain; but I find that neither time nor opportunity, at present, allows of such an investigation, which I hope, however, to enter upon, at some future period.

I trust that every unprejudiced and unbiassed person will clearly perceive, that I have said nothing from malice or malignity against the university of Edinburgh itself, which, as a repository of learning and a school of science, I respect, honour, and

revere. I have merely pointed out the spots and the blemishes in the sun, that, they being removed, this blessed luminary may gladden and enlighten the inhabitants of the earth with pure, unsullied, and cloudless majesty. As an individual, I take this public opportunity of declaring, in terms of the most unequivocal and affectionate gratitude, that I have spent two years of the most pure and unalloyed felicity, which can, perhaps, fall to the lot of human nature, under the fostering influence, and in the calm, the hallowed retreats of this justly distinguished and deservedly honoured university:

“ Whose liberal heart and judging eye  
The flow’r unheeded doth descry,  
And bid it round heaven’s altar shed  
The fragrance of its blushing head,  
Raises from earth the latent gem  
To glitter on the diadem.”

To the candid and liberal-minded of all parties, and particularly to those of Edinburgh, I bid farewell in the words of the enlightened and intrepid Beccaria.

“ Gli uomini pensatori, *pe’ quali scrivo,*



sapranno distinguere i miei passi. Me fortunato, se potrò ottenere i segreti ringraziamenti degli *oscuri e pacifici seguaci della regione*, e se potrò ispirare quel dolce fremito, con cui le anime sensibili rispondono a cui sostiene gl' interessi della umanità.

I cannot prevail on myself to abstain from offering a few general remarks on the present state of apothecarizing in the kingdom of Great Britain. If any thing ever called aloud for reformation, with the imperious and impressive voice of necessity, aided by every consideration of humanity, of justice, and of religion, it is the situation of those young persons, who labour under the most deplorable of all misfortunes, the being chained down to the counter of an apothecary, under the flimsy and fallacious pretence of being instructed in the medical art. A young gentleman (often, indeed, not a young gentleman, but an unlicked, ignorant, and unlettered cub) is, generally, at the age of fourteen, just at the time, if he has any intellect, that his mind begins to

expand with the desire of knowledge, and to be sensible of the delight, and the inestimable benefit of learning, taken from school, and bound over as an apprentice to an apothecary; that is, sold as a slave for seven years.

All power of instruction is, from this dread moment, palsied and destroyed; for to read books is to defraud his master of the time due to his services. And when the volumes of the dead are closed to him for ever, where is he to get knowledge? He has access to no living pages of instruction; he cannot get it from the mere mechanical drudgery in which he is employed from morning till night, and which only serves to obliterate the very traces of the few ideas which he might have acquired before he was buried in the vault and charnel-house of all that ennoble and dignifies man. Conversation with his master he is seldom permitted to hold; and when he does, what is to be gained from his master?

In order to know this, we have only briefly to recount the definition of an apothecary, (I mean the genus, there are

some little varieties in the species, which occur so seldom, that they are not worth noticing), and to state concisely the course of life, which his apprentice runs.

An apothecary is, generally, an animal, that has nothing in his head, save a confused jumble of pulse-feelings, and bottles, and gallipots, and catarrhs, and diarrhoeas, and cathartics, and bolusses, and plasters, and pills, and charges of journeys, and deliveries of women, and bowing, and scraping, and wheedling, and tattling, and gossiping, and card-playing, and swearing, and cursing, and beating his apprentice; and in his heart nothing save a combination of avarice and of vanity; of insolence and of meanness; of ostentatious liberality and of selfish narrowness of soul; of affected humility and the most presumptuous audacity of ignorance.

I know, and rejoice, that there are some honourable exceptions to this general rule, among the existing race of apothecaries in this kingdom; but I confidently affirm, that the mode of educating, as it is called, young men to become pharmacopolists, or, in one word, the mode of apotheca-

rizing human beings, almost necessarily and unavoidably leads them to become the originals of that picture which I have just faintly sketched.

So much for the master ; now for the apprentice :—A young gentleman is received into the house of a vender and administrator of drugs, and pays a premium, actually gives a sum of money for the enviable privilege of being indentured, or sold as a slave to another mortal for a certain term of years. He soon finds his situation infinitely worse than that of a menial servant, who, not only receives wages for his labour, but can, when he chooses, leave his master. But the bounden apprentice is a slave without comfort and without hope ; he has nothing but misery and torment for his inseparable companions ; he is employed in drudgery and in dirty work, from morn till night, not unfrequently sixteen hours out of the four and twenty, generally more than twelve : his are filthy employments, which a scavenger in the streets could not be prevailed upon to undergo, on any account, or for any pecu-



niary consideration. He mixes draughts, rolls pills, beats bolusses, spreads plasters, grinds bark, makes up horse, dog, cat, cow, and sheep medicines; washes bottles, cleans windows, sweeps shop, scours and mundifies greasy, filthy, beastly kettles, pans, dishes, mortars, and porringers of human blood, and tills, counters, and house-steps; with an infinite deal more, which occupies his time completely from the moment he rises to the moment of his going to bed; and, not seldom, his rest is broken, and he is called up at night to perform some of these operations.

Pray, is there any thing in all this, which can improve the mind or mend the heart? Is there any thing which can teach a man aught of the knowledge of medicine? Can beings so trained be properly qualified to take care of, and to heal, those that are sick and in affliction? Just at the very time of life when we ought to have the greatest number of objects presented to our senses from which we may derive ideas, are boys shut up in a dark dismal dungeon, and made to toil, worse than a negro-slave, at employments the most calculated to debase and to cor-

rupt the heart ; to pervert and to cripple the understanding.

And for all this labour the youth obtains the very honourable distinction and the very gratifying reward of surliness and of blows from the master ; of petulance and of insolence from the wife of his master ; of kicks, of insults, of impertinence, of pinches, of cuffs, of scratches, and of authoritative commands from the whole brood of children, however numerous, ignorant, contemptible and abominable they may be ; and of contempt, of ridicule, and of brutality from the servants, who generally consider the apprentice as an animal of a lower order than themselves, and never fail to make him feel the inferiority of his condition. At first, the agony which all this misery and cruelty occasion to a youth of delicate feelings and of ready intellect, is unspeakable and inconceivable to all those who have not experienced it. Till, after a while, his sensibility is ground down by the great nether mill-stone of oppression, his faculties are paralysed and rendered torpid, and he is cut down into a wretch and a slave, who

seeks to mitigate the severity of his lot by the most abject, dishonourable, and unconditional compliance with, and submission to, all the whims and capricious foeries, which ignorance and hardened cruelty can devise.

All cowards and slaves only want the opportunity to become tyrants and despots; for both these horrid qualities proceed from the same cause—a base, wretched, selfish disposition, lost to all sense of principle and of honour. The apprentice, therefore, at the expiration of his term of bondage, goes to London, or to Edinburgh perhaps, (sometimes not, but starts, at once, a ready-made apothecary, cut and dried from his *ci-devant* master's counter), where, in the course of six, and sometimes only three, months, he becomes, to all intents and purposes, qualified, by a superficial smattering of the minor parts of medical knowledge, and presumption, and interested rapacity, and unblushing impudence, all supported and standing on the broad basis of ignorance, to commence apothecary, and inflict the same degree of torture on the hapless wretches who may

fall under his lash, as he once experienced from his master.

If, which very rarely happens, a lad shall go, at a later period, suppose seventeen or eighteen, with a mind cultivated and expanded by a liberal education, and a spirit rendered indomitable and terribly irresistible by some years of training at one of our great public schools south of the Tweed ; if such a lad, in an evil and an inauspicious hour, is placed within the vortex of an apothecary's destructive influence, instead of cowering under the wings of despotism, he disdains the mechanical drudgery, flies to his beloved books, awes the ignorant barbarians of the household into a respectful distance, and at length snaps asunder the chain, which could never confine the efforts of a genius, that was unable to stoop to those vile and contracted operations, which totally forbid the workings of the mind, and prevent all exercise of the understanding.

Think not, O indignant reader ! that I have been describing an imaginary evil. I have, in my own person, seen and felt all, and more than all, that I have written.



Under the roof of an apothecary I wore away three years of unutterable agony; of agony, the remembrance of which countless ages of felicity can never obliterate from my soul. I cannot, here, enter minutely, and into detail, upon the miseries that I suffered, and the less than nothing which I learned; for of all this, at no very distant period, I mean to give a full account, that I may, if possible, rouse the attention of parents, to pause and to consider, ere they consign their children to the haunts of ignorance and of dulness, of barren sorrow and of irretrievable misery; where no little ray of hope comes, at unfrequent and protracted intervals, faintly to break upon the darkness of the gloom, and to cheer the wretched captive in his dungeon of despair.

A very brief and faint outline, however, I will present of the man, who took upon himself the high and responsible office of instructing me in the great foundation principles of medical science.

Benjamin Bolus was not, as far as I know, much worse than other apothecaries. By nature he was not dull; but long

continued and systematic ignorance produces the same effects as original stupidity : it blunts and hebetates all the faculties of the mind. Bolus was acquainted with no language, save his own vernacular idiom, which was not English, but a dialectic and barbarous yell, that is spoken in his native place, a remote and obscure province of the kingdom. Of course, as men never regard what they do not know, he affected to despise learning of every kind ; and his house (to speak gently) was no habitation of the muses. He passed, however, for a good apothecary, and a safe deliverer of women, (surgery in the country is but little needed, and still less known any thing about), because he tattled and gossipped incessantly from morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve, always talking an infinite deal of nothing ; he was a complete master in the art of not getting on in a story ; and of long tales, which he never finished, no man had a greater store. Add to this, he was very facetious and a wit ; though, to be sure, the joke was generally so very finely and nicely concealed, that it was a secret to

every one but himself: however, he always laughed much at his own witticisms, and wo betide all those over whom he had any power, if they did not muster a laugh also.

As a necessary consequence of all this, his curiosity was insatiable; he was continually prying and inquiring into all the minute and petty occurrences about him, merely to have the pleasure of telling them again; for he was like the honest squire of La Mancha's knight, a secret retained four and twenty hours would have burst his belly. His manners were the coarsest of any that I ever witnessed in man or beast. His pride was excessive, but it was not that pride which prevents a man from stooping to any thing base and mean, and which is, sometimes, found in elevated minds, and proves a kind of substitute for virtue; it was vulgarity of insolence, derived from a long continued habit of ruling with uncontrolled sway over his wife and servants.

He indulged himself in the most violent paroxysms of anger and of wrath upon the slightest, or on no provocation; and

as anger differs from madness only in duration, it is madness while the fit lasts, we may safely say, that Bolus is a mad-man, for he is scarcely out of one fit of anger but he falleth into another. I never detected in him any thing like the offspring of humanity and of enlarged benevolence : he seemed to live chiefly for himself ; and a special life it was : it might be described in a few words, he ate, drank, rode on horseback, sold medicines, obstetricized, and slept.

But of all this, if no one was affected but himself, I should take no notice. But every one that is any ways connected with him must be a sufferer. No man can teach what he does not know ; consequently, Bolus can never explain to his apprentice the general principles of medicine ; he cannot teach him anatomy, nor surgery, for that depends directly upon anatomy, as, indeed, does all medical knowledge ; he cannot teach him the physiology nor the practice of medicine, for what practice, worth knowing, is to be obtained without a previous knowledge of physiology? What business, then, has Bo-



lus with an apprentice? A porter or a shoeblack can do all the mechanical filth of bottle-rinsing, kettle-scouring, shop-sweeping, window-cleaning, &c. &c. about which an apprentice is employed, and which, whatever Bolus may think, will never enable a man to become an expert surgeon, or a good physician.

I freely, however, forgive Bolus all his systematic attempts to prevent me from acquiring knowledge, by forbidding my access to books; and, also, for his futile and jejune endeavours to convert me to scepticism and unbelief; for he crowns all his other accomplishments with the affectation of being a sceptic, and amuses himself with uttering coarse and contemptible ribaldry upon the resurrection, the day of judgment, and all those subjects, which every wise and every good man treats with becoming reverence and humility. I lost three years of life by being under this man's roof, and with them the opportunity of acquiring much knowledge; an evil that I cannot cease to deplore as long as I breathe. But I am willing to attribute all the miseries, which I suffered in that

state of absolute privation from all instruction and from all comfort, to the marvellous ignorance of Bolus, and, in pity and in compassion, I forgive him.

But I cannot so easily forget his continued and abominable tyranny and brutality to his wife; who discharged (to the full extent of all her range of knowledge, and her understanding was good, though not much cultivated) the sacred and important duties of wife and of mother with a degree of exemplary virtue and of prudence which I have seldom witnessed in any woman. I wish not to dwell upon such an odious picture; if what I have now said should be the means of procuring a less intolerable degree of persecution to a female, whose uniformity and excellence of conduct deserve every kindness that the most affectionate attention can bestow, I shall have gained my end.

To conclude. Under the guidance and direction of such a being as Bolus, was it to be expected, that a youth could acquire the range of intellect, the comprehension of mind, and the grasp of thought, which are requisite to enable a man to move

with respectability, with credit, and with honour, in that sphere of action, and in that department of life, which it hath pleased the Almighty, in his infinite wisdom, to ordain him to execute and to fulfil?

I shall not make any apology for the length of this digression, because, perhaps, if not the most entertaining, it is the most useful part of the book; proceed we now to the consummation of our diary. Having wearied ourselves sufficiently by an abundance of discourse we went to bed, and were nearly bitten to death by the bugs, which swarmed in such numbers, that it was in vain to think of procuring any sleep, till towards the morning, by which time these vermin had nearly drained us of all our blood.

We rose between nine and ten o'clock on the 16th of August, and breakfasted in a room looking out on the quay, commanding a lovely view of the river Clyde, and a fine country all around, adorned with hill, and dale, and lawn, and wood, and many a fair and goodly edifice. As our cash now approximated

very nearly to evanescence, and I could not possibly, by any power of intreaty, prevail on Cowan to apply to any of his acquaintances for the loan of a few guineas to carry us over to Ireland, we were compelled to steer directly for Edinburgh, in our present crippled and ragged state, without even money enough to purchase a better shoe than honest Macnaughtan's, which threatened utterly to demolish my foot. Our charges at the house were reasonable, and we departed with the benedictions of our host and hostess.

We called upon a merchant of Glasgow, an acquaintance of Cowan's: the gentleman's name was Boaz. I rather wondered that Andrew ventured to show himself in his present tatterdemallion condition; but my wonder ceased the moment I saw his friend, whose countenance evinced so much intelligence and quickness, that it was plainly perceivable that his good sense was much too great to regard our appearance as any obstacle to an admittance into his company. His conversation was very interesting, and showed that he had taken much pains to cultivate a mind originally power-



ful. The discourse was desultory and various upon our expedition, what we had seen, and what we had endured, &c. He then took occasion to make some remarks, which appeared to me so judicious that I diarized them the very first opportunity.

He said, that a striking proof of the gradual and progressive advancement of the human intellect, was, that we now seldom saw any author so besotted and so servile as to write fawning, fulsome, adulatory dedications, to what are called great men; nor were the new discoveries in science often stamped with the name of a prince or a noble, unless that noble or prince happened to be the discoverer. But that this species of debasement and of degradation was very frequent in former times. Indeed, this is not the general method of accounting for the fact; for many people fancy themselves very wise and very severe upon the great men of the present day, by lavishing an abundance of censure upon them for not patronizing men of letters. But the fact is, men of letters have, at last, learned their own strength; and find, that, by an appeal to

the discernment of the public voice, and trusting to the merit of their own works, they can do much better for themselves, than by eating the bread of dependance and drinking the water of slavery, from an abject subservience to the whim and caprice of beings, whom, for the most part, ignorance and vice render contemptible, in spite of all the great advantages of wealth and of rank ; which advantages, indeed, are so great, and so calculated to win upon the minds of most men, that a very moderate share of virtue and of knowledge renders those in an exalted station objects of reverence, almost amounting to idolatry, in the eyes of the multitude.

We may, therefore, say, that the men of letters have relinquished the claims of a patron's bondage for the sure and steady support of an enlightened and an independent public. If, indeed, the gilded butterflies of our day had sufficient greatness of mind and loftiness of soul to become such patrons as Cosmo de Medici, whom the inimitable Roscoe thus describes : —“ In affording protection to the arts of architecture, painting, and sculpture,

which then began to revive in Italy, Cosmo set the great example to those, who, by their rank and their riches, could alone afford them effectual aid. The countenance shown by him to those arts, was not of that kind which their professors generally experience from the great; it was not conceded as a bounty, nor received as a favour, but appeared in the friendship and equality that subsisted between the artist and his patron."—If such patronage could be found now, intellectual men might accept of such assistance without any imputation of meanness being attached to their character, and without incurring the infamy of making genius and knowledge bow to the pitiful pageantry of mere wealth and title, unaided by any internal and solid possession, unsupported by understanding, and unadorned by virtue.

Of this gentleman we took our leave, and made for Edinburgh by way of Larnark. We had not proceeded more than two miles from Glasgow, when we overtook four young damsels all travelling together towards Hamilton. They accosted

us, and, for some time, we talked at a distance, on opposite sides of the road; but Andrew, after a while, sidled over to one of the females, a short, thickset, squat, Dutch-built girl, with whom he presently entered into very close and earnest conversation, as I could perceive by the inclination of his head, and the animated movements of his gesture. For a few minutes I continued to walk on, without attaching myself to this female phalanx. At length, however, I determined to bother the tallest and the youngest of the set, and see if I could obtain any characteristic traits worth observing.

Accordingly, I came alongside the girl whom I had intended to single out, and the other two damsels fell back and brought up the rear. My fair companion (whose features, excepting that she was much tanned by the sun, and somewhat dirty, were not disagreeable) inquired very minutely into my history and mode of employment, and what were my prospects in life; to all which I replied, that I was an American farmer, and had been through part of the Highlands of Scotland to im-



prove myself in agriculture, and was now returning to Pennsylvania to take up my abode, and procure myself the means of existence by my own industry in tilling the ground. She then inquired earnestly about the women in my country, whether they were handsome, and clever, and good for any thing? I replied, that they were handsome enough, but neither notable, diligent, or skilful, and fit only to be breeders of sinners.

I observed her face brighten up at this account, and she immediately edified me with a minute detail of herself and family; that she was born in Paisley; that her father was dead, and her mother in genteel circumstances, for she kept a small huckster's shop; that she herself was a tambour-worker, and could earn *a much money* a week; that all the Paisley girls were proverbially noted for making good wives; that she was but nineteen, had always heard a very good character of the American farmers, and concluded by hinting, in no very distant terms, that if a young man of that description should ever make her

an offer, she would very readily accompany him to America as his spouse.

As this was a kind of challenge that I could not very well, in honour, decline, I turned my discourse towards the subject of matrimony ; and, while we were adjusting this important point of joining ourselves together in the bands of Hymen, (a deed which, although I had not the hardihood to venture on, the girl seemed very eager to commit,) we came up with Cowan and his fair one, at the branching off of two great roads, the one leading directly to Hamilton, the other pointing towards Edinburgh by a different route. We intended to go to Hamilton, the females did not; but there would have been no great difficulty in prevailing upon our respective nymphs to bear us company, had not Cowan unfortunately told his dulcinea that he was a gentleman, and that I was one also. Surely this girl's faith was stronger than her reason to believe Andrew's assertion, when, by looking upon our forlorn and miserable appearance, her senses must have told her, that we were more likely to be in the lowest scale of beggary and of want.

This piece of information was communicated, in a whisper, by his damsel to mine ; whereupon she drew up her head, looked furious and disdainful, and said, that I had deceived her, and she would go no farther with me. And she would have me to know, that she was as good as I was, for though she now worked at tambouring, yet she was not a common body, as some poor people were ; but that she had an uncle in London, a very rich baker, who was formerly a bankrupt manufacturer of bread in Paisley, from whence he escaped free of his creditors, and went to London, where he soon got to do well through the assistance of one of his countrymen, who employed him and brought him forward ; that he himself had also made men of two of her cousins, who had been bankrupted as bakers in the neighbourhood of Paisley, and had found their way up to London ; and that her uncle employed four journeymen, all from Scotland, in his own service. This, and much more concerning the grandeur of her family, did the enraged gentlewoman utter, and would not listen to all the attempts at an apology which I made,

but turned upon her heel with great contempt, and, together with her companions, marched off towards Edinburgh, leaving Andrew somewhat disappointed ; because, as he told me, he had, by the force of his rhetoric, and promises of future reward, for he had no money now, brought his little round tub of a damsel to consent to pass as his wife at their next abode for the night ; but that I had spoiled all, by my foolish rhodomontade about the American farmer.

I laughed immoderately at Andrew's rueful visage, and the forlorn look which he cast, as he caught the last glimpse of the rotundity of his departing spouse ; and I bantered him so effectually on the elegance of his taste and the personal graces of his *dulcinea del Toboso*, that in his own defence he presently resumed his wonted tranquillity, and relapsed into his accustomed silence. We proceeded on our way towards Hamilton. Not long before we entered the town we overtook an old woman, who put to us very many questions, of who and what we were, &c. and was evidently very desirous of appearing



wonderfully gnostic. She said, that though we were dressed like sailors, yet nobody could impose upon her, and she would not believe that we really were such, unless we showed her our compasses, for sailors never knew how to find out their way without steering by the compass. Upon this I showed her my little blue eye-glass, as newly-invented compasses, and she declared that she was now fully satisfied, that we were seamen; that she had once a son a sailor, but he had long since been dead; that all sailors were bad horsemen, and that she herself once rode a horse full gallop for nearly a quarter of a mile; that she was well acquainted with all the town of Hamilton, and that the large building on our right-hand (which, by the bye, happened to be some newly-erected barracks, at this time holding a regiment of cavalry) was the duke of Hamilton's palace, containing a window for each day in the year, in all three hundred and sixty-five; and that Hamilton was the first duke in Scotland, the second in England, and the third in France.

We told her that the fashion of dukes

had passed away in France, and, therefore, that Hamilton could claim no honour from any title in that country, whatever he might in Scotland and in England. We now, with some difficulty, got rid of the old woman, who seemed very desirous of entertaining us awhile longer with her discourse; indeed, we had given her some broad hints about leaving us, but all to no purpose; we, therefore, laid ourselves down on the ground, and waited till she had gotten on a considerable way before us, and then we entered Hamilton, and applied at the first public-house which we saw, for some dinner, but a very stout fellow answered in a surly tone, that he had none for us.

We asked at the next house with a sign, and an old wretch, a very hag, another Tisyphone, with matted locks and squalid face, and diabolical expression of countenance, yelled out, that we should get about our business directly, for she would let us have nothing. We tried a third abode, which professed to afford entertainment and refreshment for strangers, and were

stopped ere we crossed the threshold, and denied admittance by both host and hostess, a couple of young and dirty people, that stopped up the door-way with their bodies.

All that we had hitherto seen were miserable alehouses; we now staggered into the Buck's-head inn, a very decent good-sized house in its outward appearance. Here, in a little room up-stairs, on a very filthy table-cloth, we procured some tolerably good cold mutton, vile dough half-baked mutton pies, stuff which was called pastry, and cheese so dirty that we had not time and leisure to ascertain its colour. We went forward ere we had well rested ourselves; the town is all on a bustle on account of the races, which thrive under the patronage of the duke. The Hamilton palace and domains are splendid and spacious, and afford an excellent view from the road; the country round was well cultivated and wooded; apple-orchards were to be seen in great abundance, a circumstance by no means common in any of the parts of Scotland which I have ever visited. We saw the Clyde, at intervals, wind its

stream along the vale, and then hide itself amid the thick embowering woods, which overhung its banks.

The night grew dark, and all the surrounding prospect was lost in obscurity; all was wrapped in silence, save that the sound of the torrent was heard from the hill, and the low sullen growl of the watchdog was borne along the breeze, and smote faintly on our ear. We came, at length, a little before twelve o'clock at night, to a public-house on the road; we entered, and saw, in a very nasty room, with a mud floor, naked walls, and wooden ceiling, two young females, the eldest apparently about nineteen, with a little babe hanging at her breast. We asked if we could be provided with some supper and a lodging; the wenches answered, No; that we might go on to Lanark, about five miles farther on the road.

We replied, that we were fairly worn down with fatigue, were faint and crippled, and utterly unable to crawl on any farther. But all our rhetoric produced not the least effect on these tender-hearted damsels,



who, with great *sang-froid*, observed, that the night was fine, and, if we were tired, we might sleep under a hedge, for we should have no bed in that house; and concluded their charitable and humane speech by telling us, in plain terms, to get along about our business as fast as possible. In vain we endeavoured to move the compassion of these two blocks in female shape; they paid no regard to our distressed situation, and still persisted in denying us a resting-place for our heads.

Not to stir, however, were we determined, and continued to harangue the girls, who very deliberately seated themselves by a blazing fire of wood, although the night was hot and close, even to suffocation, and leant a deaf ear to all our eloquence. I began to despair of success, for I was now so spent with fatigue that I actually could not articulate my words without pain and difficulty, when, from a neighbouring apartment, stalked into the place where we were, a tall elderly man, with a very short dirty shirt on, and a red greasy worsted nightcap on his pate; other clothes he had none. His aspect was

shrewd, keen, cunning, stern, and able, with some expressive lines of comic humour marked on it.

He first surveyed us with much curiosity, and heard our request for a lodging preferred in earnest and urgent terms, while he stood with his back to the two girls, his daughters, scratching his naked posteriors for their edification, for he had elevated the scanty portion of his shirt for the purpose of more easily applying his nails to the part affected. He then turned round to the girls, by which movement he favoured us with the aforesaid exhibition *a tergo*, and roughly rebuked them for their inhumanity, bade them instantly get some sheets, and make up a bed for us in his own room. This was soon done, and, without any supper (for they had nothing to be eaten or drunken in the house except half a pint of sour small beer, which Andrew swallowed in a twinkling, and made a miserable face as soon as it was safely lodged in his belly) we went into a very damp bed in the most filthy chamber imaginable, and swarming with bugs, where-

by I was speedily so much bitten that I was in such an intolerable state of irritation as not to endure any longer an abode in bed; wherefore I got up and dressed myself, and sate on a little stool near the window of the room.

Here I waited, in a most miserable condition, half-famished and half-mad, till about three o'clock in the morning, when I grew so very impatient, that I began to ferret Cowan, in order to get him to rise that we may pursue our journey.—Cowan, Cowan, turn out,—said I, with some vehemence, as he continued to grunt, and to heave himself in his bed.—Let Cowan take a sleep,—quoth our host, who now reared his long carcase from off the miserable couch on which he lay,—let Cowan take a sleep, and do you be quiet and make yourself easy.—But I did not choose to make myself easy, or to be quiet, in a room whose vapour was making hasty strides to poison me outright on the spot; wherefore I continued to persecute Andrew without mercy, and incessantly, till I had routed him out of bed; and without food, unwashed, unrecruited, and comfortless,

we discharged our bill, and marched on for Lanark on the 17th of August.

Our landlord saw us to the door, and dismissed us with some sapient advice. He told us, that such poor miserable fellows as we were should never think of traveling, which was only calculated for gentlemen, who could afford the necessary expences of the road. We thanked him for his kindness, and departed. The country appeared very steril around us, and the scenery somewhat gloomy withal. At rather more than a mile's distance from Lanark, we went down, on the left hand, a very steep descent to the fall of the Clyde, called Stone-byre, which exhibited no very grand appearance, because the weather had continued dry so long, that the body of water fell in a comparatively small sheet, owing to the shallowness of the river. The dashing of the stream, however, as it rolled down from the broad rock, and fell against the stony channel below, soon lulled us to sleep, and we enjoyed two hours of refreshing slumber, stretched on a rugged wooden bench,



with our knapsacks serving as pillows, by the brink of the water.

We then rose, stripped, and washed ourselves thoroughly in the Clyde, and steered for Lanark, around which the country was beautifully dressed with wood, and studded thickly with villas. We were now so much in want of food, that we went directly to the first inn that presented itself to us; it happened to be the best in the town. In the yard stood half a dozen postchaises, the house itself was very large, and exhibited a grand appearance. I bounced up the flight of steps leading into the front of the house, and, at my entrance into the passage, was stopped by a profusely pate-bepowdered waiter, who eyed us and our appendages with the most ineffable contempt, which was increased and blended with a stare of utter astonishment, when I asked for a room and some breakfast.

The fellow turned upon his heel, and was sheering off with all due expedition, when I planted myself between him and the bar-door, and, in the most authoritative

tone, accompanied with a half flourish of my bludgeon, commanded him to show us into a room immediately, and send us up some breakfast. The waiter then apologized, and said, that all the sitting rooms were full of company, but that we might sit in a bed-room, if we could take breakfast there. We answered in the affirmative, and were forthwith shown up into a large apartment up-stairs, where stood two beds, tumbled from having been lately laid in, and the whole room exhibiting such marks of nastiness and filth as would not easily be credited by those who have never seen any excepting English inns. From our window we commanded an exquisite view of an extended range of hills, and the intermediate scenery was lovely, soft, and cultivated.

We waited a considerable time before we could obtain any breakfast, and then the waiter brought us bread, but neither butter, sugar, tea-spoons, knife, or water. I applied my hand to the bell, and rung violently for some minutes, and up came a tall, awkward, very stupidly-looking, well-dressed lad, whom (imagining him to be

the waiter) I scolded soundly, and ordered him to bring up the things which we wanted immediately. He stood aghast, holding the handle of the door in his fingers, and, with a countenance pallid, rueful, and confused, in terror and in amazement, stammered out, that he came up to get his bundle from this room, in which he had slept the preceding evening together with his uncle, on his way home from Hamilton races.

I then looked into his visage more minutely and attentively, and recollected that he was a student of medicine at Edinburgh, a great orator in the medical society there, and nephew to the famous surgeon of that city, who hath published divers books, and earned unto himself great notoriety among his Caledonian brethren. I explained to the young gentleman the cause of my mistake, and apologized for having taken possession of his apartment, and for the manner of the salutation with which I had greeted him. This polished youth, however, took no notice of my apology, but stalked across the room, seized a bundle of dirty linen,

grasped it close to his breast, and, in great trepidation, ran down stairs as if in danger of his life being taken away.

At length we obtained the scantiest and the worst breakfast which had been set before us during the whole of our route, were obliged to pay double the sum that had hitherto been charged for such a meal, and left the house.

We then went to survey David Dale's little territory, where he hath erected a flourishing lovely town, on a spot, which, not many years since, presented not to the eye of the beholder one stone placed upon another. I must be allowed to say a few words in praise of this true patriot, Mr. Dale, who is considered as a father to all the indigent and distressed in his neighbourhood: and when it is remembered, that he has raised himself to his present state of respectability and of opulence from one of the lowest conditions in which men can move in the present established forms of society, that of a journeyman weaver, his merit will appear still more astonishing and brilliant.



Dale's cotton mills, and the habitations of the labourers employed in the manufactory, constitute a sweet little town, called New Lanark, placed in a valley nearly surrounded on all sides by a romantic ridge of hills; a more lovely spot cannot be imagined. With the machinery of the mills I am but little or nothing acquainted, my chief business is to point out the great merit of Mr. Dale, as a benefactor to the human race. I may, however, observe, that the river Clyde supplies the water which puts the mills in motion, and that the stream is directed and applied by a subterraneous aqueduct cut through the solid rock, for the space of several hundreds of yards. There are four mills; the two first are 154 feet in length, the third 130, and the fourth 156 feet long. In the two first mills are twelve thousand spindles for spinning water twist; the two last are used in spinning mule yarn.

But I hasten, with pleasure and with delight, to show how Mr. Dale dispenses happiness and comfort to so many of his fellow-creatures, by his attention not only to their health but to their morals. His

little kingdom consists of neat well-built houses, forming broad, regular, and cleanly streets. Near the middle of the town stand the mills, and opposite to them the chief mansion of the place, the residence of the superintendant of the works, and occasionally of Mr. Dale himself. The town contains nearly two thousand inhabitants, mostly Highlanders; all of whom, that are capable of labour, are employed by Mr. Dale in his service, either in working at the cotton manufactory, or in repairing and keeping the mills in order. Five hundred children are entirely fed, clothed, and instructed, at the expence of this venerable philanthropist. The rest of the children live with their parents in comfortable and neat habitations in the town, and receive weekly wages for their labour.

The health and the happiness depicted in the countenances of these children, show that the proprietor of the Lanark mills has remembered mercy in the midst of his gain; the regulations adopted here for the preservation of the health, both of body and of mind, are such as do honour to the

goodness and the discernment of Mr. Dale, and present a striking contrast to the generality of large manufactories in this kingdom, which are the schools of vice and of profligacy, the very hotbeds of disease and of contagion. It is a truth which should be engraven in letters of gold, to the eternal honour of the founder of New Lanark, that, out of nearly three thousand children working in these mills, during a period of twelve years, from 1785 to 1797, only fourteen have died, and not one has suffered criminal punishment.

Pure and fresh air, without which life cannot exist, is administered in abundance to this manufactory, by frequently opening the windows, and by airholes, under every other window, which are left open during the summer months. The children are all washed before they go to work, and after they have finished their daily labour, previous to their appearance in the schools. The floors and the machinery of the mills are washed once a week with hot water; and the walls and ceilings, twice a year, are white-washed with unslaked lime. The children are lodged in large airy rooms. The boys and girls are kept separate from each

other during rest, mealtimes, and working-hours. Hence, one most material source of the corruption and the profligacy which prevail in almost all other large manufactories, is here prevented from existing.

They are fed plentifully with plain and wholesome food, which consists chiefly of fresh beef, and barley broth, cheese, potatoes, and barley-bread, with now and then some fresh herrings as a variety. Their breakfast and supper is, principally, oatmeal porridge, with milk in the summer, and in winter, a sauce made of beer and melasses. At seven o'clock the children sup; after this there is no nightwork, a pernicious and infamous practice in use at most other manufactories, for the purpose, as it should seem, of promoting immorality and debauchery among the poor, ignorant, unfortunate, manufacturers. After supper the schools open, and continue so till nine o'clock. The lesser children, that are not yet old enough to work, are instructed in the day-time; the elder children learn in the evening, when the daily labour is concluded. Proper masters and mistresses are employed to teach both the



boys and girls ; the boys learn to read, and write, and cast accounts ; the girls, in addition to these inestimable acquisitions, are taught to work at the needle. Some of the children are taught church-music ; and on Sunday they, all, under the immediate guidance of the masters, attend a place of divine worship, and the rest of the day is occupied, chiefly, in receiving moral and religious instruction from these masters.

Some few years since a vessel, carrying emigrants from the Highlands to America, was driven by foul weather into Greenock, and, in consequence, more than two hundred poor creatures were put on shore in a most helpless and wretched state. Mr. Dale, as soon as he knew it, offered them *all* employment, and most of them entered immediately into his service. He, also, soon after invited other people from the Highlands, and undertook to provide habitations for two hundred families. The invitation was joyfully accepted, and numbers of Highlanders came, and have taken up their abode in the territory of their benevolent employer. Many families also,

that were lately driven from Ireland by want and by famine, have found protection, support, and employment, for them and for their little ones, from this indefatigable philanthropist.

Such is the praise, the rare, the enviable praise, of Dale ; of one who has done more for his country and for the benefit of mankind, than all the warriors and all the conquerors that have ever lived ; than all those whose names now stain the page of history with characters of desolation and of blood. But the name of Dale shall be remembered, and shall shine forth with honour in that great day, when the book of life shall be opened, and it shall be pronounced unto every man according to his deeds ; in that awful and tremendous day when men shall not be judged as kings and as princes, and as lords, and as destroyers of cities, and as murderers of their fellow-creatures ; but all shall be judged as offending sinners. In that day, will those who have been deemed great upon the earth, in that they possessed and employed the power of oppressing and of afflicting human nature, hide their heads in con-

fusion and in dismay ; while all those, who, like the benevolent Dale, have blessed their fellow-beings, even as the dews of heaven have blessed them, shall receive their reward, and sit as glorified saints on the right hand of Him who descended from the throne of God to save and to redeem fallen and lost mortality.

Before I quit this subject, I must offer a few remarks on large manufactories, merely considering them in a moral and a political point of view. In most of these places every incentive to vice and to immorality is applied ; and every avenue to disease and to contagion is laid open by negligence and by filth. Boys and girls are huddled together in lots, by day and by night, deprived of all education, instructed neither in religion nor in morals ; so that, even in childhood, before the state of infancy be well passed, every species of horrid and of disgusting debauchery is committed. From these pestilential vaults and charnel-houses of all virtue and of all proper knowledge, are continually vomited forth thieves and prostitutes of every description, to prey upon and to plunder the community, and

to weaken the very sinews of all good government and of all social order.

I wish not invidiously to point out by name the several manufactories which thus slaughter the morals and the principles of so many thousands of human beings ; all who have paid any attention to the general conduct of these places, know that what I now say is true ; and that the evil calls aloud for redress.

And where can redress be had, but from the government of the country ? The masters and the proprietors, in general, (would that I could point out more such blessed exceptions as *David Dale* !) have been suffered, long enough, to show that the health and the morals of their labourers are not even secondary and subordinate considerations with them. I am as far as any man from wishing that any infringements should be made on the property of individuals ; but surely some attention, on the part of the legislature, is due also to those wretched beings who are regularly trained to disease and to vice. Let manufacturers gain what profits they please, so that their pelf is not obtained at the expence of the health



and of the morals of the poor; for upon the virtue and upon the industry of the poor the very safety and existence of the nation depend.

Let the government extend the arm of paternal aid and protection to the many thousands of wretched beings, that have hitherto been, and are now, the victims of disease and of vice, daily and hourly immolated on the blood-stained altar of rapacity and of avarice, lest the cry of their misery and of their wickedness ascend unto the heaven, and the Lord of Hosts arise to take vengeance upon their oppressors!!! Let habits of cleanliness and of decency be established and enforced; let the children be instructed in their moral and religious duties; let the infamous and inhuman custom of night-work be utterly abolished; let the males be separate and kept distinctly apart from the females, at all times during the hours of meals and of employment; let magistrates and men of influence and of respectability be appointed to see that all these things are regularly and exactly fulfilled;

and that all the apartments are properly ventilated and whitewashed.

Let these regulations, or some such as these, whatever shall seem meet to the wisdom of those in authority, be established and carried into execution by the paramount power of the governmental sceptre, and our manufactories will no longer exist for the baneful and destructive purpose of enriching a very few individuals, at the expence of entailing all the unutterable and endless miseries of disease and of iniquity upon numberless thousands of the British people !!!

From the blessed territory of the philanthropic Dale we went to see the fall of Corallind; to which, however, we could not obtain access but by giving a silver sop to a Cerberus of a porter, whose principal wages (for he received very little yearly revenue from his master, some baronet, whose name I forget) are the fees which he picks up from those who go to see the Clyde-falls, that are situated in his master's domains. Here we were amply gra-

tified for all our past toils and troubles; we sat in a summer-house perched on the top of a lofty hill, and surveyed, at a little distance beneath us, the torrent tumbling down its rocky bed, in many a perturbed and broken sheet; the banks of the river were fringed with wood, and enamelled with vegetation's gayest coloured herbs. On the opposite hill to that on which we were seated, stood a small neat cottage, the residence of three elderly ladies, who could, at all times, as they sate in their little apartment, enjoy the unspeakable delight of beholding the descent of the whitened flood beneath, and of listening to the deepened roar of the ever-dashing stream. The scenery of the country round was lovely, and for a time we enjoyed the most unalloyed luxury and happiness of indulging our sensations uninterrupted and undisturbed.

But we were roused from our reverie of Elysium by the garrulity of our attendant, the porter, who descanted on the wealth and grandeur of his master, the hardness of the times, the stupidity of the English, the savage barbarity of the Irish, and the wisdom and civilization of his own country-

men ; hinting also, that he understood the Americans to be a discreet people. Finding that we could no longer be allowed to indulge our sensations in silence, we took leave of this enthusiastic janitor, who would not, however, suffer us to depart till he had told us, that he was the father of eight children, for whom the scantiness of his annual income could but ill provide the bare means of existence ; and that he could not afford to give them a good and genteel education, which, he declared, hurt him more than any other hardship that he was doomed to endure in his journey through life.

We marched onward, and a few miles farther on our road, overtook a poor distressed widow sitting on a bank. She told us a tale of want and of misery, and received all the bawbies we had, about ninepence halfpenny. We proceeded, and a little farther on met a little boy with a can of milk ; we offered him sixpence for a draught ; the child, though not apparently six years old, refused, saying, that we would not give him the money when we had drank the milk, but would run away, and



cheat him. Run a hundred yards we could not, if it had been to save our lives ; however, we put the sixpence into the lad's hand, he examined it very carefully, and bit it several times ; at length he declared that it was a good one, and let us drink some milk out of the can. Surely, thought I, as I looked into the little fellow's prudent, careful face, this child will, one day, become wealthy ; for the seeds of caution and of mistrust, so early planted in his bosom, will, ere he arrives at manhood, ripen into all the plants qualified to bear the fruits of mercantile success and of trading opulence. I did not like the young animal the better for having so soon extinguished the glow of charity and of kindness by the chill frost of circumspection and of suspicion.

Refreshed by this grateful beverage we marched on all cheerily, and were soon met by a well-dressed, intelligently-looking, and rather a handsome man, about thirty ; he stopped us, and asked if we were not Americans ; we answered, Yes. He said, that he had been informed of two American sailors having passed through Lanark in the

morning, and had therefore gone in quest of us, in order to learn something of the state of our country, concerning which he now questioned us very minutely, not to say tediously. To all his interrogations, which were none of the shortest, we replied briefly and summarily. He thanked us for the information which we gave him, and told us, that his countrymen were, for the most part, particularly the poor, so ground down by a variety of cruel circumstances, that it was impossible for by far the major portion of the people to exist in any degree of comfort; and that, for his own part, he should think seriously of going to America, since there the people were allowed to enjoy the fruits of their own industry, and were not burdened by such grievous imposts and exorbitant taxations, as made life itself only a continued burden and a curse.

We told him, that it was no light undertaking for a man to leave his native country, and to settle in a strange land; and that if he had any capital he would do well to employ it in England, where industry and ability, backed by money, could per-

form almost any thing; that it was true, the poor who had no property but the labour of their hands, suffered much; yet for those who could command a capital, perhaps, no country in the world was so favourably circumstanced as Great Britain. He replied, that he would consider of what we said, and then took his leave; we marched onward.

The sun became now so intensely fierce, that we were unable to proceed. I felt it strike through my brain like a stroke of fire, and we crawled into a plantation of firs by the road-side, where we rested awhile, and then renewed our tramp. We at length arrived at Crownworth, (I think the village was so called,) went to an inn, and asked for some dinner. We were immediately shown into a tolerably decent room by the hostess, who was a well-looking cleanly woman, in the eighth month of her pregnancy, as nearly as I could judge by looking at her. The cloth was laid immediately, and a servant girl and the landlady herself bustled about very busily, telling us that we should have our

dinner in a few minutes, and the flavour of her porter was particularly recommended.

At the sound of this, Andrew, who is no mortifier of the flesh, unless when he cannot possibly help it, began to lick his lips, and look forward to a delicious regale of some savoury fare. But, in the midst of all these preparations, it occurred to me to examine the state of our finances, and I found that two shillings completed the sum total of our cash. As I well knew that this portion of money was not sufficient to defray the expences of a very plentiful dinner, and I did not choose to deceive the good woman of the house, I immediately called her into the room, and told her exactly the state of our affairs; that we had travelled through a part of the Highlands, that we were now returning to Edinburgh, and that all our money was expended save two shillings; for which sum I desired that she would let us have whatever food, in quantity and in quality, she could afford, without incurring any loss or inconvenience to herself.

I had scarcely made an end of this



happy speech, before I perceived the evil consequences of a declaration of poverty. In a moment the whole scene was changed ; the good landlady's countenance (which had visibly been lengthened and twisted also, during the whole of my oration) now exchanged the simpering smirk of obsequious complaisance, for the most insolent, contemptuous, and forbidding aspect of diabolism. She deigned not to utter a syllable in reply ; but immediately snatched off the table-cloth, with the knives, forks, spoons, salt-cellars, plates, &c. &c. and, having first demanded and received the luckless two shillings, flung herself out of the room with such precipitation and vehemence, that she banged a certain part of her body, which shall be nameless, so furiously against the ledge of the wainscot, that I am sure the blow must derange some of its functions (that of sitting cleverly and at ease, for instance) for some considerable time to come.

I could not help smiling at the suddenness of this manoeuvre. Andrew's visage fell, for he foresaw that it augured but a very scanty and plain dinner, which pro-

sentiment was soon fulfilled; as presently thereafter, a little dirty damsel brought us in a platter of some wash, which she called broth, with two wooden spoons in it, but no plate, knife, or fork, not even a draught of small beer. We attempted, but in vain, for our very gorge rose against every mouthful, to swallow the said semi-solid substance. We had not sat in the room half an hour before the same small drab came in to tell us that her mistress desired we would leave the house as soon as possible, for she wanted the room to entertain some genteel company, who could pay for whatever they ate or drank.

We had now about thirty long miles to walk; it was after six o'clock in the evening; we were crippled and faint from fatigue and long fasting, for we had not swallowed a full and fair meal since our leaving Glasgow yesterday morning; and the country all before us was sterility itself. At our hostess' broad hint, however, we thought it meet to depart, and each of us swallowed a large wadding of solid opium, that we might stimulate nature sufficiently to prevent us from dropping down through

mere exhaustion by the way. I did not care how soon I left the abode of a being that regarded not, in the least, our distress, which was very nearly on the point of conducting us out of existence, as our exhausted and wo-begone countenances and emaciated carcasses evidently demonstrated.

We limped off from the house without receiving a single smile, a single look of compassion, a single wish expressed for our welfare, from any one human being in the place. A little spotted black and white spaniel seemed to pity us, for he couched at our feet, wagged his tail, and looked up wistfully in our faces ; for which deed of kindness the big-bellied hostess gave him a terrible kick, that made the poor creature cry out and howl most miserably.

From these two-legged brutes we made what haste we could to get away ; but we could not, with all our efforts, crawl on at a greater rate than about a mile and a half an hour. The country was very barren and dreary ; we were met by many people on horseback, in carts, and on foot ; scarcely one of whom failed to question us, as to our condition, and what we were

about to do ; whence we came, whither we were going, &c. &c. ; but none ever expressed the least desire to assist us, or even exhibited the smallest mark of compassion for our distress. Surely, all these beings, thought I, have long since dried up all the drops of the milk of human kindness ; or, perhaps,

“ The weeping blood in woman’s breast  
To them was never known,  
Nor the balm that drops on wounds of wo  
*From woman’s pitying ee.*”

The night now began to darken ; but, as the country was so desolate, we had no loss from being deprived of the surrounding scenery. We grew so very faint, that, in spite of the opium which we again swallowed largely, and washed down with thick puddle water from a ditch, we could scarcely move ourselves on. I shall never forget my sensations at that time ; my soul was sick even unto death ; life seemed to have no charms left for me ; indeed, I felt myself so very miserable, both in body and in mind, that I desired to die ; and I should certainly have laid down and perished



quietly, without a struggle, had not my mind been amused, and, for a while, abstracted from all sense of evil and of pain, by reflecting on these plaintive lines in the lament of Mary queen of Scots.

“ O, soon to me may simmer suns  
Nae mair light up the morn ;  
To me, nae mair, may autumn winds  
Wave o’er the yellow corn.  
But, in the narrow house of death  
*Chill winter round me rave,*  
And the next flow’rs that deck the spring,  
Bloom on my peaceful grave.”

Andrew, whose frame of mind is of a much stronger texture than mine, did not so easily yield to the severity of his bodily sufferings, but trudged on in sullen silence, with a determined ruggedness of soul to persist in his march, till he actually dropped dead on the road, or found a place of shelter and of rest. But presently we were tormented with thirst, and could find no water any where ; we would gladly have had recourse to any thing in the shape of a liquid, because the opium had induced such an intolerable drought in us that we

were really more than half frantic; I could have torn my flesh from off my bones, I was in a state of such insufferable irritation.

In this extremity we saw a little lonic cottage, at whose door I knocked, and earnestly besought that we might be given a draught of cold water. A female voice answered, that the gude mon was not at home, and she had nothing for us.—I then asked if the gude mon had locked up the pump, and, if he had not, requested that we might be given some water, or we should perish at the door. At length, after very much entreaty from me, and with great reluctance on her part, the door was cautiously opened, and three large, brawny, young females appeared, in their chemises; one of them presented to us a very filthy wooden pail, containing some horribly dirty water; we most greedily drank an abundant quantity, and thanked them for their kindness. We then answered some questions which they put to us, concerning our being in such a deplorable state, which being done they expressed not the least concern for our distress, either by word or

gesture; but told us, that it was nearly twelve o'clock at night, and that we had about twenty miles to walk before we could reach Edinburgh. Saying which, they shut the door.

We were very much refreshed by the liquid that we had swallowed, and limped on rather briskly; but ere an hour was elapsed, I was so worn out as to be absolutely unable to stand, and I gradually sunk down on the ground by the road-side, and by no effort could I rise again, so utterly exhausted was my strength. Cowan was in a most forlorn condition, but he held it out rather better than I did; he declared, that if he was to lie down in his present debilitated state, owing to pain, want of food, absence of sleep, and the stimulating effects of the opium, forcing an overstretched and unnatural vigour and exertion, for the time, only to be followed by a proportionably greater lassitude and weakness, he should, without the least doubt, perish; for his frame could never endure the depressing damps of the night, and live; he, therefore, marched on, and I saw him no more during our route. It

seems he wandered on all night, and about six o'clock in the morning reached Edinburgh, in a condition much more nearly resembling death than life; and was some days before he recovered strength sufficient to resume his wonted employments.

While I lay gasping for breath on the ground, and before I had recovered sufficient vitality to sleep, I was interrupted by some carters, two of whom came and moved my body very roughly with their clumsily-shod feet, supposing that I was drunk, and asked why I did not get up, and where I was going, and what business I had there upon the heath, at that time of night?—To all which I, with difficulty, (for the exertion of speaking was productive of great pain,) replied, that I wished to go to Edinburgh, but had not strength enough left to walk on any farther.

At hearing this, they went on their way without making any other comment than;—O ! that's it, is it? Or some such exclamation of indifference; not testifying the least concern for the deplorable state in which I was, or offering to convey me in one of their carts, and there were three



empty, although they had just told me they were making for Edinburgh themselves. I was too far gone, too weak and languid, even to feel irritated at the brutality of these beings; indeed, I expected that unless I could get some sleep, I should, in a few minutes, breathe my last, for I never felt the vital powers at so low an ebb as at this moment. But my present couch was not a spot favourable for procuring sleep; for almost every minute I was interrupted, either by people coming up and kicking me, by way of salutation, and hallooing loudly to know what I did there; or by dogs approaching to examine my carcase, and making their remarks by snorting and growling in my ear.

This last species of annoyance was more than I could bear, and I began to fear that I might be torn piecemeal before I was fairly dead. At length, a large shaggy cur, after investigating me for about half a minute, and not finding that I moved, for I was too debile to make any exertion which was not absolutely necessary, seized hold of my neckcloth and jacket-collar with his teeth, and, when I put up my hand, very feebly,

to testify my disapprobation of such a measure, the beast relinquished his hold, it is true ; but, in order to show his utter contempt for me, he lifted up his hinder leg and founted all over the middle of my body.

This little *jeu d'esprit*, this *impromptu* of the dog, convinced me that it was to no purpose to think of procuring any rest on the spot where I was ; I therefore crawled on slowly, a little farther, and somewhat to the right, away from the road, and crept up a steep bank. Here I, almost immediately, fell into a deep and refreshing sleep ; from which, however, I was soon awakened by a most painful and horrid sense of suffocation. I made an effort to rise, and presently found out the cause of this sensation. I was completely soured and ducked. In my sleep I had rolled off from the bank into a large ditch, nearly three parts full of water ; and was, in consequence, almost drowned, as the whole of my body, head and all, were, perhaps, for half a minute, completely under water.

It was in vain to hope for any farther slumber or repose in my present bedrenched state, with not a single dry thread about

me. I, therefore, walked on, for my short period of rest had recruited my strength considerably, though I was nearly famished; to allay the gnawings of hunger, however, I crammed a piece of solid opium into my mouth. In rather more than the space of half an hour I descended across some fields, to a river, on the right hand, and a little removed from the road. Here I washed myself thoroughly, and bathed; and although I had not strength enough left to swim, yet I found that my frame was newly strung for action. I had not quite dressed myself, but was sitting on the bank, and was drawing on my left stocking, when I beheld a sight that amply compensated me for all my past inconveniencies.

It was the rising of the sun on a most lovely autumnal morning. First, the sky was clothed in the palest blue streaked with white; but was soon imperceptibly arrayed in the dimmest red, which progressively deepened, till, glowing with the utmost intensity of colour, the whole of the eastern horizon seemed wrapped in fire. This dazzling radiance, this beamy

splendour, soon faded into tints of a milder hue, and retired into the faintest azure blended with virgin white. Suddenly, beneath these beauteous but evanescent forms apparently in the nether sky, hung a globe of fire, which quickly melted into nothing ; when, emerging from its curtained vail, burst upon my enraptured sight the bright luminary of day.

“ See, how the morning opes her golden gates,  
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun.”

“ Short is the doubtful empire of the night ;  
And soon, observant of approaching day,  
The meek-ey’d morn appears, mother of dews,  
At first faint gleaming in the dappled east ;  
Till far o’er ether spreads the widening glow,  
And from before the lustre of her face  
White break the clouds away. With quicken’d  
step

Brown night retires, young day pours in apace,  
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.  
The dripping rock, the mountain’s misty top,  
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.  
Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents  
shine ;

And from the bladed field the fearful hare  
Limps awkward, while along the forest glade  
The wild deer trip, and often turning, gaze  
*At early passenger.* Music awakes



The native voice of undissembled joy,  
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.  
Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves  
His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells ;  
And from the crowded fold in order drives  
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn."

" But yonder comes the powerful king of day  
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,  
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow  
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach  
Betoken glad Lo ! now apparent all,  
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,  
He looks in boundless majesty abroad,  
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays  
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering  
streams,  
High-gleaming from afar.—Prime cheerer, light !  
Of all material beings first and best !  
Efflux divine ! Nature's resplendent robe !  
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapp'd  
In unessential gloom ; and thou, O sun !  
Soul of surrounding worlds ! *in thee, best seen,*  
*Shines out thy Maker.*"

" First in his east, the glorious lamp was seen,  
Regent of day, and all th' horizon round  
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run  
His longitude thro' heaven's high road ; the grey  
Dawn, and the pleiades before him danc'd,  
Shedding sweet influence."

The emotions of my heart, while I beheld the sun rejoicing as a giant to run his

course, were such as far surpass all the power of language to describe; my soul was elevated above the earth and all its miseries; she was humbled before the throne of her God, and burned with a pure flame of devotion, which I hope and trust will never be extinguished in her, long as the circling hours roll round in an eternal sphere.

After awhile, I moved on slowly, but in good spirits, and cheerily; the country assumed a more cultivated and pleasing aspect as I approached the metropolis of Caledonia; the joy of my soul was beyond all bounds, when I once again beheld the spires and the turrets of Edinburgh, which I had, during much of the last night, despaired of ever seeing more. All my heart danced with ecstasy, and prompted me to move with greater speed, and to use more exertion than I was capable of supporting, in my present enfeebled state. I was so faint that, being unable to crawl on farther, I laid myself down on a stone bridge which was thrown over a river, at a village distant about two miles from Edinburgh.

As I was lying here, and was thought to be asleep, some of the villagers came near, and commented on my ragged and forlorn appearance.—Who is that poor miserable wretch?—said one.—A lame, crippled, half-starved sailor,—replied another,—who looks as if he would die before he crawled on another mile.—Whether he dies or not,—observed a third,—it does not signify, he will get nothing from us.—But if he should die,—remarked a fourth,—we had better push him off into the river, and his body will float down the stream to some other place, where the people will fancy he was drowned, and may, perhaps, give him a Christian burial.

To all this very benevolent and interesting conversation I listened very quietly till mention was made of quaiting my carcase into the river; and as I had no inclination at present for Christian burial, I made a few gentle motions of my hand, to signify that I was yet alive, and could dispense with their kind intention of drowning me before my time. This had the desired effect; for, observing that I moved, one of them cried out,—Aye, but

he is not dead yet ; perhaps he will recover, by and bye, enough strength to creep on a little farther, so that we shall not be troubled with him when he perishes.

I lay some time longer on the bridge, till these good people were all gone, and I had rested myself sufficiently, as I thought, to proceed to Edinburgh without any more stopping by the way, and then resumed my march. I reached home about ten o'clock in the morning of the 18th of August, fifteen days after my first setting out on this pedestrian peregrination.

Before I go hence, and am no more seen, I must be allowed to offer my little tribute of gratitude and of affection to those gentlemen whose kindness and attention to me, during my abode in Scotland, chiefly contributed to cause the period of my residence at Edinburgh to be numbered amongst the happiest hours of my life ; hours full of felicity and full of instruction. The names of these gentlemen are easily enumerated, for I had the fortune to be acquainted, excepting very slightly, with but few individuals in that



celebrated school of learning and of science.

To the kindness of the Greek professor, Mr. Dalzell, the librarian of the university, I shall always consider myself as indebted for much of improvement and much of pleasure; by his facilitating my access to the books of the college library, and by his conversation occasionally, though not frequently; for he is a gentleman who is almost incessantly employed, either in the immediate duties of his office, or in preparing some literary work for the press.

From the conversation and the hospitality of Mr. Christison, one of the masters of the high-school at Edinburgh, I have received an incalculable amount of instruction and of delight. I never conversed with this gentleman on any subject, without gaining new ideas, and correcting old ones; without having my mind strengthened and expanded. His erudition and his general information are really stupendous; and his mighty understanding so arranges, and directs, and regulates all his knowledge, that I know no man in whom it is so portable, so ready for

immediate use; his discourse is one continued rich stream of intellectual information, always clear and unclouded, always enriching, and always exhilarating the mind of the hearer.

To Mr. Francis Scott, of Queen Street in the New Town, formerly in the civil service of the East Indian company, to Mrs. Scott, and to all their family, I offer the warmest effusions of gratitude and of respectful remembrance that my heart is capable of feeling, for their kindness and attention to me while I was in Scotland. In the house of this gentleman I have experienced all that glow of cheerfulness and that hilarity of soul which sweeten the current of life, and which can only be derived from an intercourse with those of polished manners and of refined, of cultivated minds. I must not, also, forget the many hours of agreeable, of pleasurable, conversation which Mr. Scott and I have enjoyed in the inner apartment of our common friend, Mr. Laing, one of the most respectable booksellers in Great Britain.

To Dr. Wright, late physician-general to sir Ralph Abercrombie's West Indian arm-

ament, I present my grateful and respectful acknowledgments, for the care and civility with which he treated me on my first coming to Scotland, and during the whole of my stay in that country.

A word or two on the scenery around Edinburgh, and I have done. All that nature can perform towards delighting the eyes of man, and towards elevating his soul with scenes of sublimity and of grandeur, she has done (and art has lent her aid also) for this town. From that majestic and venerable edifice, the Castle, our prospect is, indeed, magnificent and extensive. We survey the New Town below, adorned with the most regular and elegant buildings, and broad, spacious, airy streets; her spires and turrets glittering in the sun, swarming with inhabitants, and resounding with the busy hum of men. We cast our view over the Frith of Forth; and beyond the gleaming of the silver wave the kingdom of Fyfe stretches its length of coast.

Turning our back upon this scene, we behold the Old Town beneath, presenting a most picturesque view from the anti-

quity and the height of its buildings, and the frequent alternation of eminences and of depressions on which the houses are erected; some seeming to hang in mid air, while others are sunk in the vale below. Casting our view beyond the city, we survey a fair and a pleasant country, adorned with verdure, and crowned with corn; and beyond all, terminating the prospect, the long-extended ranges of the Pentland mountains lift their bleak heads to the sky.

It is impossible for me to describe a thousandth part of the excessive grandeur of the scenery, or to give the faintest image of the exquisite delight which every sensible mind must experience in contemplating such a prospect. But let the Bard of Caledonia speak, in strains of immortality, of the excellencies of this highly-favoured spot.

“ Edina ! Scotia’s darling seat !

    All hail thy palaces and tow’rs,  
Where once beneath a monarch’s feet  
    Sat legislation’s sovereign pow’rs !  
From marking wildly-scattered flow’rs,  
    As on the banks of *Ayr* I stray’d,  
And singing lone the ling’ring hours  
    I shelter’d in thine honour’d shade.



“ Here wealth still swells the golden tide,  
 As busy trade his labours plies ;  
 There architecture's noble pride  
 Bids elegance and splendour rise ;  
 Here justice, from her native skies,  
 High wields her balance and her rod ;  
 There learning, with his eagle eyes,  
 Seeks science in her coy abode.

“ Thy sons, Edina, social, kind,  
 With open arms the stranger hail ;  
 Their views enlarg'd, their liberal mind,  
 Above the narrow rural vale ;  
 Attentive still to sorrow's wail,  
 Or modest merit's silent claim ;  
*And never may their sources fail !*  
*And never envy blot their name !*

“ Thy daughters bright, thy walks adorn,  
 Gay as the gilded summer sky,  
 Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,  
*Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy !*  
 Fair Burnet strikes th' adoring eye,  
 Heaven's beauties on my fancy shine ;  
 I see the Sire of love on high,  
 And own his work indeed divine !

“ There, watching high the least alarms,  
 Thy rough rude fortress gleams afar,  
 Like some bold veteran, grey in arms,  
 And mark'd with many a seamy scar ;  
 The pond'rous wall and massy bar,  
 Grim rising o'er the rugged rock,

Have oft withstood assailing war,  
And oft repell'd th' invader's shock.

“ With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,  
I view that noble stately dome,  
Where *Scotia's* kings of other years,  
Fam'd heroes, had their royal home.  
Alas, how chang'd the times to come !  
Their royal name low in the dust !  
Their hapless race wild-wond'ring roam !  
Though rigid law cries out 'twas just !

“ Wild beats my heart to trace your steps,  
Whose ancestors, in days of yore,  
Through hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps  
Old *Scotia's* bloody lion bore.  
E'en I who sing in rustic lore,  
Haply, *my sires* have left their shed,  
And fac'd grim danger's loudest roar,  
Bold-following, where *your* fathers led.

“ Edina ! *Scotia's* darling seat !  
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,  
Where once beneath a monarch's feet  
Sat legislation's sovereign powers !  
From marking wildly-scatter'd flowr's,  
As on the banks of *Ayr* I stray'd,  
And singing lone the lingering hours,  
I shelter'd in thine honour'd shade.”

THE END.

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